NEW COMMON-SCHOOL SONG BOOK

Beckley-Cardy Company
Publishers
Chicago

Ida Johnson.

NEW COMMON-SCHOOL SONG BOOK

A ONE-BOOK COURSE IN MUSIC FOR SCHOOLS OF MIXED GRADES

WITH LESSONS IN THE PRINCIPLES OF MUSIC AND STUDY EXERCISES

BY

LAURA ROUNTREE SMITH
Author of One Hundred Games That Teach

ARTHUR SCHUCKAI
Supervisor of Music, Public Schools, Branford, Connecticut

CLARK LEAMING
Director of Music, Public Schools, Tucson, Arizona

CLARENCE L. RIEGE
Assistant Supervisor of Music, State Normal School, Platteville, Wisconsin

ANNA HEUERMANN HAMILTON
Author of Twenty Easy Lessons in Music

BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY
BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

PREFACE

Music should have a place in every school. Song is the universal language of childhood, and no child should be deprived of the joy of singing. There probably is nothing which gives greater pleasure to children or has a more beneficent and widespread influence on them than the singing of songs.

The New Common-School Song Book is intended for schools of mixed grades. It aims (1) to develop a love for good music, and (2) to develop the ability to sing good music. The elementary mechanics of music necessary to be taught are presented in the simplest possible way, using as examples, not meaningless exercises, but attractive little melodies which will interest and appeal to children. A few minutes each day will suffice to teach the rudiments.

The contents will reveal the abundance and diversity of the material offered. Among the large number of carefully selected songs are many new and appropriate pieces which have been prepared especially for this work. Nature, the seasons, and special days receive due prominence; so also do the standard classical, patriotic, folk, and home songs which all children should know. The versions of the national hymns are those adopted by the National Education Association. The sacred songs supply splendid material for morning or opening exercises.

The sentiment of the words is, for the most part, childlike in character; the melodies have charm and excellence of quality.

Special thanks are due to Earl F. Blades, Frank A. Sass, Murile B. Hutchings, and Thomas B. Weaver for valuable musical contributions and criticism; and to J. C. Sindelar for permission for the use of selections from his works.

CONTENTS

			PAGE
TWENTY EASY LESSONS IN FIRST PRINCIPLES OF MUSIC	Anna H. Hamilton		7

I — ROTE SONGS AND PRIMARY MELODIES

TITLE	AUTHOR	COMPOSER	
IN MUSIC LAND	L. Rountree Smith	L. Rountree Smith	23
SEE-SAW, MARGERY DAW		Anna H. Hamilton	24
SPRING IS COMING		L. Rountree Smith	24
AUTUMN 'S COMING		L. Rountree Smith	24
MISS MUFFET		Anna H. Hamilton	25
THE MILLER OF THE DEE		Anna H. Hamilton	25
OVER THE SEA		L. Rountree Smith	25
LITTLE BOY BLUE		Anna H. Hamilton	25
JACK AND JILL		L. Rountree Smith	26
LADY MOON			26
SIMPLE SIMON			26
GOOD MORNING			26
COME AND BLOW YOUR HORN			26
LULLABY SONG		L. Rountree Smith	27
MISTRESS MARY		L. Rountree Smith	27
BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP		English	28
GOOD MORNING			28
ROBIN SONG	L. Rountree Smith		28
HAPPY THOUGHT	Robert Louis Stevenson		29
MAY SONG	L. Rountree Smith		29
WINTER	L. Rountree Smith		29
LITTLE APRIL	L. Rountree Smith	Arthur Schuckai	30
LITTLE MISS ECHO	L. Rountree Smith	L. Rountree Smith	31
PUSSY WILLOW	L. Rountree Smith	L. Rountree Smith	32
SPINNING SONG	L. Rountree Smith	L. Rountree Smith	32
THE SONG OF THE CLOCK	L. Rountree Smith	Arthur Schuckai	33
CLOVER	Kate S. Brown	Mendelssohn	34

II — CHILDHOOD SONGS AND LULLABIES

BED IN SUMMER	Robert Louis Stevenson	English Folk Song	35
THE SANDMAN		Schnell	35
DREAMSHIP LULLABY	L. Rountree Smith	Arthur Schuckai	36
DREAMLAND BABIES		L. Rountree Smith	37
CRADLE SONG	Claudius	Franz Schubert	38
FAREWELL TO THE FARM	Robert Louis Stevenson	Clarence L. Riege	38
A SONG OF THE ROAD	Robert Louis Stevenson	Clarence L. Riege	39
THE WIND	Robert Louis Stevenson	Clarence L. Riege	40
CRADLE SONG		Taubert	41
THE LITTLE SANDMAN		Joh. Brahms	42
THE OWL	J. C. Sindelar	Alys E. Bentley	42

III — SONGS OF THE SEASON

SEPTEMBER 'S HERE	L. Rountree Smith	Anna H. Hamilton	43
LADY AUTUMN	L. Rountree Smith	L. Rountree Smith	44
OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER	Helen Hunt Jackson	Gruenberger	45
OCTOBER'S PARTY		Flora Ellis Wells	46
HARVEST TIME	L. Rountree Smith	Frank A. Sass	47
JACK FROST		Schubert	49
NOVEMBER	Alice Cary	S. Thalberg	50

TITLE	AUTHOR	COMPOSER	PAGE
Sleighing Song	L. Rountree Smith	L. Rountree Smith	51
Toboggan Song	L. Rountree Smith	Clarence L. Riege	52
Longing for Spring		German	53
Winter 's Gone		J. H. Hall	54
Robin 's Come	W. W. Caldwell	German	54
April Song	L. Rountree Smith	Clarence L. Riege	55
Spring Song		Bertha Josephine Hecker	57
Come Back, Sweet May		German	57
Now is the Month of Maying		German	58
Spirit of the Summer-Time	Wm. Allingham	Irish	59
June Wind	L. Rountree Smith	Murile B. Hutchings	60

IV — SONGS FOR SPECIAL DAYS

Work While You Work	Miss A. D. Stoddart		61
Work and Play			61
The Jolly Workers	Lavinia L. Steele	Amos M. Kellogg	62
Columbus	Sophia S. Bixby	George F. Root	63
Halloween	J. C. Sindelar	Russian Folksong	63
Little Sir Peregrine	L. Rountree Smith	L. Rountree Smith	64
The Turkey Gobbler	Susie M. Best	Flora Ellis Wells	65
Glad Thanksgiving Day	L. Rountree Smith	Clarence L. Riege	66
Thanksgiving Song	L. Rountree Smith	Clarence L. Riege	67
Santa Claus' Land	J. C. Sindelar	Mendelssohn	69
Christmas Bells	L. Rountree Smith	L. Rountree Smith	69
Santa Claus is Coming	L. Rountree Smith	L. Rountree Smith	70
Christmas Morning	Old Carol	Neapolitan Song	71
Glad Christmas Bells		Christmas Hymn	72
The Christmas Tree	Clara Wallace	J. C. Lowry	73
Holly and Mistletoe	L. Rountree Smith	Clarence L. Riege	74
Christmas Carol	F. W. Gunsaulus	Daniel Protheroe	76
The Happiest Christmas Day	Thomas B. Weaver	Thomas B. Weaver	77
Good-Bye, Old Year	L. Rountree Smith	Clark Leaming	78
Welcome, New Year	L. Rountree Smith	Clark Leaming	80
New Year Song	L. Rountree Smith	Thomas B. Weaver	83
Lincoln's Birthday	L. Rountree Smith	Anna H. Hamilton	85
Saint Valentine	J. C. Sindelar	L. Rountree Smith	87
Valentine Song	L. Rountree Smith	L. Rountree Smith	88
Washington	Ada Simpson Sherwood	Henry Carey (?)	89
Mount Vernon Bells		S. C. Foster	89
Ode for Washington's Birthday	O. W. Holmes	G. Arnold	91
Easter	J. C. Sindelar	Russian Folksong	93
An Arbor Day Tree	Youth's Companion	Irish Folksong	93
Arbor Day	Samuel F. Smith	Henry Carey (?)	94
Woolman, Sp re That Tree	George P. Morris	Henry Russell	95
Spring Song	L. Rountree Smith	L. Rountree Smith	96
The Robin's Secret		Thomas B. Weaver	98
Oriole Song	L. Rountree Smith	L. Rountree Smith	100
The Daisy	L. Rountree Smith	L. Rountree Smith	101
The Dandelion	L. Rountree Smith	Arthur Schuckai	102
Maypole Dance	L. Rountree Smith	Arthur Schuckai	104
Maypole Song	L. Rountree Smith	L. Rountree Smith	105
Welcome, Mothers	Pearl Holloway	Franz Schubert	106
Only One Mother	George Cooper	Old German Melody	107
Sweet Flag of Peace	L. Rountree Smith	Clarence L. Riege	108
A Prayer for Peace	Judd Mortimer Lewis	Anna H. Hamilton	109

TITLE	AUTHOR	COMPOSER	PAGE
Years of Peace	Anon.	Sicilian Air	111
Memorial Day	L. M. Kneil	English Folk Tune	112
Many Flags in Many Lands			112
Dear Old Flag	L. Rountree Smith	Arthur Schuckai	113
Flag Salute	L. Rountree Smith	Anna H. Hamilton	115
The Flag Goes By	Henry Halcomb Bennett	Clark Leaming	116
Vacation Time	L. Rountree Smith	Clarence L. Riege	120
V — PATRIOTIC SONGS			
America	S. F. Smith	Henry Carey (?)	121
The Star-Spangled Banner	Francis Scott Key	Dr. Samuel Arnold	122
Hail, Columbia!	Joseph Hopkinson	Prof. Phyla	124
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean	Timothy Dwight	David T. Shaw	127
The American Hymn		M. Keller	130
The Battle-Cry of Freedom	George F. Root	George F. Root	132
Battle Hymn of the Republic	Julia Ward Howe	Anon.	134
Yankee Doodle			135
Marching Through Georgia	Henry C. Work	Henry C. Work	137
Maryland! My Maryland!	J. R. Randall	German Air	138
Tenting on the Old Camp Ground		Walter Kittredge	139
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!	George F. Root	George F. Root	141
VI — FOLK SONGS			
Old Folks at Home	Stephen C. Foster	Stephen C. Foster	143
Home, Sweet Home	John Howard Payne	Sir Henry Bishop	144
Dixie	Dan. D. Emmett	Dan. D. Emmett	146
Auld Lang Syne	Robert Burns	Old Scotch Air	148
Santa Lucia	Translated from the Italian	Neapolitan Boat-Song	149
My Old Kentucky Home	Stephen C. Foster	Stephen C. Foster	150
The Old Oaken Bucket	Samuel Woodworth	George Kaillmark	152
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton	Robert Burns	J. E. Spilman	154
Old Black Joe	Stephen C. Foster	Stephen C. Foster	155
VII — SACRED SONGS			
All Things Beautiful	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	Na geli	157
The Lord's Prayer			158
Holy, Holy, Holy!	Bishop Reginald Heber	J. B. Dykes	158
Nearer, My God, to Thee	Sarah Flower Adams	Lowell Mason	159
Cradle Hymn	Isaac Watts	J. J. Rousseau	160
Lead, Kindly Light	John Henry Newman	J. B. Dykes	161
Morning Song	From the German	Wilhelm	162
Evening Song		Franz Abt	162
VIII — MISCELLANEOUS SONGS			
Good-Morning			163
Little Birds in Little Cages	George H wland	Reichardt	163
Morning Song	Gabriel Setoun	Old English Play Song	164
Good Morning to Meadow and Hill!		German	165
The Barefoot Boy	John Greenleaf Whittier		166
Little Boy Blue	Eugene Field	J. E. Smith	167
Robinson Crusoe			168
Holland Song	L. Rountree Smith	Arthur Schuckai	169
Japanese Song	L. Rountree Smith	Stella Kromer	170
Sailor Song	L. Rountree Smith	Arthur Schuckai	171
Terms and Signs Commonly Used in Music			172

NEW COMMON-SCHOOL SONG BOOK

TWENTY EASY LESSONS IN FIRST PRINCIPLES OF MUSIC

By Anna Heuermann Hamilton

Good teaching consists in telling the pupils as little as possible, and in letting them tell as much as possible.

In the following lessons a wise teacher will so draw out her pupils that they will answer many of the questions without having been told. In taking up a new lesson, every question must be asked, and many more of the same nature. It is wonderful how much the children can tell, even though they are supposed to know nothing about the subject.

The teacher should not answer her own questions unless it is really necessary. Questions and answers must not be memorized.

The scales should be constructed by the teacher on the blackboard while the lesson is being discussed for the first time. In reviewing, the children write the scales. The little songs should be studied from the book.

These simple lessons will be found valuable in giving the young pupil an insight into the *principles of music* without drudgery.

LESSON I

THE STAFF—THE SCALE OF C WITH SOL-FA AND LETTER NAMES

A good way to learn to read music is by writing it.

What do musicians use in writing music? *Lines and notes.*

How many lines do they use? *Five.*

Let us try it. How are the lines used? *Notes are written on them.*

Can we write notes only on the lines? *No. They are written also on the spaces between the lines.*

How many spaces are there between five lines? *Four.*

What are these five lines and four spaces called? *The Staff.*

How many of you can sing: *Do, Re, Mi, Fa, So, La, Ti, Do?* All of you can, I know. Let us sing it together, now; softly — softly. (Teacher will use *Middle C* for the Key tone, getting it from the pitch pipe or in some other accurate way.)

What do we call this little ladder of tones we have just sung? *A Scale.*

Yes; the Scale of C, because we began and closed on a tone called C. You know, besides the Sol-Fa name, every tone has another name—a *Letter Name.*

Where do we get the letter names? *From the alphabet, or A B C's. The first seven letters are used.*

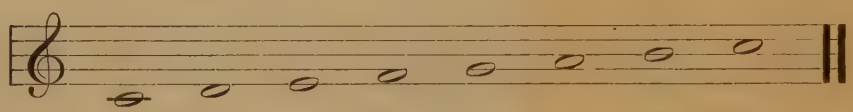
Let us write our scale down. Can we use more lines and spaces than we have in the staff? *Oh, yes; we can add more whenever we need them.*

Then why do we not make more lines in the first place? *Because with five lines we can easily tell just on which line a note is. With more than five lines it would be very hard to tell.*

What do we call the little lines we add? *Added lines.*

The very first note we shall use is easy to remember. It is not even on the staff. We must add a line for it. It is called *Middle C.*

No. 1



Do	Re	Mi	Fa	So	La	Ti	Do
C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

Every line and every space has a different letter name. Just below the staff is a space. It is just above our first note, C. The letter name of the space is D. Then comes the first line, E. Then the first space, F. Then the second line, G. Then the second space, A. Then the third line, B. Then the third space, Higher C.

Say the letter names in No. 1. Sing the Sol-Fa names, pointing to each note as you sing it.

LESSON II

THE NUMBERS OF THE SCALE DEGREES—THE G CLEF

What is the number of *Do* in the Scale? *1.*
What is the number of *Re* in the Scale? *2.*
What is the number of *Mi* in the Scale? *3.*
What is the number of *Fa* in the Scale? *4.*
What is the number of *So* in the Scale? *5.*
What is the number of *La* in the Scale? *6.*
What is the number of *Ti* in the Scale? *7.*

Study the numbers that correspond to the syllables in the scale until you are quite sure of them and can say them without hesitation or mistake.

Notice this mark 𝄞 at the beginning of the staff in No. 1.

What is it? *It is a sign-post to tell us that the second line is really G. It is called the G or Treble Clef. It used to be a very fancy capital G, but does not look much like one now.*

If we know where G is, can we tell where the other tones are? How?

In making the Clef be careful to have the little curl at the last wind around the second line.

Write the scale of C by memory, putting in the letters, the Sol-Fa names, and the numbers. Do not forget the Clef.

LESSON III

WHOLE, HALF, AND QUARTER NOTES

Our scale in Lesson I used only one kind of notes. They were *Whole Notes.* This made all the tones the same length, and all quite long. We can just as well put variety into our scale by using notes of different length.

How many half dollars are there in a whole dollar?

How many half notes are there in a whole note?

A whole note is made with a large open head and no stem, like this: 𝅝

A half note is made with an open head and a stem, like this: 𝅗𝅥

How many quarter dollars are there in a half dollar?

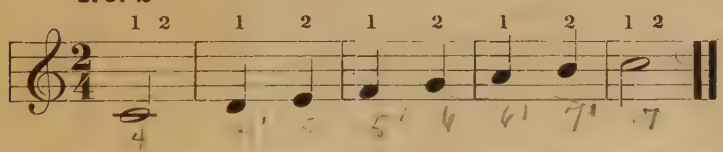
How many quarter notes are there in a half note?

How many quarter dollars are there in a whole dollar?

How many quarter notes are there in a whole note?

A quarter note is made with a black head and a stem, like this: ♩

No. 2



In the above scale we use a half note on C; then quarter notes all the way up the scale until we reach C again, which is once more a half note.

Sing No. 2 and tap it: two taps on a half note; one tap on a quarter note.

LESSON IV

MEASURE—TIME SIGNATURE—BAR LINES—BARS

When we sing No. 2 do we make all the tones equally strong? *No. Some are much stronger than others.*

Which notes are stronger? *C, then D, F, A, and C again.*

We made the half notes and the first of every two quarters stronger. This makes a group of every two quarters. Such a group, which has one strong pulse, is called a *Measure.*

What else do you see in No. 2? *A fraction,* $\frac{2}{4}$, *right after the clef.*

What is this fraction called? *The Time Signature.*

What does the time signature show? *The upper number shows how many pulses there are in one group. The lower number shows what kind of notes makes a group.*

The fraction $\frac{2}{4}$ shows that there are two quarter notes, or what equals two quarter notes, in a group.

How do we show which notes belong together in a group? *By putting a little line called a Bar Line across the staff before the first note of each group.*

The space between two bar lines is called a *Bar.*

Any measure in which there are two pulses is called a *Double Measure.*

In counting, the first note after the bar line is always 1.

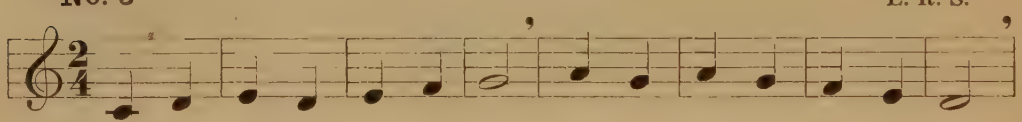
LESSON V

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SCALE AND KEY

When the notes are in regular order, like a ladder, we say, *Scale of C.*

When they are in any other order we say, *Key of C.*

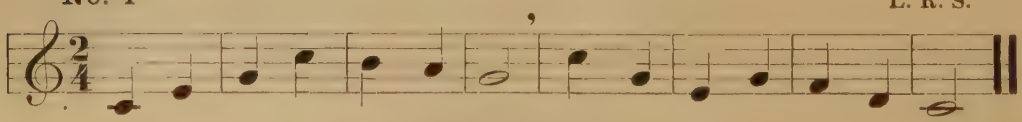
No. 3 L. R. S.



Fa - ther, at the close of day, Keep me sweet and pure, I pray.

In my lit - tle bed so white, Keep me safe - ly thro' the night.

No. 4 L. R. S.



At the rain-bow end, I'm told, I will find a pot of gold.

Read Nos. 3 and 4 by letters; by Sol-Fa; by numbers. Sing them by Sol-Fa. Sing them by using the syllable *Lo* on every note. Sing the words.

The little comma at the close of the fourth bar, etc., means: *Take a little breath.*

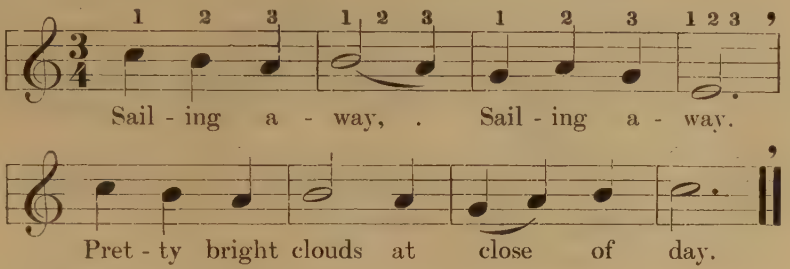
LESSON VI

TRIPLE TIME OR MEASURE—DOTTED NOTES

What did we say the time signature means?

Examine this little piece:

No. 5 **L. R. S.**



How many quarters are there in a bar in No. 5?

How many pulses or beats?

How much shall we count?

Which note is 1 in each bar?

What kind of note have we in the fourth bar and at the end? *It is a new note. It is called a Dotted Half. A dot after any note makes the note one-half the length of the note longer.*

How much does the dot add to the half note? *The length of a quarter note.*

How much are the dot and the half together worth? *A half and a quarter, or three quarters.*

Count No. 5, pointing to each note as you count it. Read by letters. Read by Sol-Fa. Sing by Sol-Fa. Sing by *Lo, Lo.* Now sing the words.

Can you feel that the first beat in each bar is the strongest?

LESSON VII

THE REMAINING NOTES ON THE STAFF—NAMES OF SPACES ON STAFF

Can we go higher than our scale of C took us? *Oh, yes.*

How? *By writing a note on every space and line as we go up.*

What are their names? *The names continue according to the alphabet as previously used.*

What is the letter name of the third space? *C*

Of the fourth line? *D.*

Of the fourth space? *E.*

Of the fifth line? *F.*

Of the space above the staff? *G.*

What are the Sol-Fa names? *Just the same as for the lower notes of the same letter names.*

No. 6

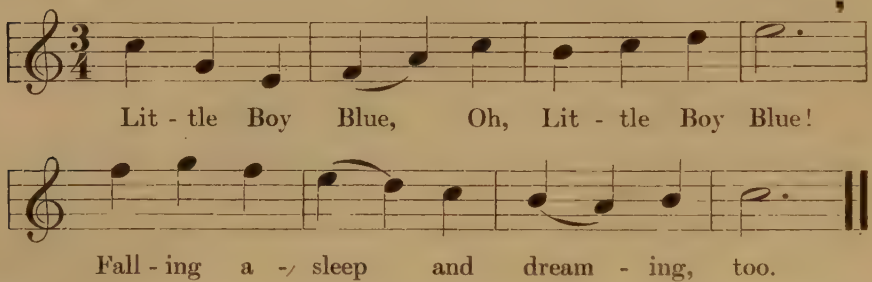
Read the letters. Read the syllables. Sing the syllables. (The high notes should be sung only by those who can do so with ease; the remainder of the class listening. They must be sung very softly.)

What is the name of the first space? The second? The third? The fourth?

What do these four spaces spell?

What are the names of the five lines?

No. 7 **L. R. S.**



Study this little song in the same way that you studied all those which have gone before.

LESSON VIII

ABSOLUTE PITCH—WHOLE AND HALF STEPS

Can you sing Middle C by memory? Try it. Now go to the piano or pitch pipe and find out how nearly right you are. Begin every day's practice by trying for Middle C. Soon you will be able to get it, no doubt. This ability to carry the pitch in your mind in called "having *Absolute Pitch*," and is very convenient to have.

Sing the scale of C by Sol-Fa names. Sing it again, using *Lo* on each note. Listen closely while you sing the first two tones; then the next two. Was it just as far from 1–2 as from 2–3? *Yes.*

Now sing 3–4. How is that? Is it just as far from 3–4 as it was from 2–3? *Oh, no. We can feel quite a difference. It is not nearly so far from 3–4.*

From 1–2 and 2–3 is a *Whole Step* each. From 3–4 is a *Half Step.*

Now sing 4–5. How far is that? *A whole step.*

From 5–6? *A whole step.*

From 6–7? *A whole step.*

From 7–8? *Not nearly so far. We can feel that is another half step.*

How many half steps did we find in the scale?

Where are they?

How many whole steps?

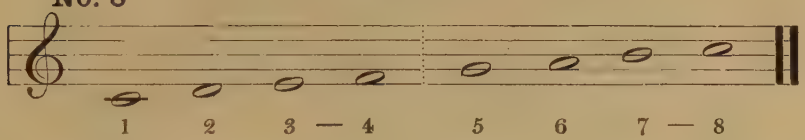
Where are they?

Work on this lesson until the children can tell with absolute certainty whether the interval they sing and hear is a half step or a whole step.

LESSON IX

TETRACHORDS

No. 8



Here is the scale of C with the numbers under the notes. Can any one guess what the little marks between 3 and 4 and 7 and 8 are for? *They are to show where the half steps come.*

Can you guess what the dotted line is for? *It is to show that the scale is made up of two parts that are exactly alike.*

How many notes in each part?

What is the order of steps and half steps in each part? *Two whole steps and one half step.*

These two equal parts of the scale are called *Tetrachords.*

LESSON X

THE G SCALE

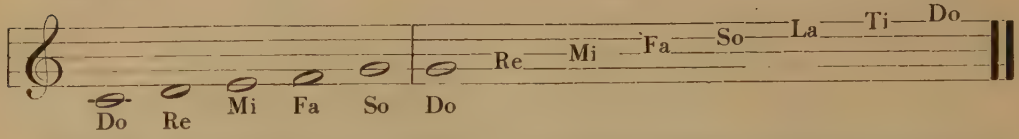
Middle C and the C scale are a little low for some of you. Can we begin a scale on any other tone? *Yes; on any one we wish.*

Where would be a good place to begin? Who can tell? What do you think of beginning on G? The second tetrachord of the C scale begins on G. We can use that for the first tetrachord of a new scale, for we know that the two tetrachords are built exactly alike. In this way we shall have to find only one new tetrachord instead of a whole new scale.

How shall we find the pitch of G to begin on? What is G in the key of C? *It is So.*

Let us begin on C and sing: Do, Re, Mi, Fa, So. That So is G. Now sing this So, and on the same tone change the syllable to Do. This will give us the starting tone, or key note of our G scale.

No. 9



From this key tone sing the G scale. (Those who cannot easily sing the higher tones should not attempt them. Sing softly.)

LESSON XI

WRITING THE G SCALE—SIGNATURE

No. 10

We already know one half of our scale because we are using a tetrachord we had found before. So far we know we are right. We will write this down, and also the numbers for the second tetrachord.

Is there a whole or a half step between tetrachords? *A whole step.*

What note is a whole step above C? *D.* Then D is 5 of our new scale.

What note is a whole step above D? *E.* Then E is 6 in our new scale.

What note is a whole step above E? *Not F; for we found in our C scale that F is only a half step above E.*

What can we do? *We must find a new note—one a whole step above E. It must be between F and G. We will write it on the F line, but put a little sign called a sharp (♯) before it, to show that it is sharper or higher than F.*

Now, then, what are the tones in the completed scale of G?

No. 10a With Signature

When we use a sharp, we can put it right after the clef instead of writing it every time we use an F. This ♯ is then called *The Signature.* It means "Make all the F's in this piece sharp."

On the Treble Staff the F♯ is always put on the fifth line.

LESSON XII

QUADRUPLE MEASURE

No. 11

How many half notes in the first bar in No. 11?

How many quarters in the next?

How many whole notes in the last?

What, then, would you expect the time signature to be?

Yes, it is $\frac{4}{4}$. How much will we count?

How much is the dotted half note worth?

What kind of note would you expect to find in the same bar?

Count the scale, pointing to each note as you count.

Any measure that has four pulses is called *Quadruple Measure.*

Read the scale in No. 11 by letters; by numbers; by syllables. Sing the words.

No. 12

What is the time signature in No. 12? This sign 𝄵 is just another way of saying that it is $\frac{4}{4}$ measure.

What are the new signs in bars 1, 4, 5, and 8? *They are rests. Each one takes as much time as a quarter note. They are quarter rests. They mean: Do not sing for as long a time as it would take to sing a quarter note.*

Study No. 12 in the same way you studied all the little songs that have come before.

LESSON XIII

THE D SCALE

If you wanted to find a new scale again, where would you begin? Would it not be a good plan to use the second tetrachord of the G scale for the first tetrachord of a new scale?

What is the first tone of the second tetrachord of the G scale?

What, then, would be our new scale?

If we work it out in the same way we did the G scale, we will find that the D scale will have two sharps: F♯ and C♯. The C♯ is put on the third space. First sharp found always comes first in the signature; and the others in the order of finding.

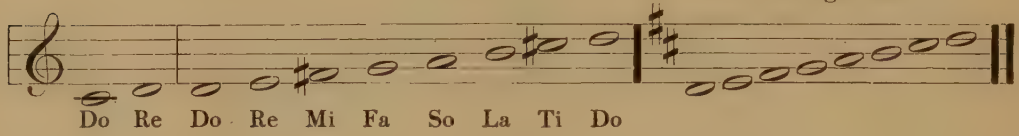
What are the tones in the scale of D?

How many sharps has it, and what are they?

How do you get the pitch of D for your key note?

On which syllable of the scale is the new sharp?

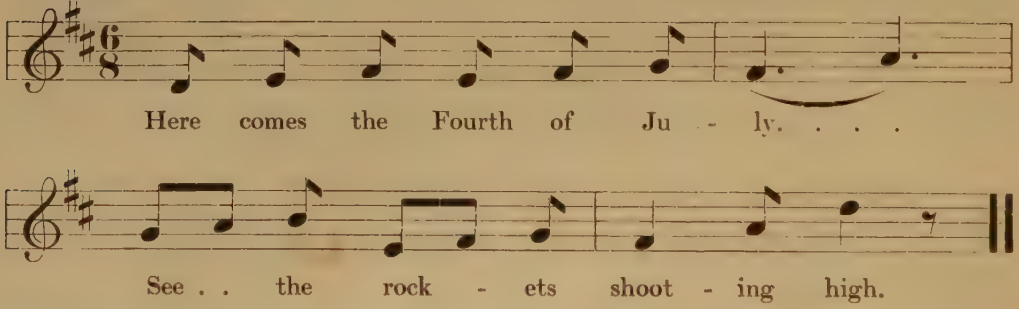
No. 13 **With Signature.**



LESSON XIV

EIGHTH NOTES—$\frac{6}{8}$ MEASURE—DOTTED QUARTERS—SLURS

No. 14



What is the time signature in No. 14?

What does it mean? *It means that there are six eighth notes in a bar.*

How many notes in the first bar? *Six.*

What kind are they? *They must be eighth notes, as there are six of them and they are all alike.*

Yes, that is right. How many eighths in a quarter?

What kind of notes do we find in the second bar? *Dotted quarters.*

What is the dot after a quarter worth? *One-half its value, or one eighth.*

What is the quarter note with the dot worth? *A quarter and an eighth, or* $\frac{3}{8}$.

What is the little curve connecting the notes in bar 2? *It is a slur. It shows that the two notes are to be sung to one syllable.*

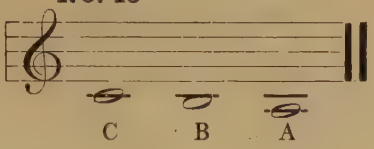
What is the little sign at the very last? *It takes the place of an eighth note. It is an eighth rest.*

When two or more eighth notes are sung to one syllable, as in bar 3, their flags are joined. When each has a separate syllable, each note has a separate flag, as in bar 1.

LESSON XV

NOTES BELOW MIDDLE C—THE A SCALE—THE DIVIDED BEAT

No. 15



Can we write notes lower than Middle C? *Oh, yes.*

How do we do it? *Add as many lines and spaces as we want or need.*

What is the space below C called?

What is the second added line below the treble staff called?

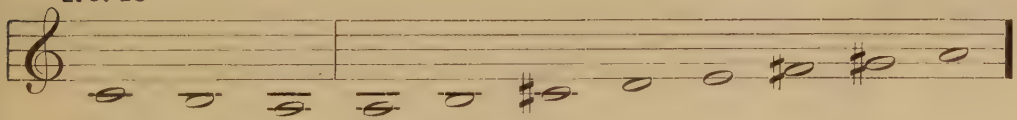
We can continue finding more scales in the same way we found the G and D scales. The next one will be A. We discover that the A scale has three sharps: ♯F and C♯ and a new one, G♯. This G♯ is always written on the space above the staff.

On which syllable of the scale is the new sharp?

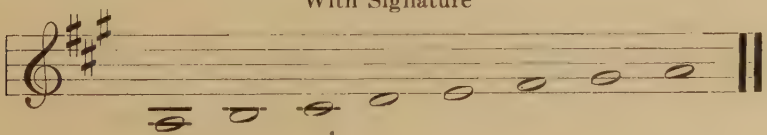
How will we find A on which to begin our new scale? *We will sing down from Middle C: Do, Ti, La. This La is A. (Those who cannot readily sing so low should not take these tones.)*

Sing this La, and on the same tone change the syllable to Do. This will give us our key tone for the scale of A.

No. 16



With Signature



No. 17 L. R. S.

What is the time signature in No. 17?

How many notes in each of the first three beats?

How much is each eighth note worth?

LESSON XVI

THE SCALE OF E

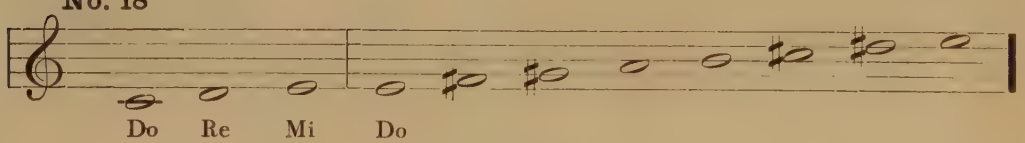
We find that the scale of E has four sharps—the three we had before and also D♯. D♯ is put on the fourth line.

On what syllable is the new sharp?

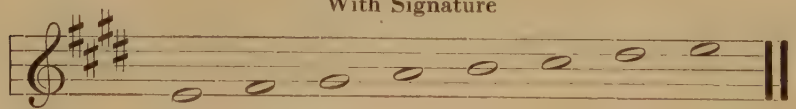
Why is E the scale after A?

How will we find E for our new key tone? *In the scale of C sing: Do, Re, Mi. This is E. On this same tone change the syllable to Do. This gives us our key tone for the scale of E.*

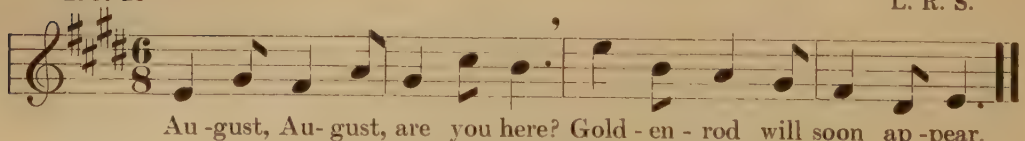
No. 18



With Signature



No. 19 L. R. S.



We can continue in the same way to find new scales until every one of our original tones has a sharp before it.

The scale of B has five sharps: F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, and A♯.

The scale of F♯ has six sharps: F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, A♯, and E♯.

The scale of C♯ has seven sharps: F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, A♯, E♯, and B♯.

LESSON XVII

THE SCALE OF F—BEGINNING ON THE UP BEAT

As the second tetrachord of the C scale can be used for the first tetrachord of a new scale, so the first tetrachord of the C scale can be used just as well for the second tetrachord of a new scale. Why?

What is the last tone of the first tetrachord of the C scale? *F.*

What is the second tetrachord of the C scale? *C, D, E, F.*

What, then, will be our new scale? *F.*

Call F 1 in the new scale.

What is a whole step above F? *G.*

Then G is 2.

What is a whole step above G? *A.*

Then A is 3.

What comes next—a whole or a half step? *A half step.*

Is A–B a half step? *No, it is a whole step.*

Then B does not belong to our scale.

What can we do? *Find a tone between A and B.*

Yes. We will write the note on the B line, but put a flat (♭) before it, to show that it is *flatter* or lower than B.

Then what are the tones in the complete scale of F?

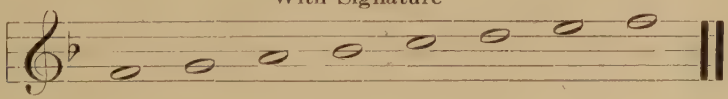
Why do we use B♭?

The flat is written on the third line.

How will we find F for our new key tone? *In the scale of C sing: Do, Re, Mi, Fa. This Fa is F. On this same tone change the syllable to Do. This gives us the key tone for our scale of F.*

No. 20

With Signature



No. 21 L. R. S.

On which beat does this song begin?

What kind of note is the first F?

How long does it last? *It lasts one and one-half beats. The counting is: 1, 2&, 3 in the first bar. Tap 1, 2, 3, and at the same time count 1, 2&, 3.*

Study this little song in the same way we studied all that have gone before.

LESSON XVIII

THE SCALE OF B♭

We can continue to find new scales in the same way that we found the F scale.

The next one will be B♭. We discover that the B♭ scale has two flats—B♭ and E♭. This E♭ is written on the fourth space.

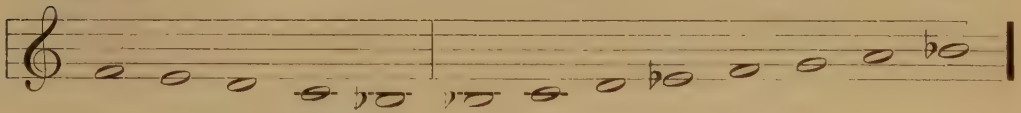
What is B♭ in the scale of F? *The fourth.*

What is E♭ in the scale of B♭? *The fourth.*

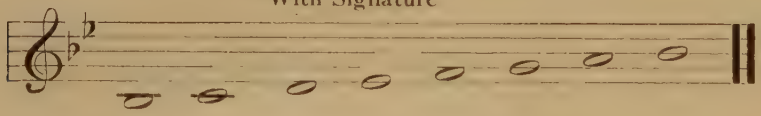
The new flat is always four or Fa in the new scale.

How will we find the pitch of B♭? *Take Do in the key of F and sing downward. Do, Ti, La, So, Fa. This Fa is B♭. Sing this Fa, and on the same tone change the syllable to Do. This gives us our key tone for the scale of B♭.*

No. 22

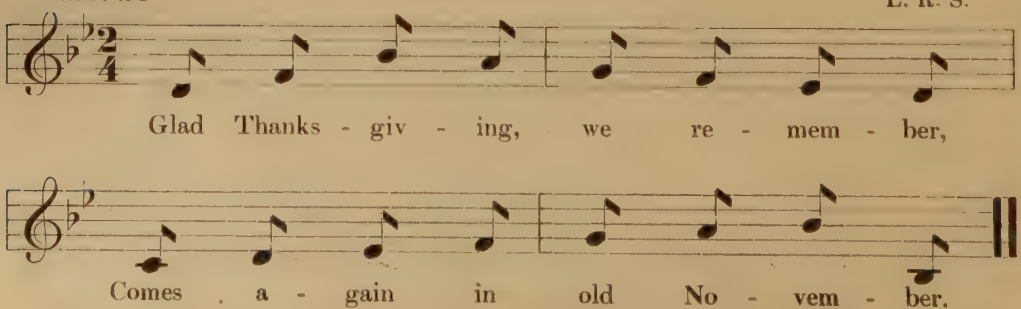


With Signature



No. 23

L. R. S.



LESSON XIX

THE SCALE OF E♭

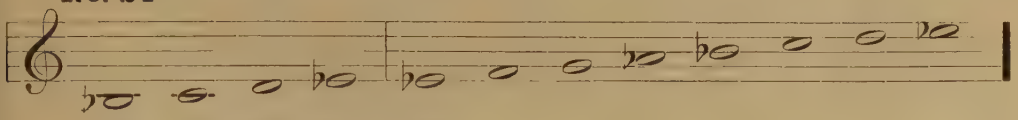
The next scale will be E♭. It has three flats: the same two that we have used and A♭.

What is A♭ in the scale of E♭?

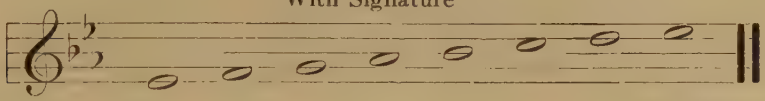
This A♭ is always written on the third space.

How will we find the pitch of E♭? *Sing Do, Re, Mi, Fa in the scale of B♭. This Fa is E♭. Sing this Fa, and on the same tone change the syllable to Do. This Do is our key tone in the scale of E♭.*

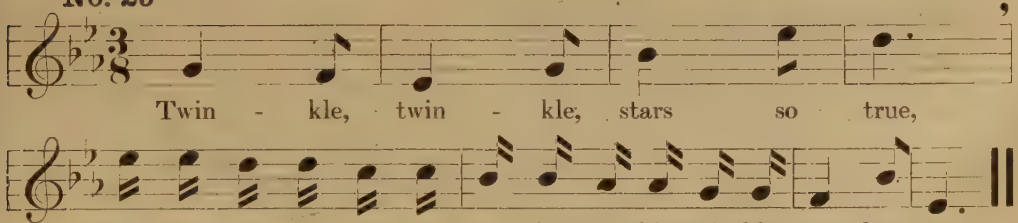
No. 24



With Signature



No. 25 L. R. S.



What is the time signature in No. 25? Three-eighths ($\frac{3}{8}$). *It means three eighth notes or their equivalent in a bar.*

How many pulses in the first note?

How many in the second?

What kind of notes are those in the fifth and sixth bars? *Since there are six of them they must be half as long as eighth notes.*

Yes: they are half as long as eighth notes. What is one-half of one-eighth?

They are sixteenth notes.

We can continue in the same way to find new scales with flats until every one of our original tones has a flat before it:

The scale of A♭ has four flats: B♭, E♭, A♭, and D♭.

The scale of D♭ has five flats: B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, and G♭.

The scale of G♭ has six flats: B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, G♭, and C♭.

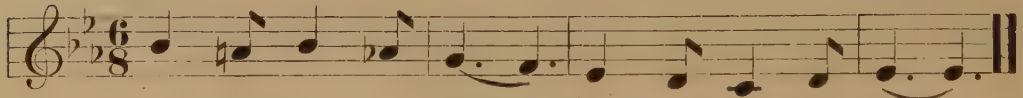
The scale of C♭ has seven flats: B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, G♭, C♭, and F♭.

Though the scales with a larger number of sharps or flats are not so commonly used as those with a smaller, they ought nevertheless to be perfectly understood.

LESSON XX

THE CANCEL OR NATURAL—THE TIE—TRIPLETS—THE HOLD

No. 26 L. R. S.



La - dy, La - dy Moon, Let me sail to - night.

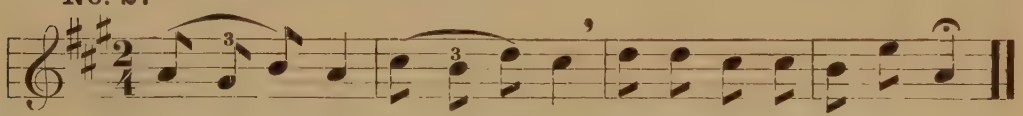
What is the sign before the second note in No. 26? *It is a Cancel or Natural. It means that we are to use A instead of A♭ as the signature says.*

Why is the A flatted in the same bar? *If it had not been flatted we should have used A natural again, as a cancel lasts throughout the bar in which it is placed.*

What is the little curved line between the last two notes? *It is a Tie and means that the last note is tied to the one before. E♭ is sung only once, but is held the length of the two E♭'s together.*

How many beats, then, in the tied notes?

No. 27



How do you do? How do you do? We will bow our heads to you.

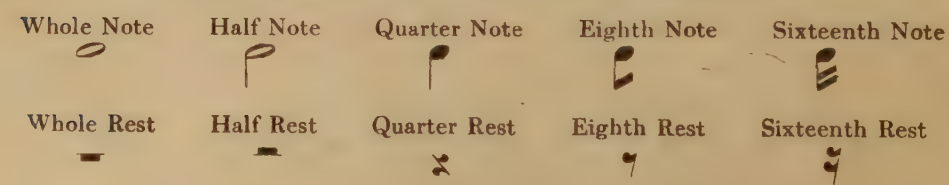
What is the meaning of the little curved line with a (3) over the three eighth notes in bars one and two? *It is a sign that these three notes are triplets and take only as much time as is usually given to two notes of the same kind. The three eighths in this case are worth as much as two eighths or one quarter.*

How much are triplets in quarter notes worth?

How much are triplets in sixteenth notes worth?

What is the little sign over the very last note of No. 27? *It is a Hold. It means: Hold this note longer than the other notes of the same value in this piece.*

A TABLE OF ORDINARY NOTES AND RESTS

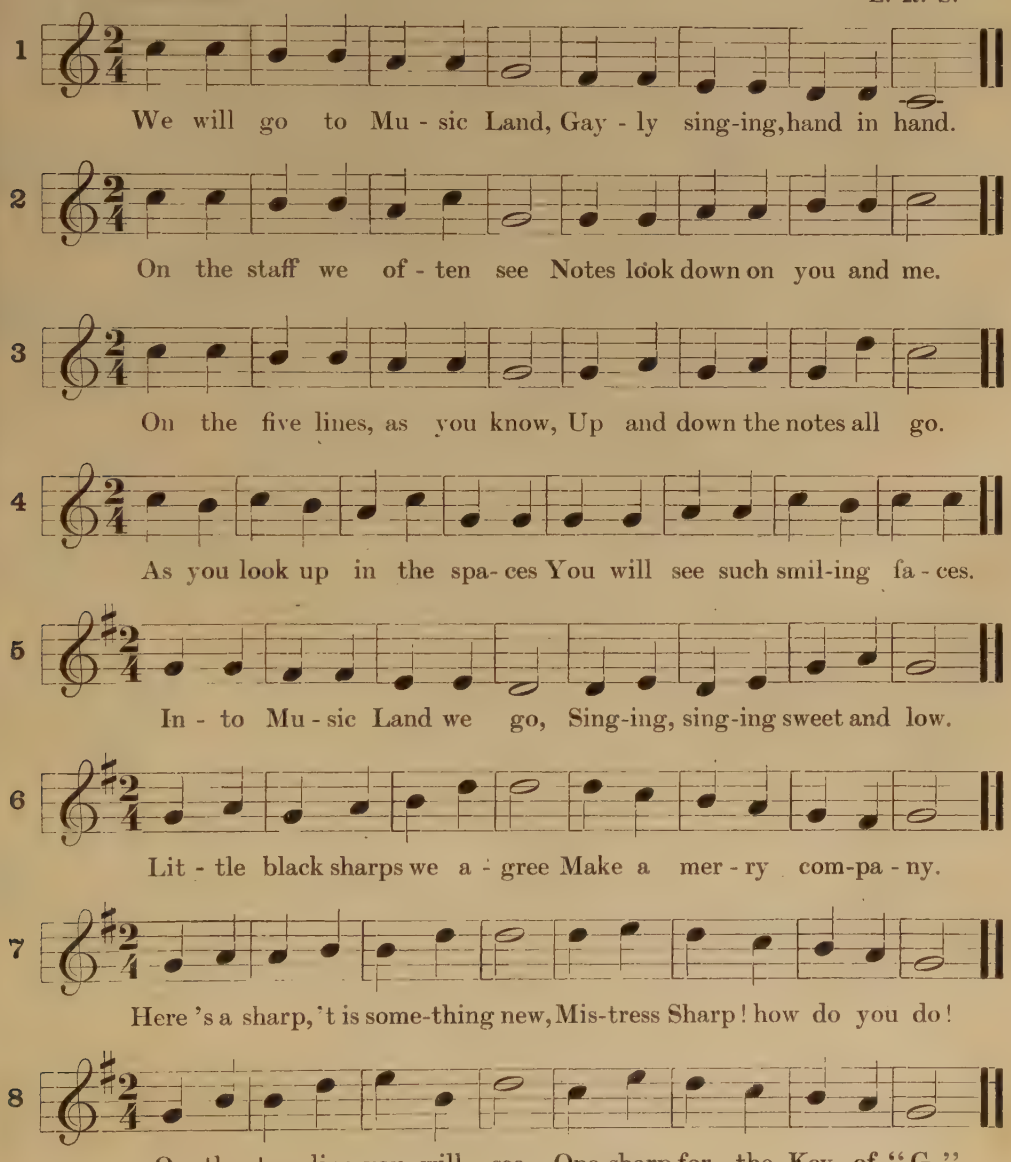


SECTION I

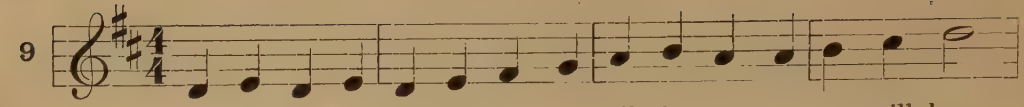
ROTE SONGS AND PRIMARY MELODIES

IN MUSIC LAND

L. Rountree Smith L. R. S.


1
We will go to Mu - sic Land, Gay - ly sing-ing, hand in hand.
2
On the staff we of - ten see Notes look down on you and me.
3
On the five lines, as you know, Up and down the notes all go.
4
As you look up in the spa - ces You will see such smil-ing fa - ces.
5
In - to Mu - sic Land we go, Sing-ing, sing-ing sweet and low.
6
Lit - tle black sharps we a - gree Make a mer - ry com-pa - ny.
7
Here 's a sharp, 't is some-thing new, Mis-tress Sharp! how do you do!
8
On the top line you will see One sharp for the Key of "G."

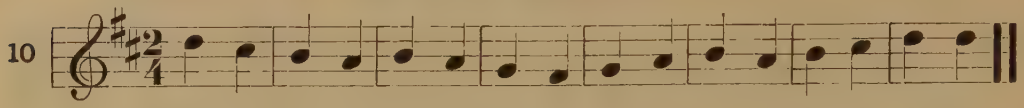
9



In - to Mu - sic Land we 're go-ing, All the notes we soon will know,

Do, do, ti, ti, la, la, sol, sol, Fa, fa, mi, mi, re, re, do.

10



Notes we see up - on the spa- ces Look to us like lit- tle fa - ces.

11

See two sharps up - on the staff. Quar-ter notes we see and half.

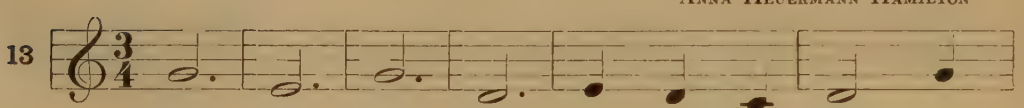
12

On the staff two sharps we see, Sing-ing in the Key of "D."

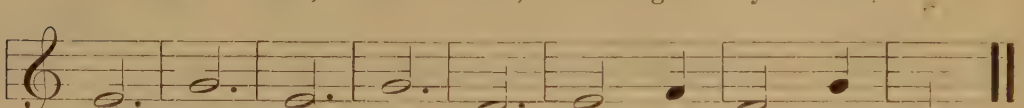
SEE-SAW, MARGERY DAW

ANNA HEUERMANN HAMILTON

13



See - saw, see - saw, Mar - ger - y Daw at



play. See - saw, see - saw, Rid - ing ev - 'ry day.

SPRING IS COMING

L. ROUNTREE SMITH

14

Spring is com-ing, hear that drumming In the tree high o - ver- head.

AUTUMN 'S COMING

L. ROUNTREE SMITH

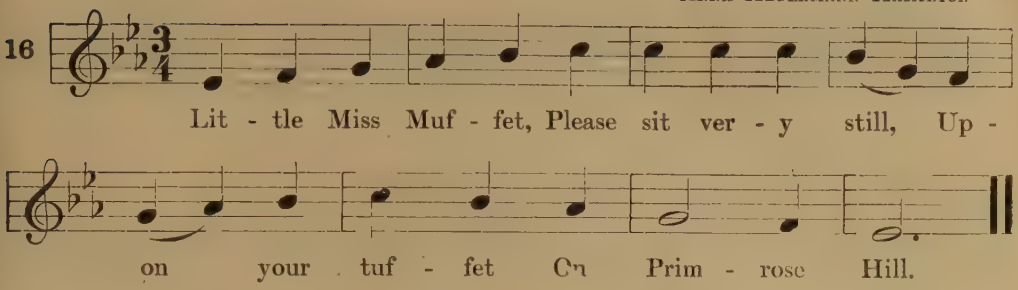
15

Au-tumn's com-ing, au-tumn's com-ing, All the leaves are turn-ing red.

MISS MUFFET

ANNA HEUERMANN HAMILTON

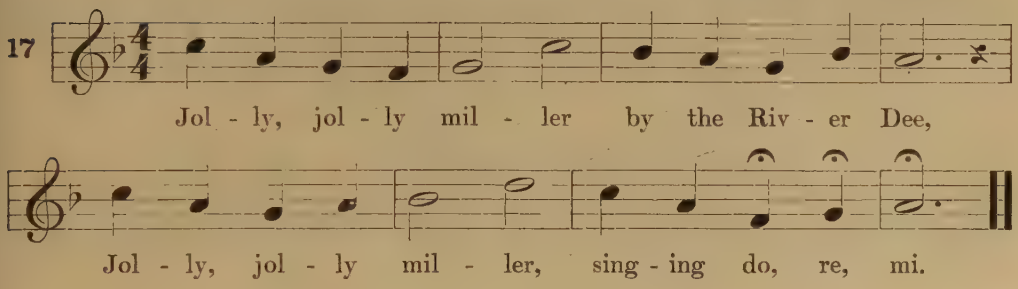
16



THE MILLER OF THE DEE

ANNA HEUERMANN HAMILTON

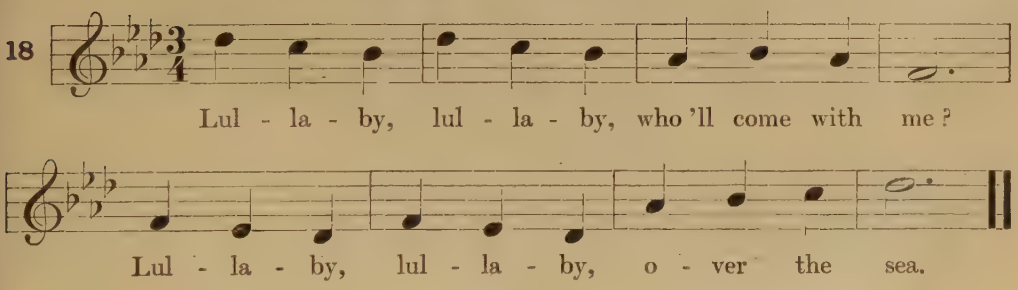
17



OVER THE SEA

L. ROUNTREE SMITH

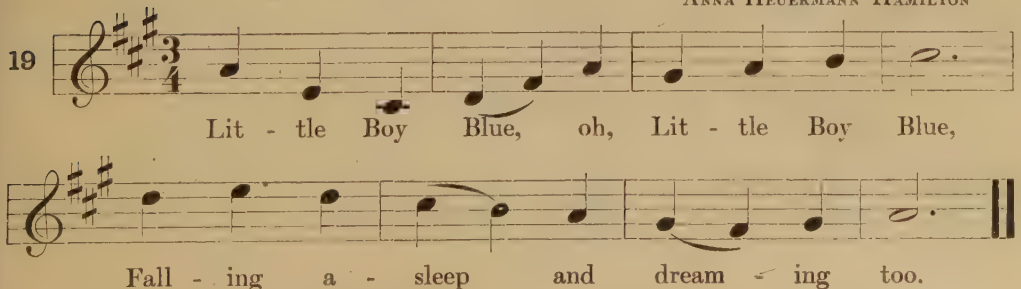
18



LITTLE BOY BLUE

ANNA HEUERMANN HAMILTON

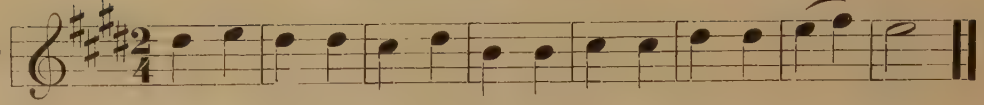
19



JACK AND JILL

L. Rountree Smith

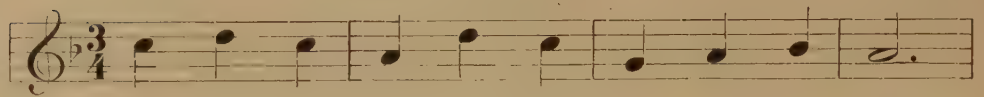
20



Jack and Jill went up the hill To fetch a pail of wa - ter.

LADY MOON

21



La - dy Moon, La - dy Moon, up in the sky,

See the bright fleec - y clouds go sail - ing by.

SIMPLE SIMON

22

Sim-ple Si-mon, Sim-ple Si-mon, Ev - 'ry day you meet a pie-man.

If I were a bu - sy pie-man I 'd not talk to Sim-ple Si-mon.

GOOD MORNING

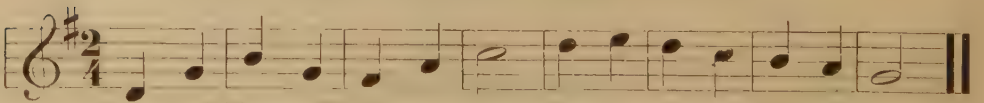
23

Lit - tle Boy Blue, Good morn - ing to you; Good

morn - ing to you, Lit - tle girl, too.

COME AND BLOW YOUR HORN

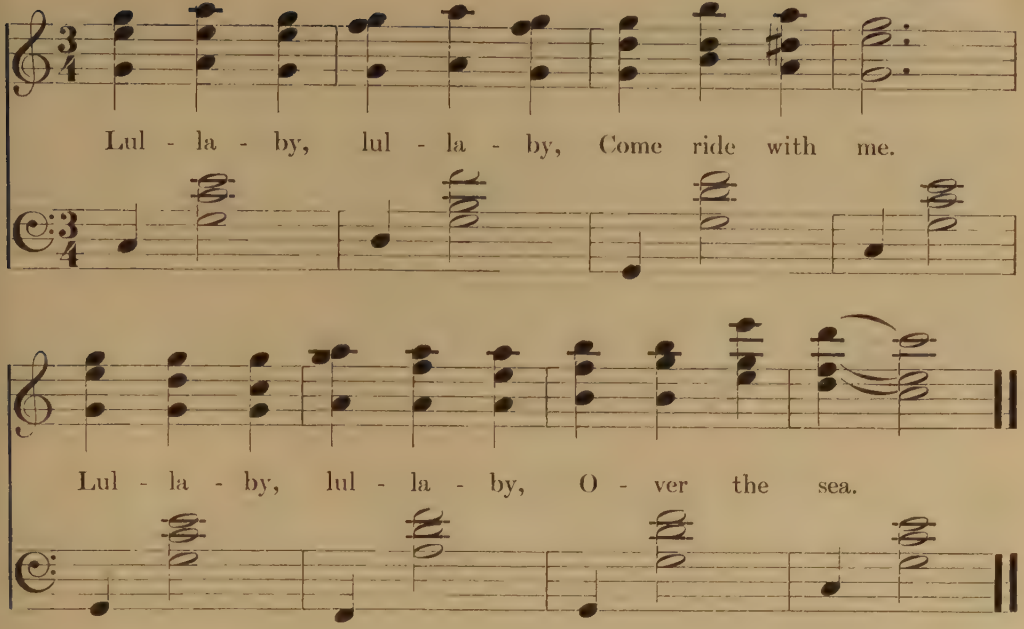
24



Come and blow your sil - ver horn, For the cows are in the corn.

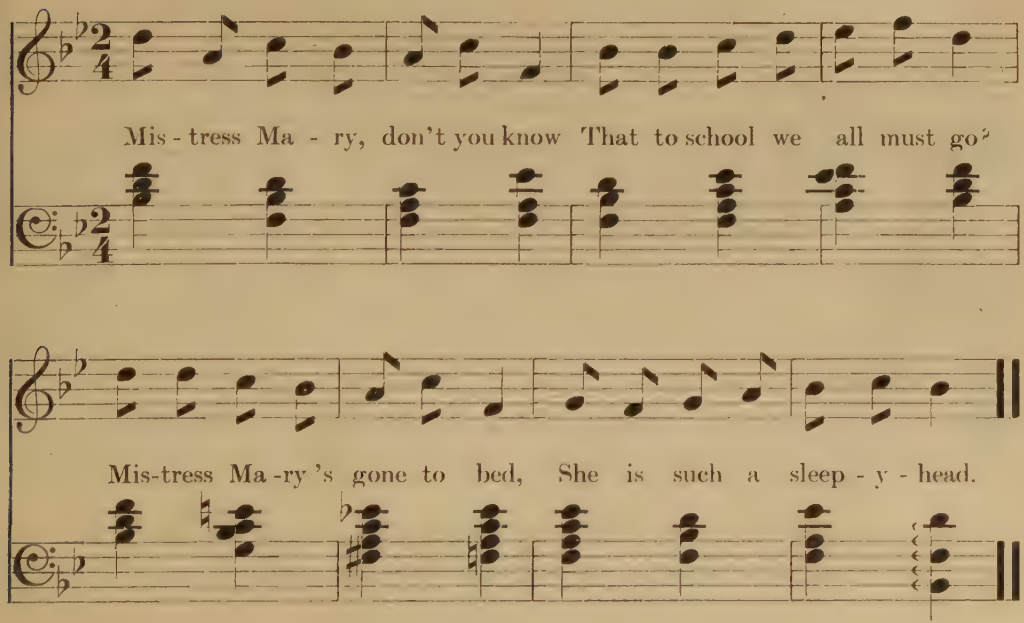
LULLABY SONG

L. Rountree Smith



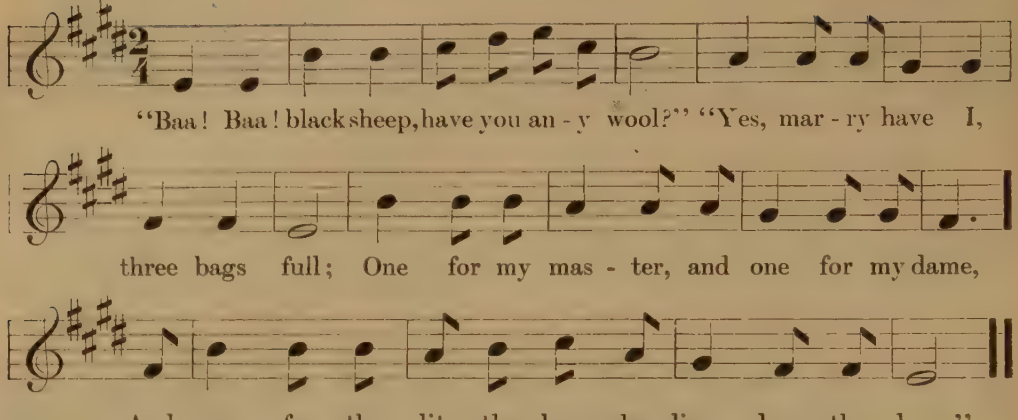
MISTRESS MARY

L. Rountree Smith

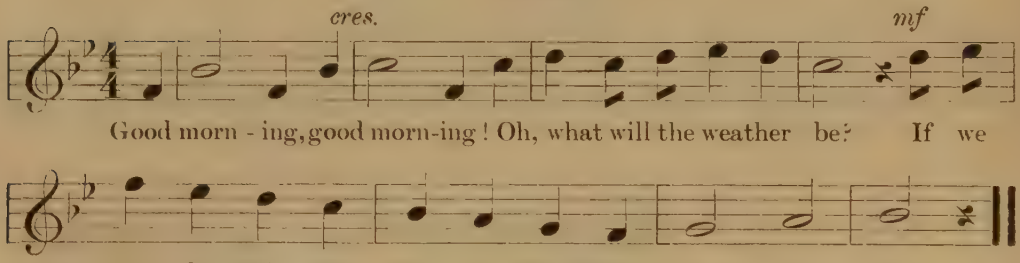


BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

ENGLISH

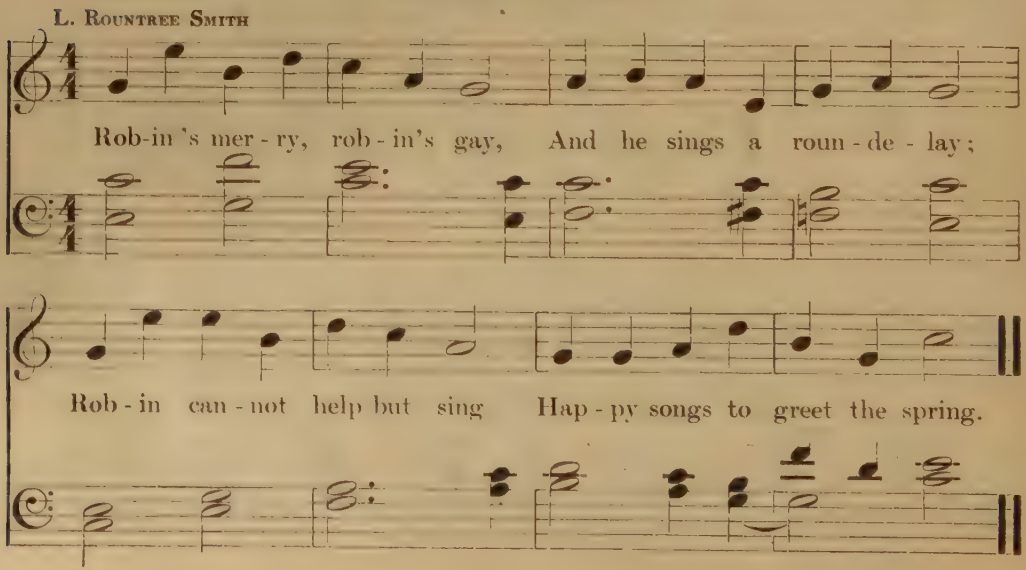

"Baa! Baa! black sheep, have you an - y wool?" "Yes, mar - ry have I,
three bags full; One for my mas - ter, and one for my dame,
And one for the lit - tle boy who lives down the lane."

GOOD MORNING



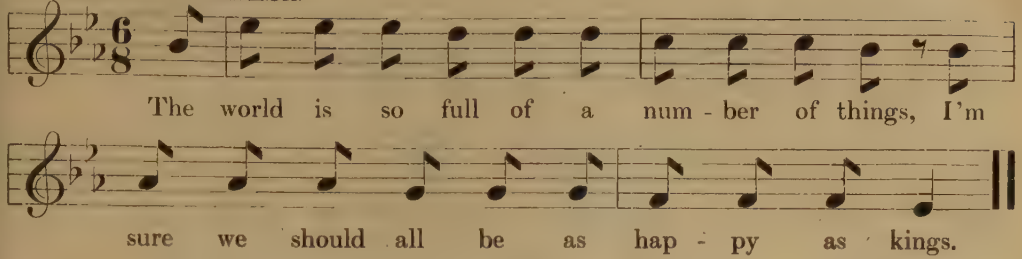
ROBIN SONG

L. ROUNTREE SMITH



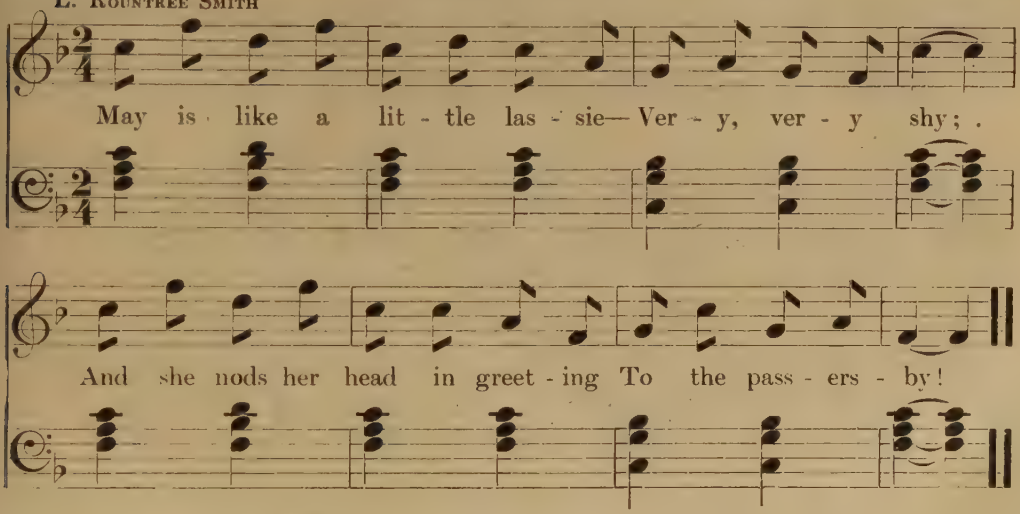
HAPPY THOUGHT

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



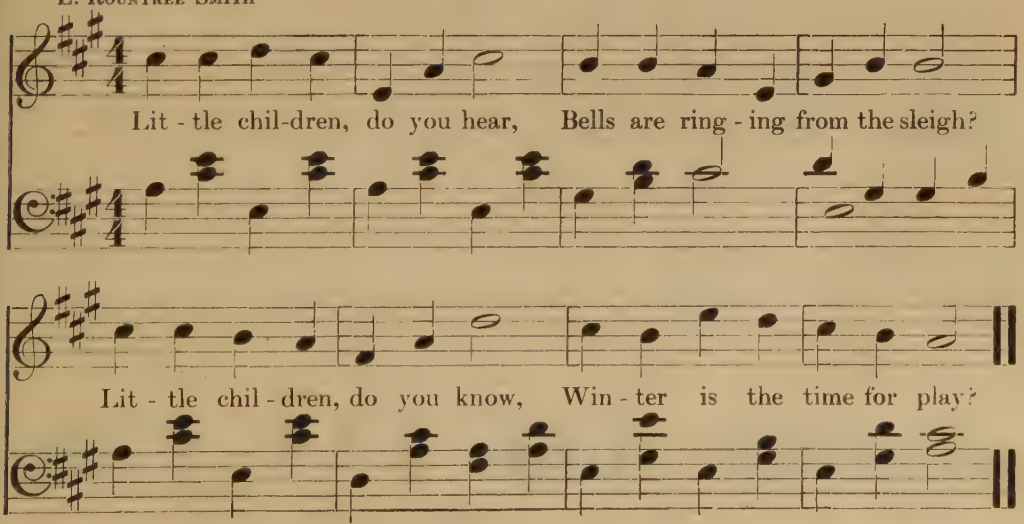
MAY SONG

L. ROUNTREE SMITH



WINTER

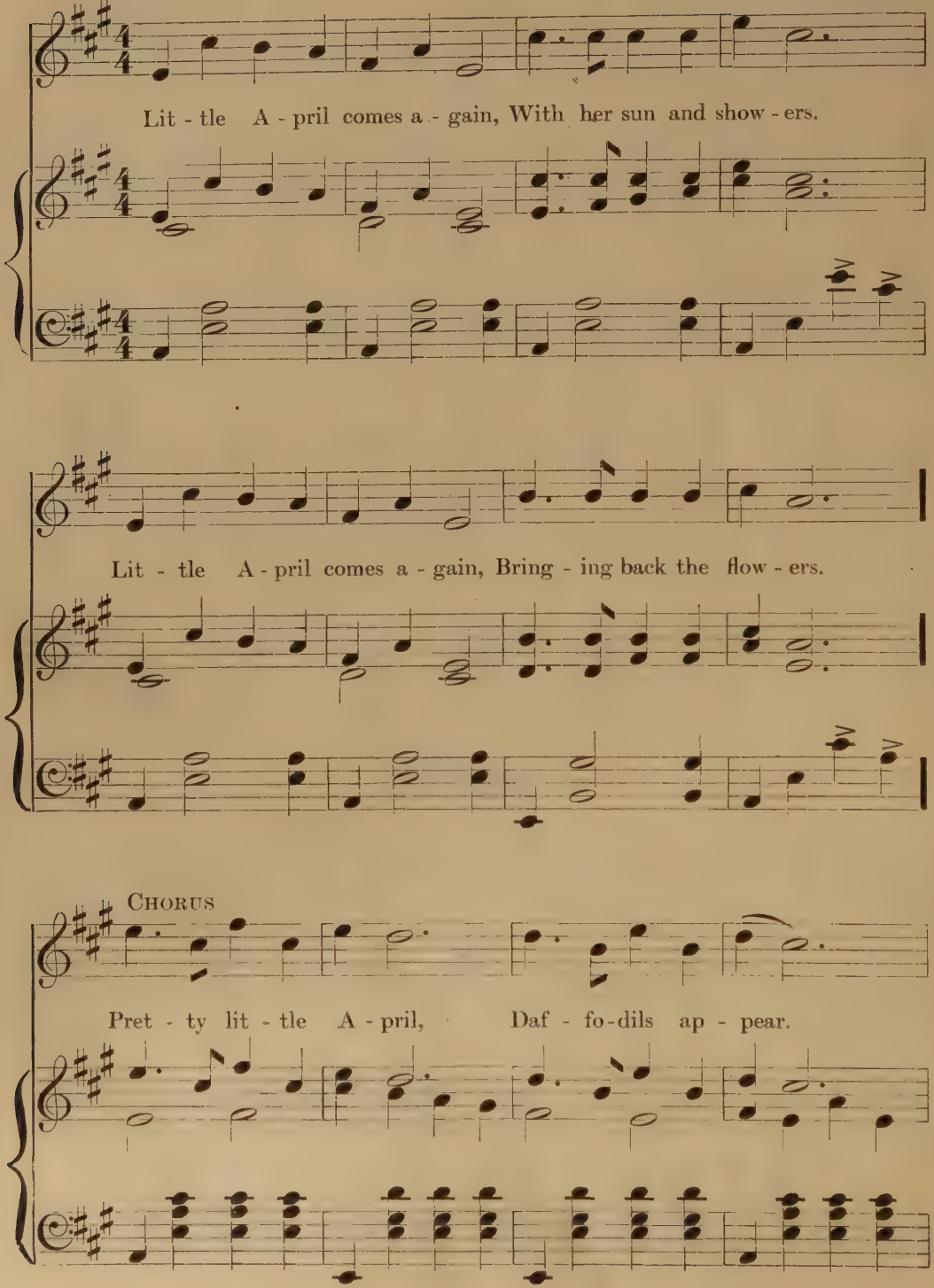
L. ROUNTREE SMITH

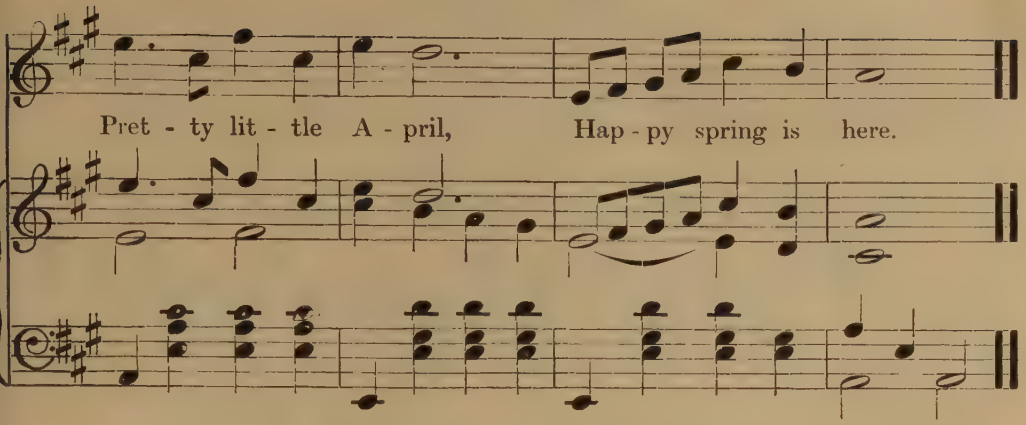


LITTLE APRIL

L. Rountree Smith

Arthur Schuckai


Lit - tle A - pril comes a - gain, With her sun and show - ers.
Lit - tle A - pril comes a - gain, Bring - ing back the flow - ers.
Chorus
Pret - ty lit - tle A - pril, Daf - fo - dils ap - pear.



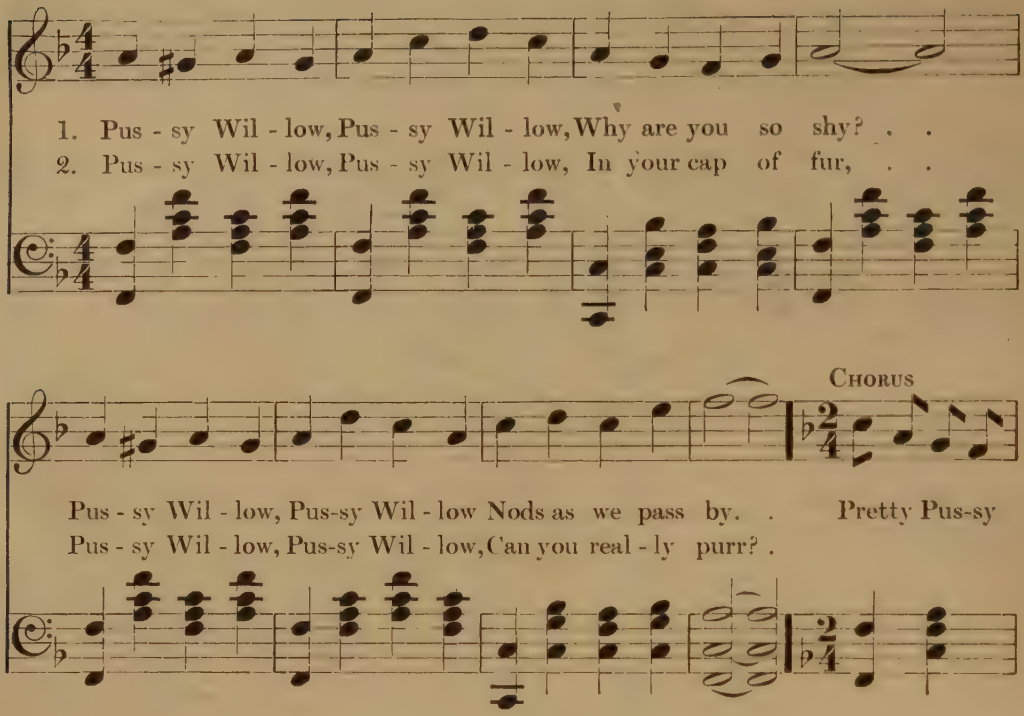
LITTLE MISS ECHO

L. Rountree Smith L. R. S.

1. Lit - tle Miss Ech - o is call - ing to you, . "Hel -
2. Lit - tle Miss Ech - o is so ver - y shy, . "Hel -
3. Lit - tle Miss Ech - o we all like to sing, . "Hel -
lo, . hel - lo, . hel - lo!" Lit - tle Miss Ech - o, oh,
lo, . hel - lo, . hel - lo!" Lit - tle Miss Ech - o, the
lo, . hel - lo, . hel - lo!" Lit - tle Miss Ech - o, glad
how do you do? "Hel - lo, . hel - lo, . hel - lo!"
March winds blow high, "Hel - lo, . hel - lo, . hel - lo!"
birds greet the spring, "Hel - lo, . hel - lo, . hel - lo!"

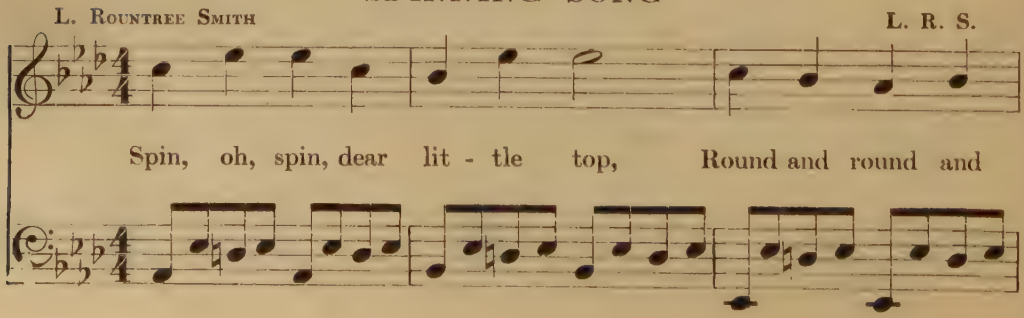
PUSSY WILLOW

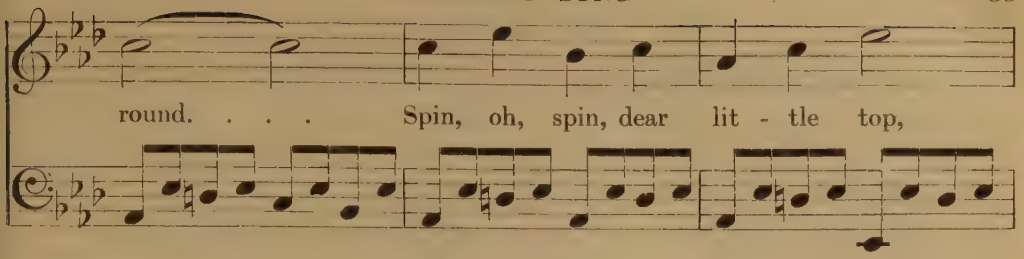
L. Rountree Smith L. R. S.


1. Pus - sy Wil - low, Pus - sy Wil - low, Why are you so shy? . .
2. Pus - sy Wil - low, Pus - sy Wil - low, In your cap of fur, . .
Chorus
Pus - sy Wil - low, Pus-sy Wil - low Nods as we pass by. . Pretty Pus-sy
Pus - sy Wil - low, Pus-sy Wil - low, Can you real - ly purr? .
Wil - low Wears a fur-ry cap; Pret-ty Pus-sy Wil-low, Wake up from your nap.

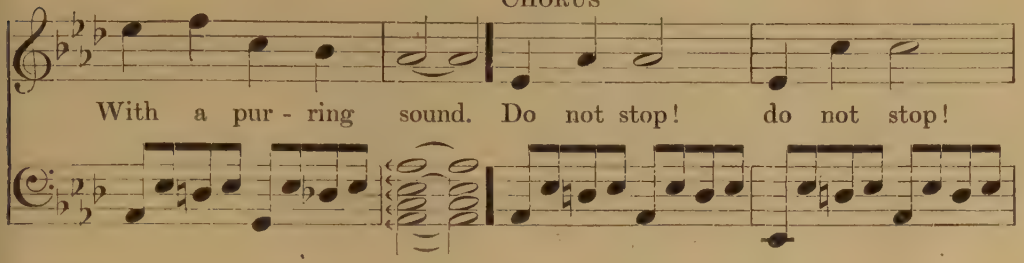
SPINNING SONG

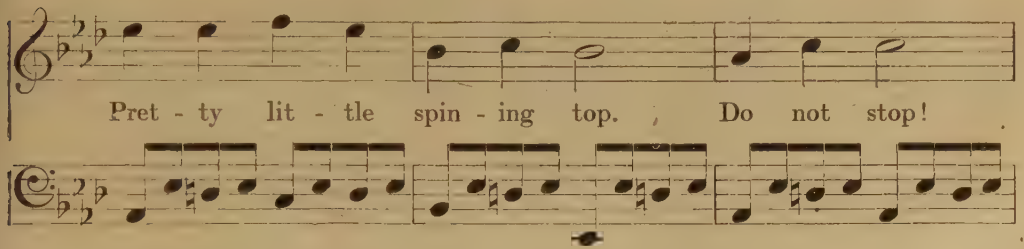
L. Rountree Smith L. R. S.





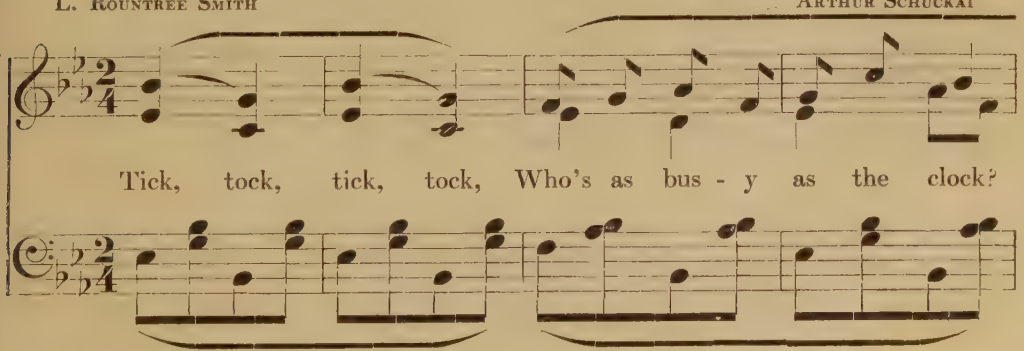
CHORUS

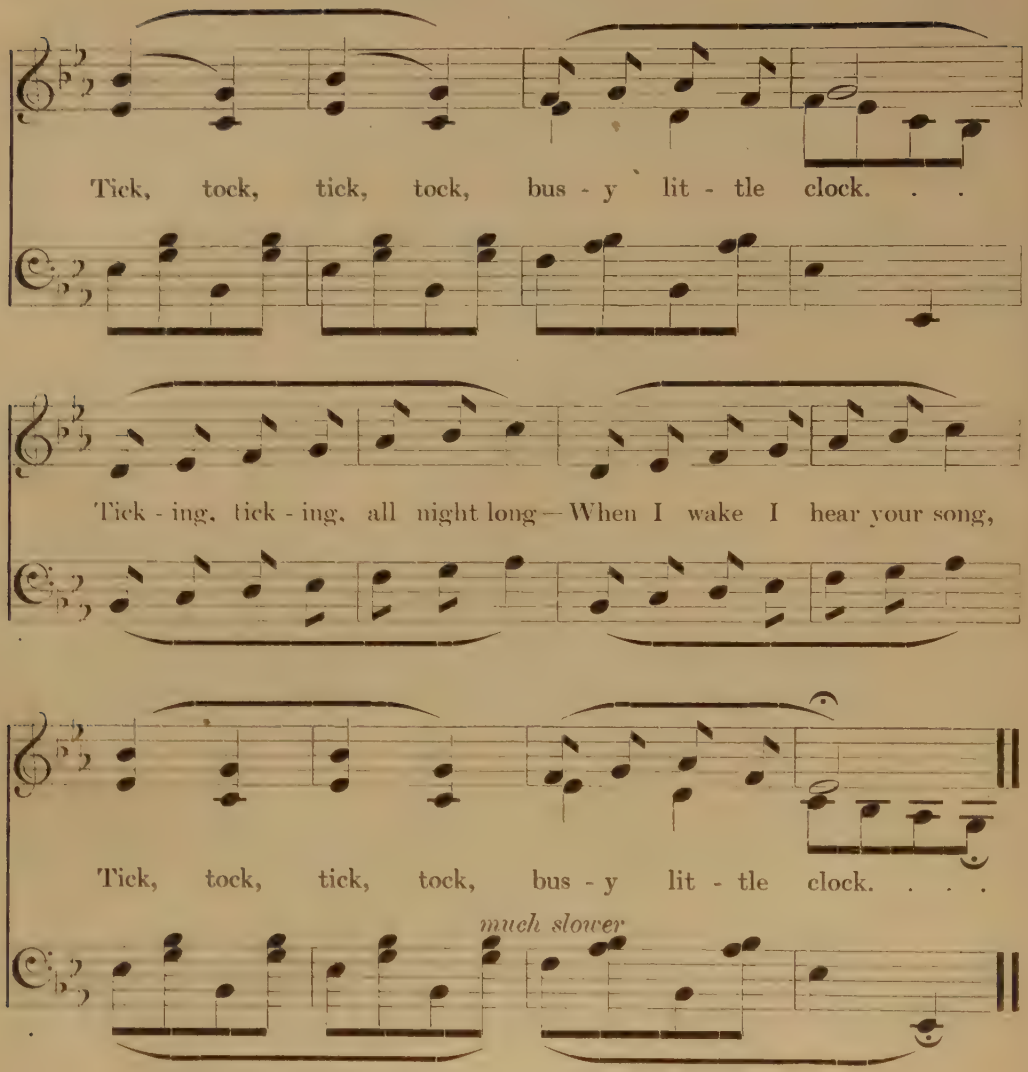




THE SONG OF THE CLOCK

L. ROUNTREE SMITH ARTHUR SCHUCKAI



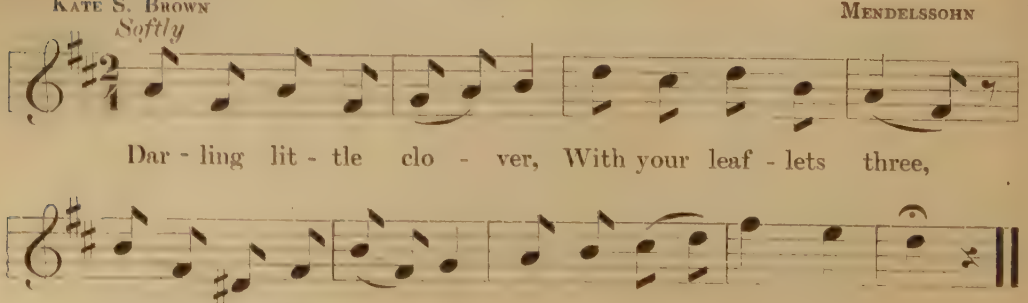

Tick, tock, tick, tock, bus - y lit - tle clock. . .
Tick - ing, tick - ing, all night long — When I wake I hear your song,
Tick, tock, tick, tock, bus - y lit - tle clock. . . .
much slower

CLOVER

KATE S. BROWN

Softly

MENDELSSOHN

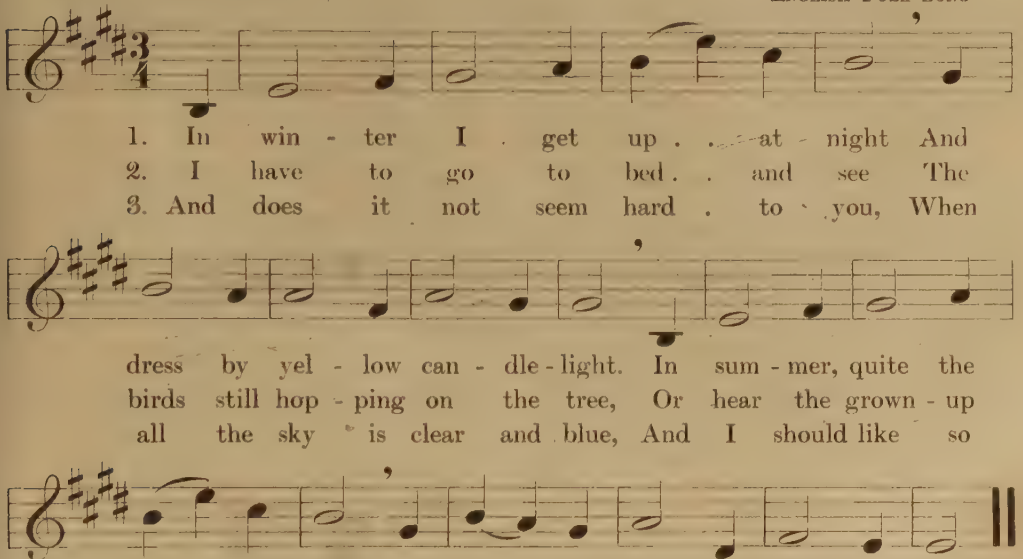


SECTION II

CHILDHOOD SONGS AND LULLABIES

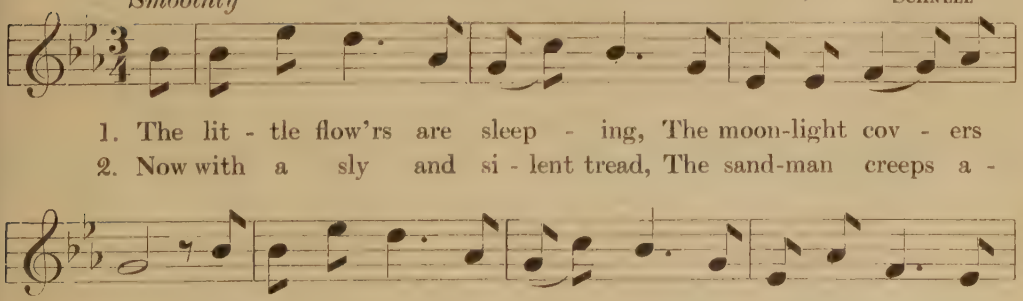
BED IN SUMMER

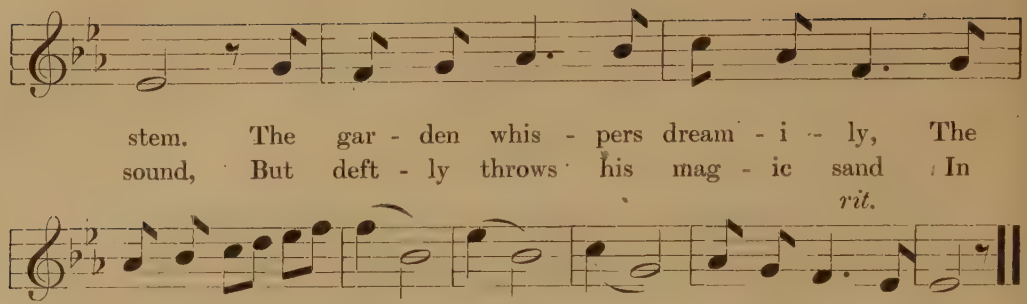
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON — ENGLISH FOLK SONG


1. In win - ter I get up at night And dress by yel - low can - dle - light. In sum - mer, quite the
2. I have to go to bed and see The birds still hop - ping on the tree, Or hear the grown - up
3. And does it not seem hard to you, When all the sky is clear and blue, And I should like so
oth - er way, I have to go to bed by day.
peo - ple's feet Still go - ing past me in the street.
much to play, To have to go to bed by day?

THE SANDMAN

Smoothly — SCHNELL

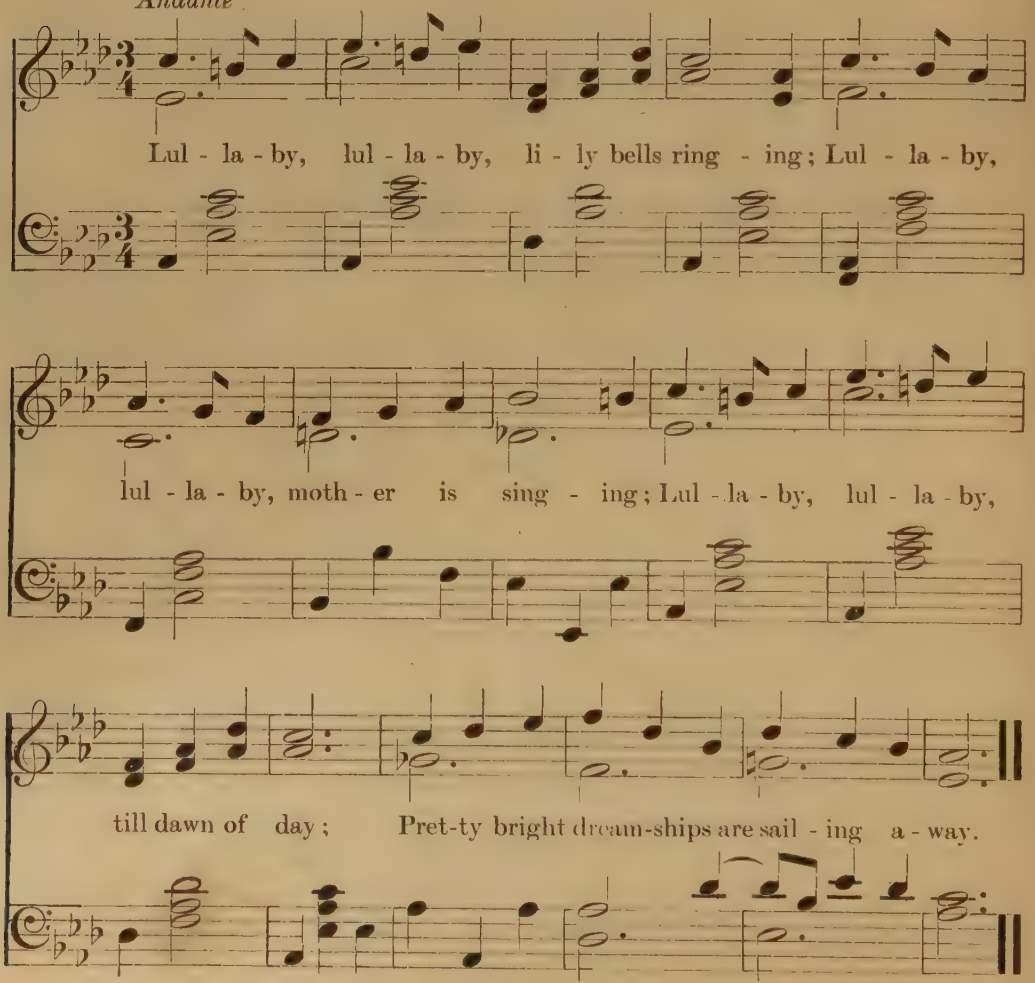

1. The lit - tle flow'rs are sleep - ing, The moon-light cov - ers them; Each drow - sy lit - tle blos - som Is nod-ding on its
2. Now with a sly and si - lent tread, The sand-man creeps a - round, And if he catch - es chil-dren up, He nev - er makes a


stem. The gar - den whis - pers dream - i - ly, The
sound, But deft - ly throws his mag - ic sand In
rit.
night winds gen - tly sigh— Sleep, sleep, lul - la, lul - la - by.
ev - 'ry wake-ful eye— Sleep, sleep, lul - la, lul - la - by.

DREAMSHIP LULLABY

L. Rountree Smith — Arthur Schuckai

Andante


Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, li - ly bells ring - ing; Lul - la - by,
lul - la - by, moth - er is sing - ing; Lul - la - by, lul - la - by,
till dawn of day; Pret-ty bright dream-ships are sail - ing a - way.

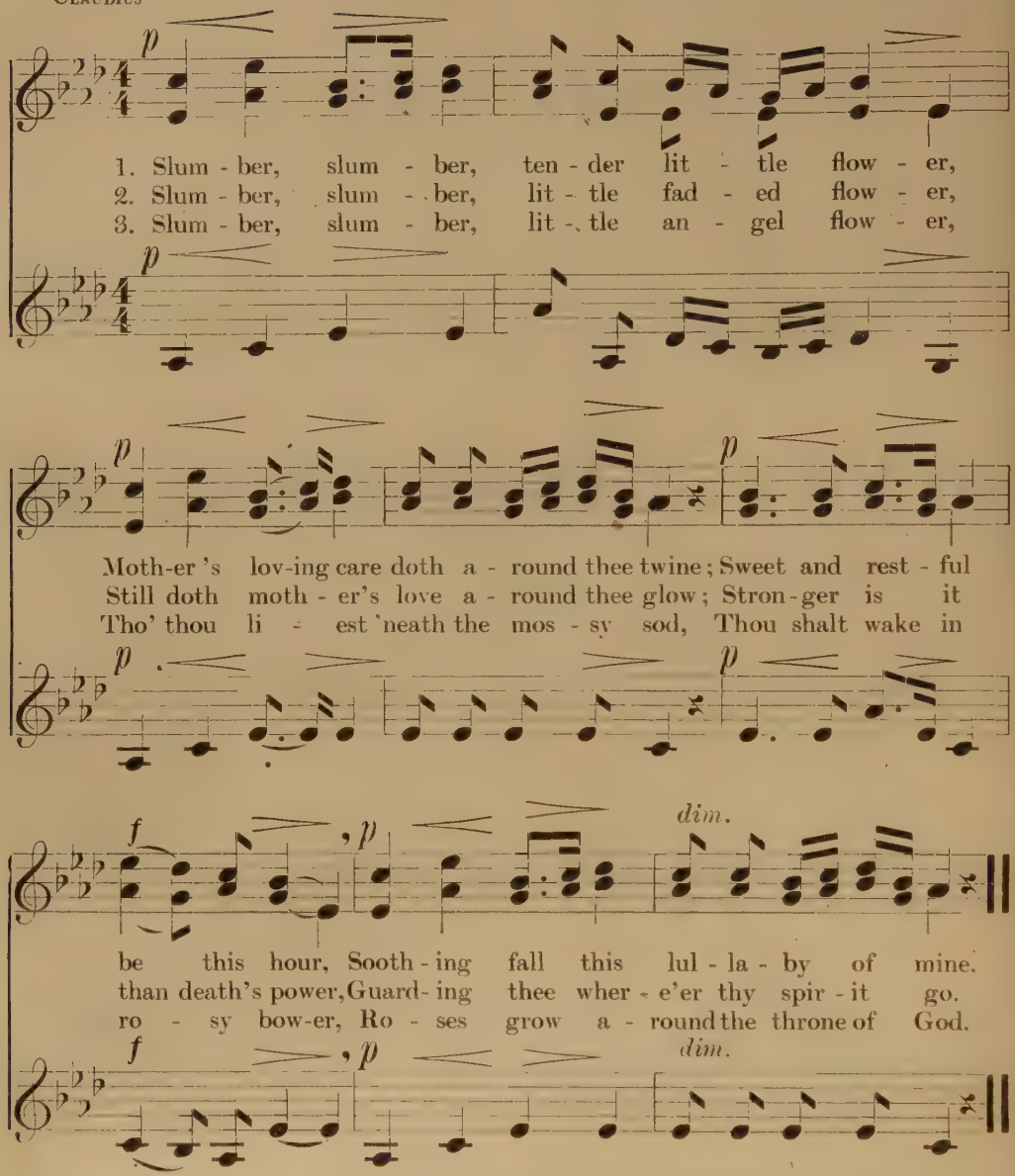
DREAMLAND BABIES

L. Rountree Smith

Dream-land ba - bies like to float In a pret-ty white-sailed boat.
Dream-land ba - bies, do you know Where the lit - tle boat will go?
Chorus
Sweet Dream-land ba - bies, Rid-ing a - way, a - way;
Sweet Dream-land ba - bies, Rid-ing till break of day.

CRADLE SONG

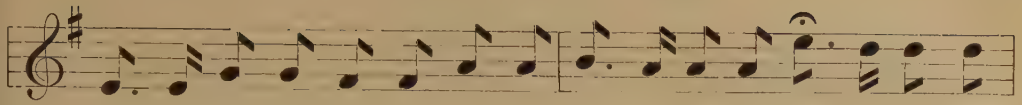
CLAUDIUS — FRANZ SCHUBERT


p
1. Slum - ber, slum - ber, ten - der lit - tle flow - er,
2. Slum - ber, slum - ber, lit - tle fad - ed flow - er,
3. Slum - ber, slum - ber, lit - tle an - gel flow - er,
p
p
Moth-er 's lov-ing care doth a - round thee twine; Sweet and rest - ful
Still doth moth - er's love a - round thee glow; Stron-ger is it
Tho' thou li - est 'neath the mos - sy sod, Thou shalt wake in
p
p
f
p
dim.
be this hour, Sooth - ing fall this lul - la - by of mine.
than death's power, Guard- ing thee wher - e'er thy spir - it go.
ro - sy bow-er, Ro - ses grow a - round the throne of God.
f
p
dim.

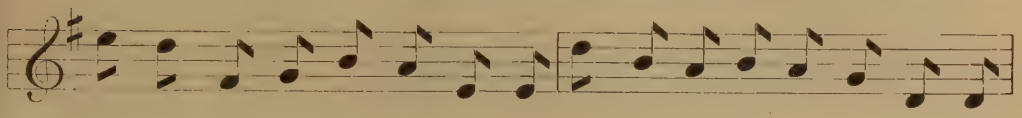
FAREWELL TO THE FARM

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON — CLARENCE L. RIEGE

1. The coach is at the door at last; The ea-ger chil-dren, mount-ing fast And
2. And fare you well for ev - er-more, O lad - der at the hay-loft door, O



kiss - ing hands, in cho - rus sing; Good-bye, good-bye, to ev-'ry-thing! To
hay - loft where the cob-webs cling, Good-bye, good-bye, to ev-'ry-thing! Crack



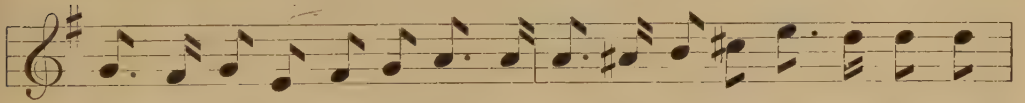
house and gar - den, field and lawn, The mea-dow gates we swang up - on, To
goes the whip, and off we go; The trees and hous-es small-er grow; Last,

pump and sta - ble, tree and swing, Good-bye, good-bye, to ev - 'ry-thing!
round the wood - y turn we swing: Good-bye, good-bye, to ev - 'ry-thing!

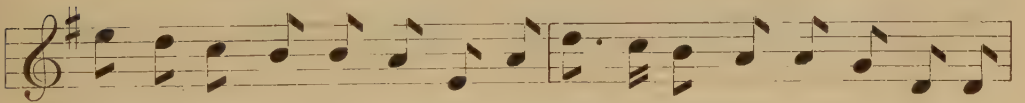
A SONG OF THE ROAD

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON CLARENCE L. RIEGE

1. The gau-ger walked with will-ing foot, And aye the gau-ger played the flute; And
2. Then fol - low you, wher - ev-er hie, The trav'ling mountains of the sky, Or



what should Master Gau-ger play, But o'er the hills and far a-way! When-
let the streams in civ - il mode Di - rect your choice up- on the road; For



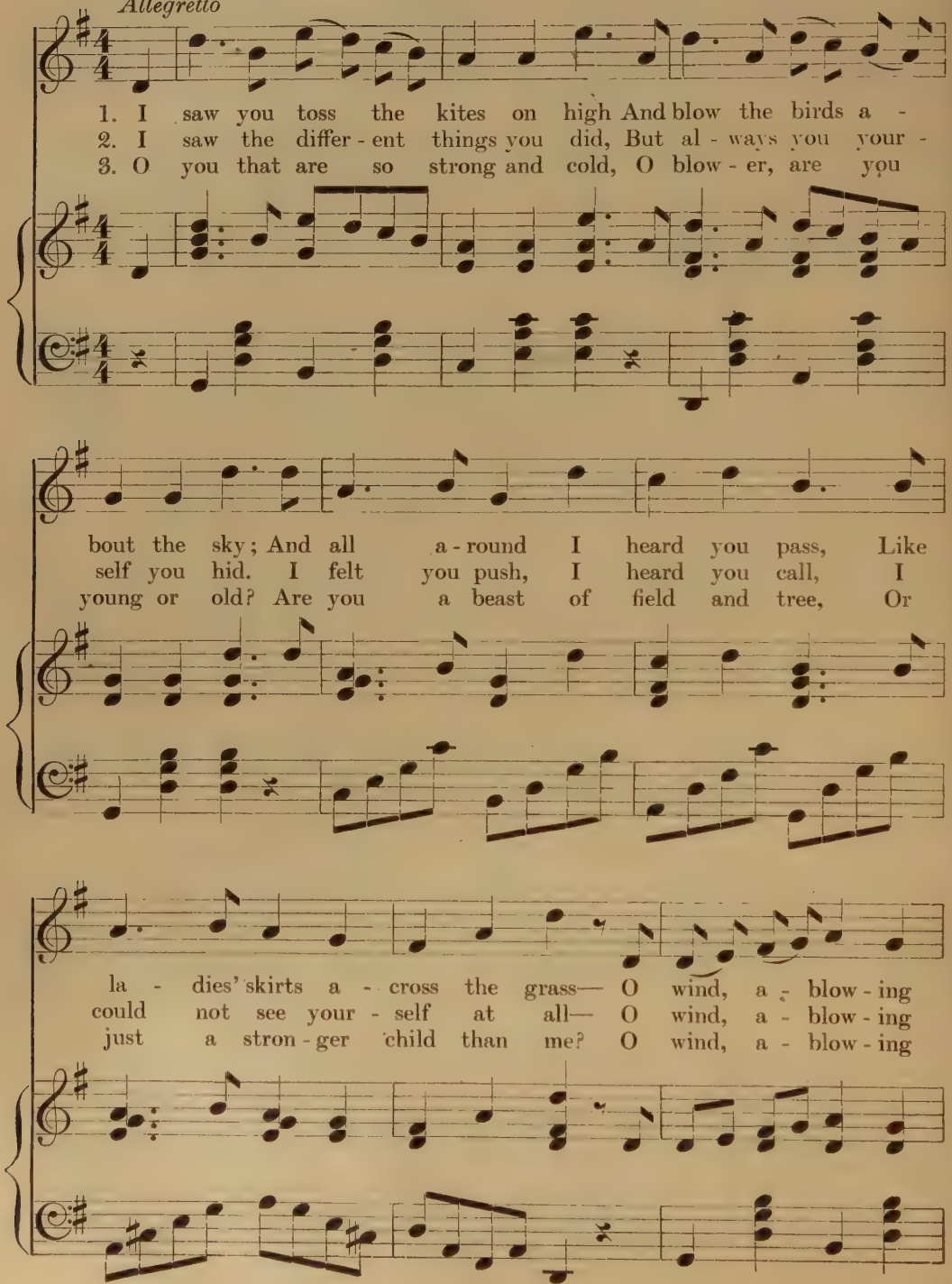
e'er I buc - kle on my pack, And foot it gay - ly in the track, O
one and all, or high or low, Will lead you where you wish to go, And

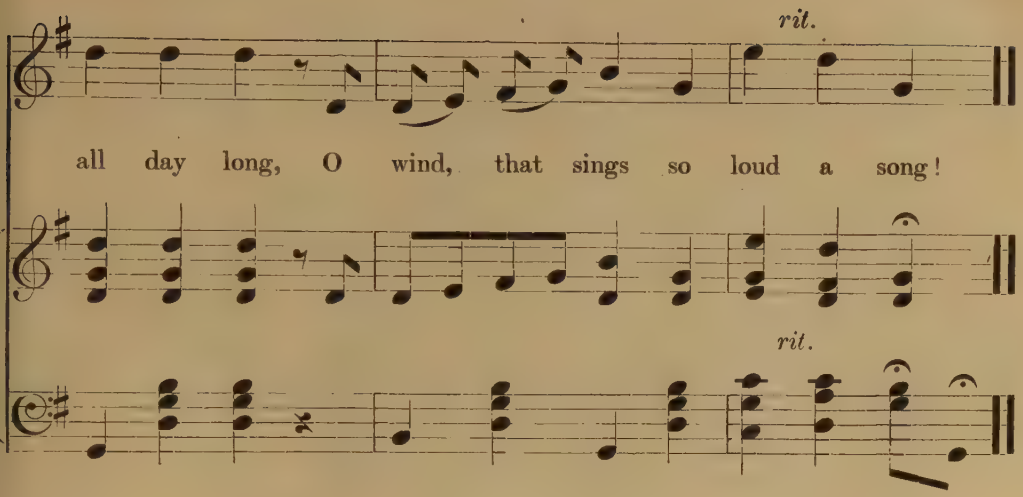
pleas - ant gau - ger, long since dead, I hear you flut - ing on a - head.
one and all go night and day, O - ver the hills and far a - way.

THE WIND

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON — CLARENCE L. RIEGE

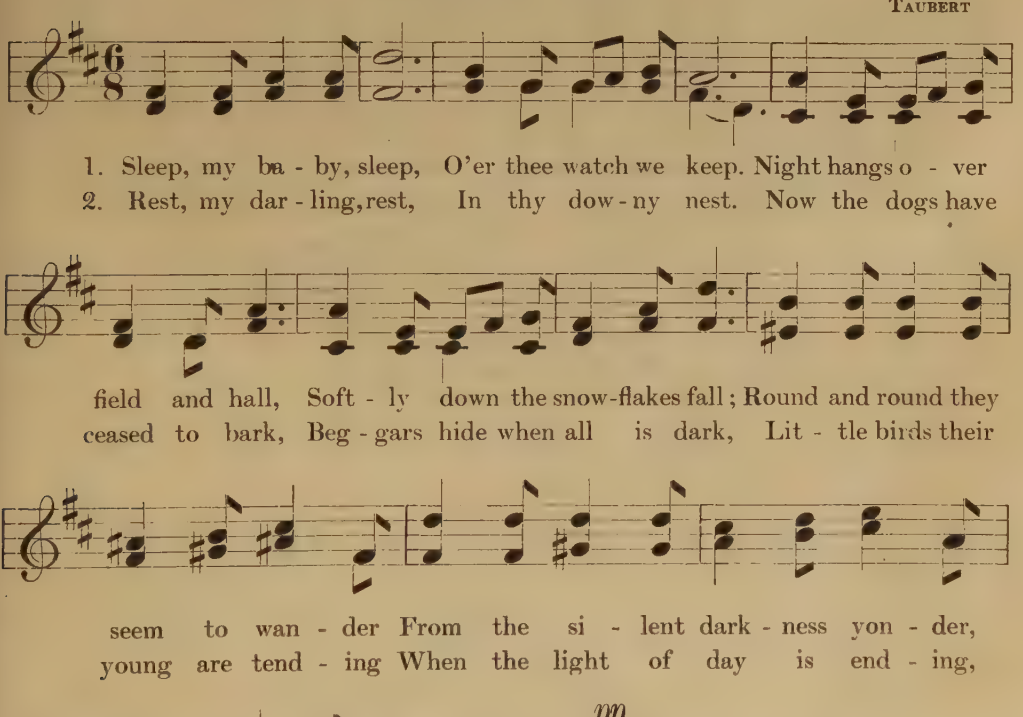
Allegretto


1. I saw you toss the kites on high And blow the birds a -
2. I saw the differ - ent things you did, But al - ways you your -
3. O you that are so strong and cold, O blow - er, are you
bout the sky; And all a - round I heard you pass, Like
self you hid. I felt you push, I heard you call, I
young or old? Are you a beast of field and tree, Or
la - dies' skirts a - cross the grass— O wind, a - blow - ing
could not see your - self at all— O wind, a - blow - ing
just a stron - ger child than me? O wind, a - blow - ing



CRADLE SONG

TAUBERT


1. Sleep, my ba - by, sleep, O'er thee watch we keep. Night hangs o - ver
2. Rest, my dar - ling, rest, In thy dow - ny nest. Now the dogs have
field and hall, Soft - ly down the snow-flakes fall; Round and round they
ceased to bark, Beg - gars hide when all is dark, Lit - tle birds their
seem to wan - der From the si - lent dark - ness yon - der,
young are tend - ing When the light of day is end - ing,
pp
Cov - 'ring street and hill so deep. Sleep, my ba - by, sleep.
Close thine eyes on moth - er's breast. Rest, my dar - ling, rest.

THE LITTLE SANDMAN

JOH. BRAHMS

1. The flow-'rets all sleep sound - ly Be - neath the moon's bright ray,
2. The birds that sang so sweet - ly When noon-day sun rose high
3. Now see, the lit - tle sand - man At the win - dow shows his head,
4. And ere the lit - tle sand - man Is ma - ny steps a - way,

They nod their heads to - geth - er And dream the night a - way.
With - in their nests are sleep - ing, Now night is draw-ing nigh.
And looks for all good chil - dren, Who ought to be in bed,
Thy pret - ty eyes, my dar - ling, Close fast un - til next day.

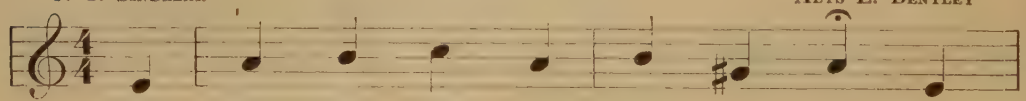
The bud - ding trees wave to and fro, And mur - mur soft and low.
The crick - et as it moves a - long A - lone gives forth its song.
And as each wea - ry pet he spies Throws sand in - to its eyes.
But they shall ope at morn-ing's light And greet the sun-shine bright.

Sleep on! sleep on, sleep on, my lit - tle one.

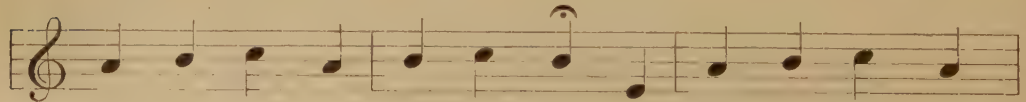
THE OWL

J. C. SINDELAR

ALYS E. BENTLEY



A big white owl sat in a tree— A



wise old bird he looked to be; His eyes were large, his

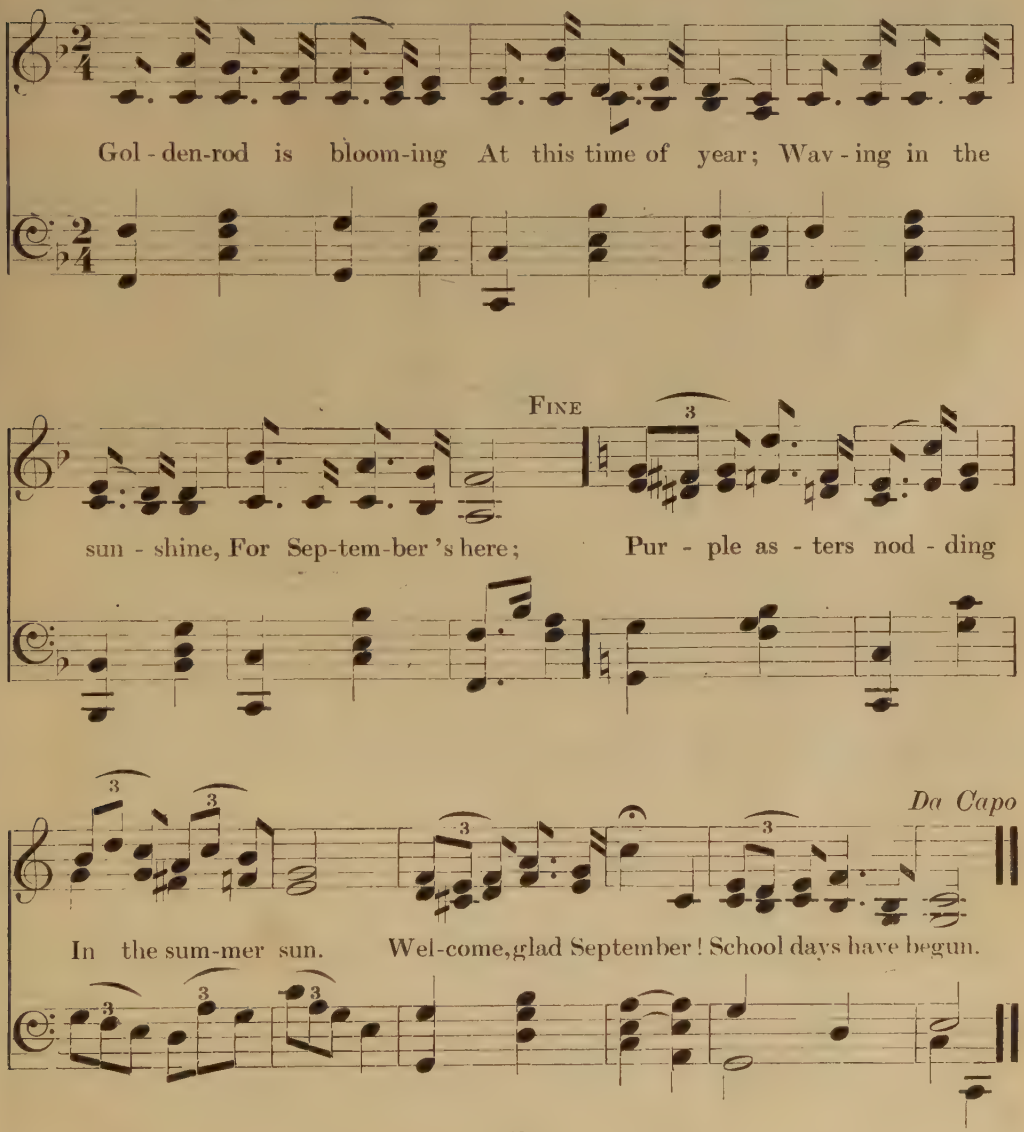
ears were, too— To - whit! to - whoo! to - whit! to - whoo!

SECTION III

SONGS OF THE SEASON

SEPTEMBER'S HERE

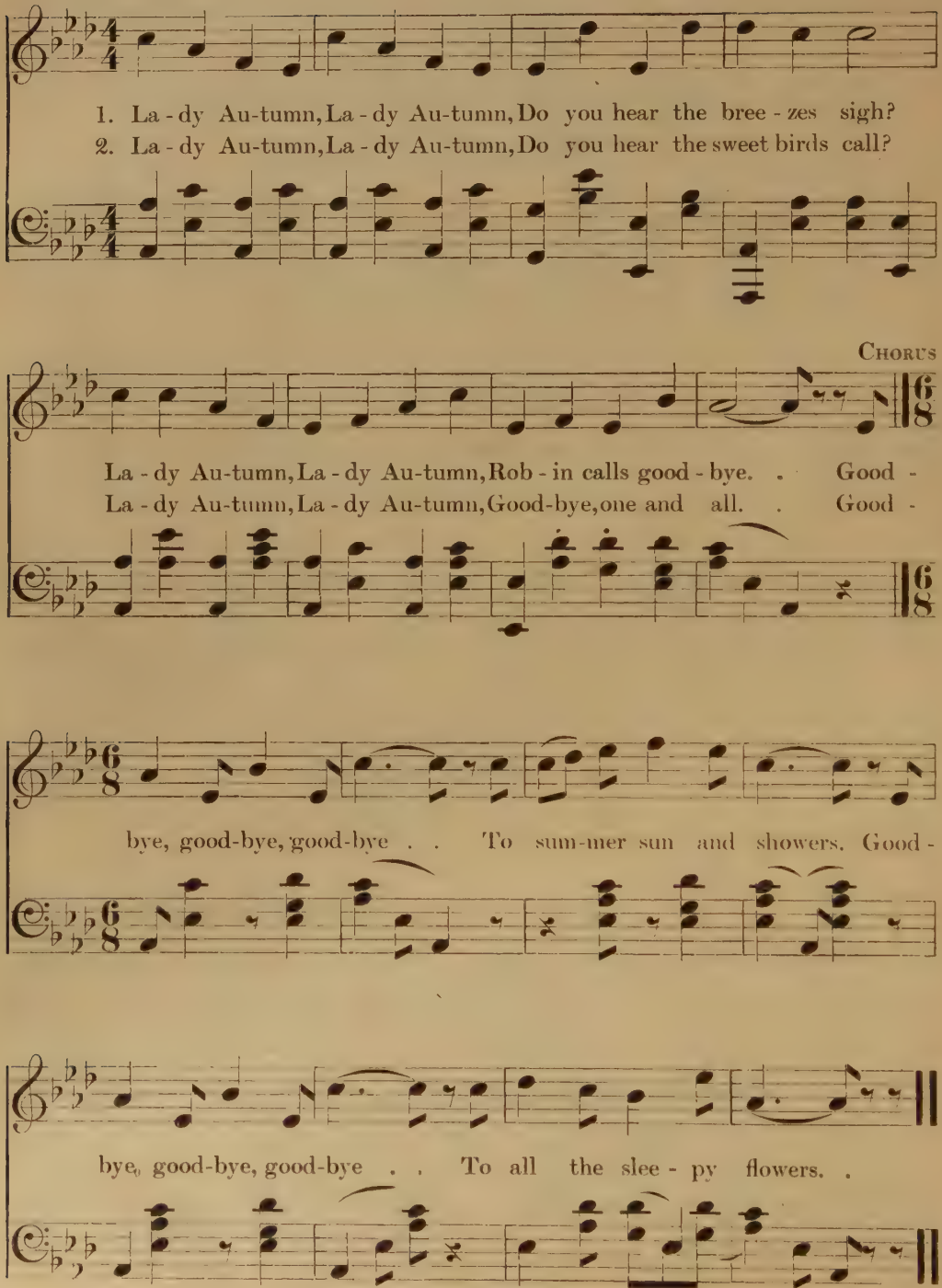
L. Rountree Smith — Anna Heuermann Hamilton


Gol - den-rod is bloom-ing At this time of year; Wav - ing in the
Fine
sun - shine, For Sep-tem-ber 's here; Pur - ple as - ters nod - ding
Da Capo
In the sum-mer sun. Wel-come, glad September! School days have begun.

LADY AUTUMN

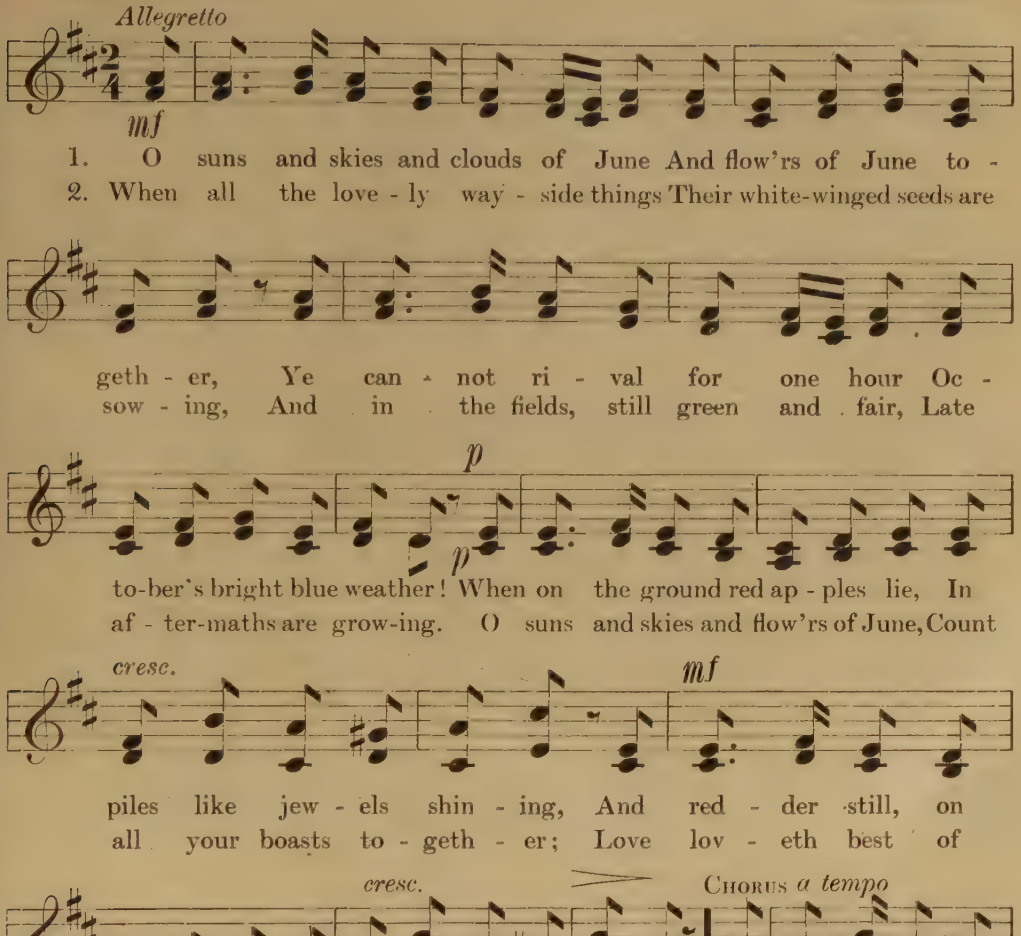
L. Rountree Smith

L. R. S.


1. La - dy Au-tumn, La - dy Au-tumn, Do you hear the bree - zes sigh?
2. La - dy Au-tumn, La - dy Au-tumn, Do you hear the sweet birds call?
Chorus
La - dy Au-tumn, La - dy Au-tumn, Rob - in calls good - bye. . Good -
La - dy Au-tumn, La - dy Au-tumn, Good-bye, one and all. . Good -
bye, good-bye, good-bye . . To sum-mer sun and showers. Good -
bye, good-bye, good-bye . . To all the slee - py flowers. .

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

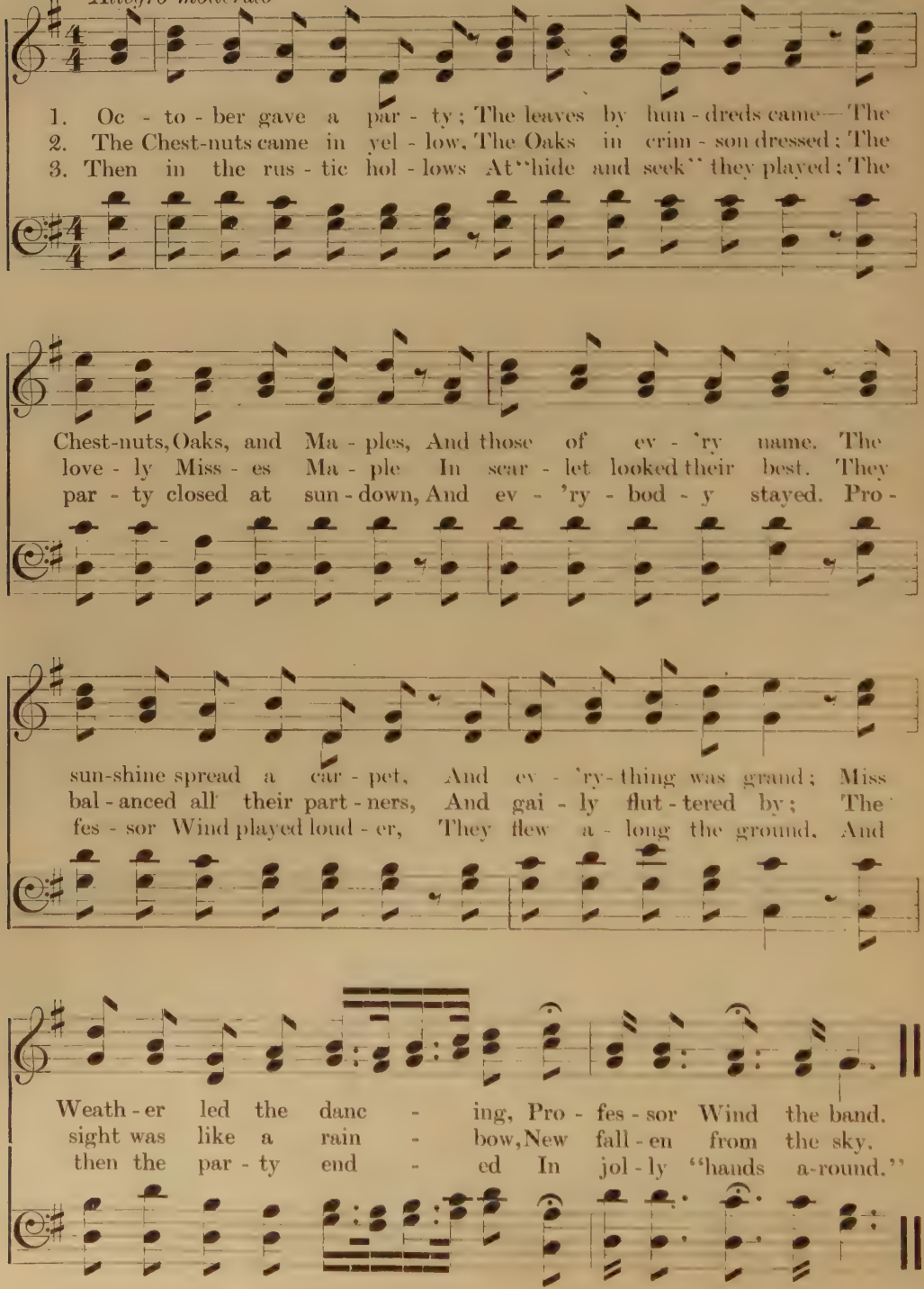
HELEN HUNT JACKSON — GRUENBERGER


Allegretto
mf
1. O suns and skies and clouds of June And flow'rs of June to -
2. When all the love - ly way - side things Their white-winged seeds are
geth - er, Ye can - not ri - val for one hour Oc -
sow - ing, And in the fields, still green and fair, Late
p
p
to-ber's bright blue weather! When on the ground red ap - ples lie, In
af - ter-maths are grow-ing. O suns and skies and flow'rs of June, Count
cresc.
mf
piles like jew - els shin - ing, And red - der still, on
all your boasts to - geth - er; Love lov - eth best of
cresc.
CHORUS a tempo
f
old stone walls, Are leaves of wood-bine twin - ing. O suns and skies and
all the year Oc - to - ber's bright blue weather.
clouds of June And flow'rs of June to - geth - er, Ye
can - not ri - val for one hour Oc - to - ber's bright blue weath-er!

OCTOBER'S PARTY

Allegro moderato

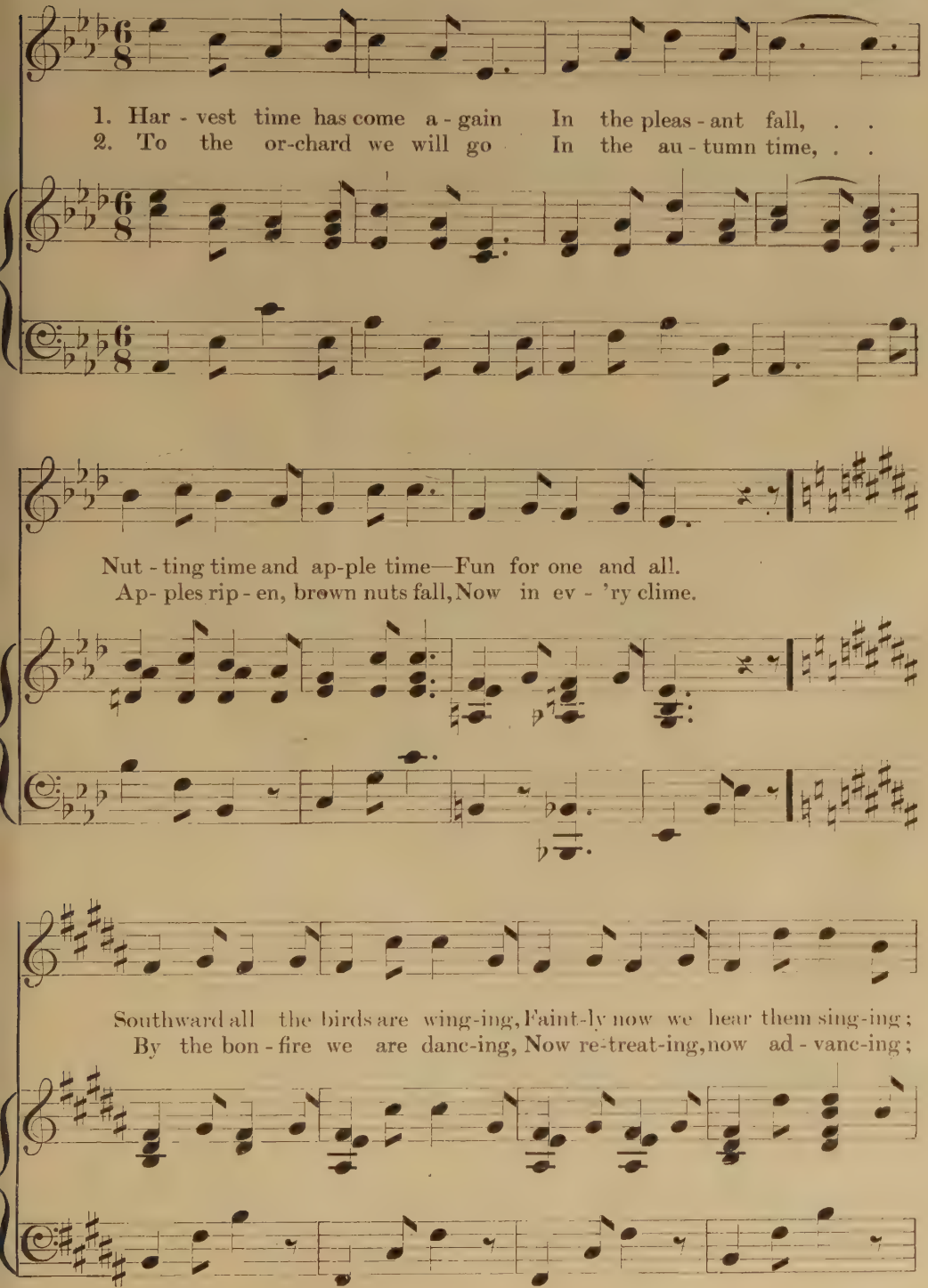
FLORA ELLIS WELLS

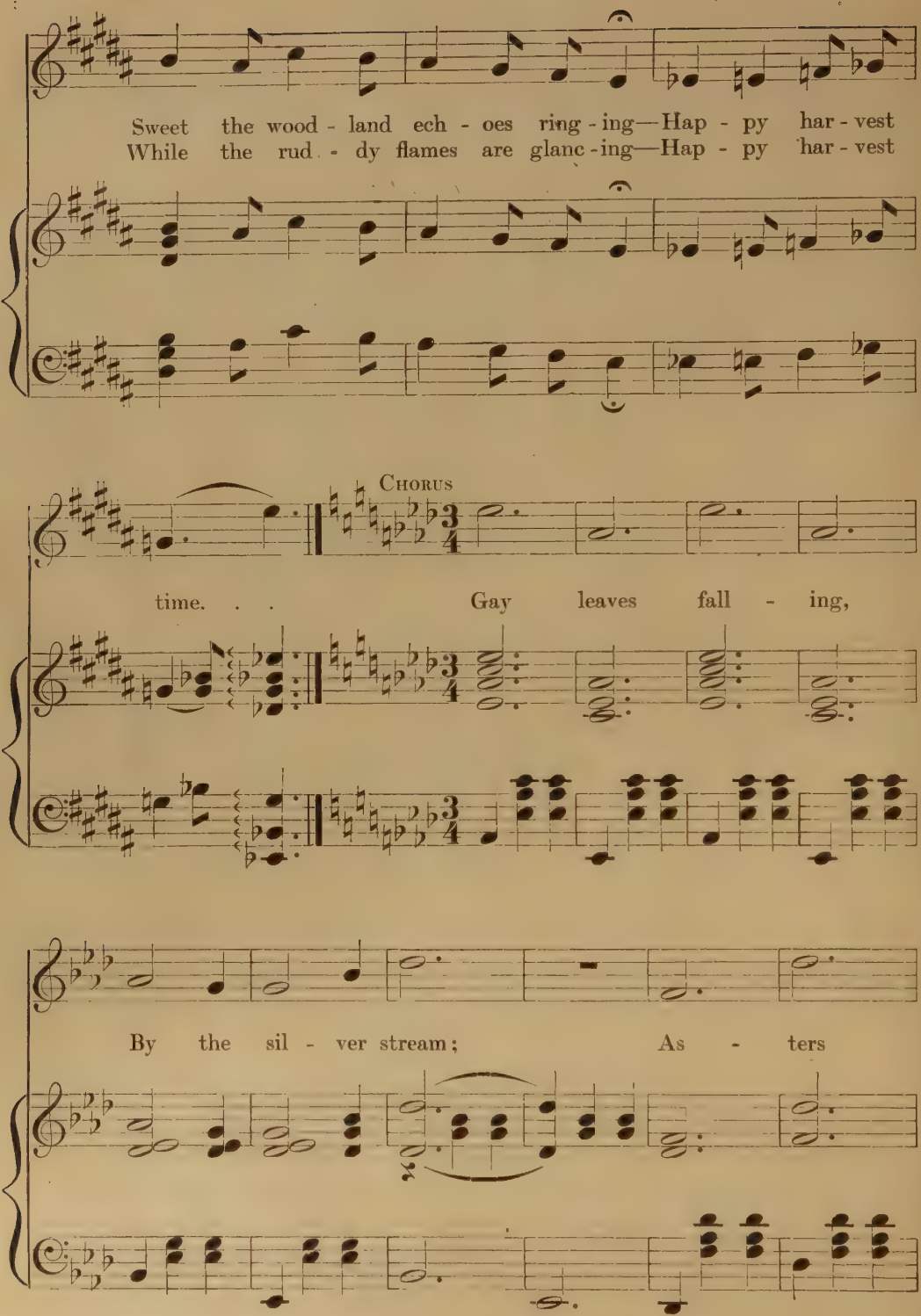

1. Oc - to - ber gave a par - ty; The leaves by hun - dreds came— The
2. The Chest-nuts came in yel - low, The Oaks in crim - son dressed; The
3. Then in the rus - tic hol - lows At "hide and seek" they played; The
Chest-nuts, Oaks, and Ma - ples, And those of ev - 'ry name. The
love - ly Miss - es Ma - ple In scar - let looked their best. They
par - ty closed at sun - down, And ev - 'ry - bod - y stayed. Pro -
sun-shine spread a car - pet, And ev - 'ry - thing was grand; Miss
bal - anced all their part - ners, And gai - ly flut - tered by; The
fes - sor Wind played loud - er, They flew a - long the ground. And
Weath - er led the danc - ing, Pro - fes - sor Wind the band.
sight was like a rain - bow, New fall - en from the sky.
then the par - ty end - ed In jol - ly "hands a-round."

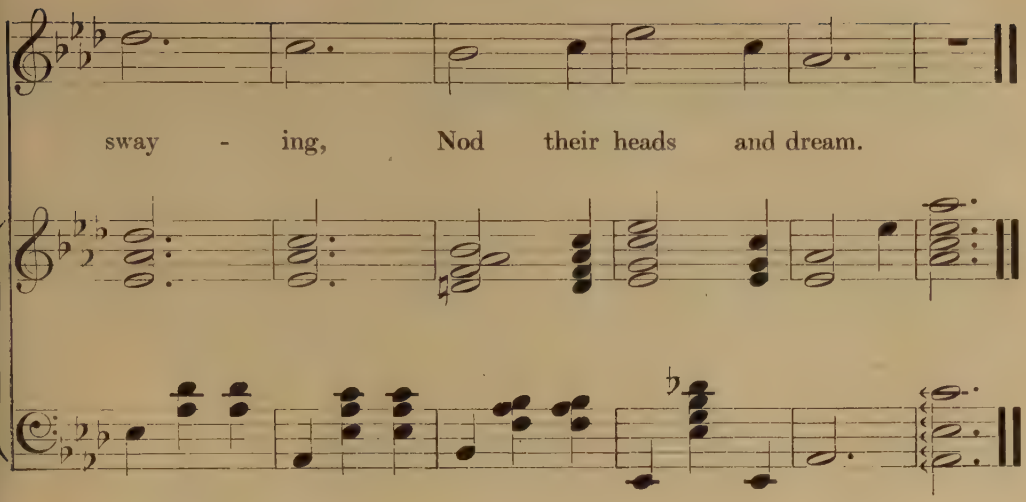
HARVEST TIME

L. Rountree Smith

Frank A. Sass

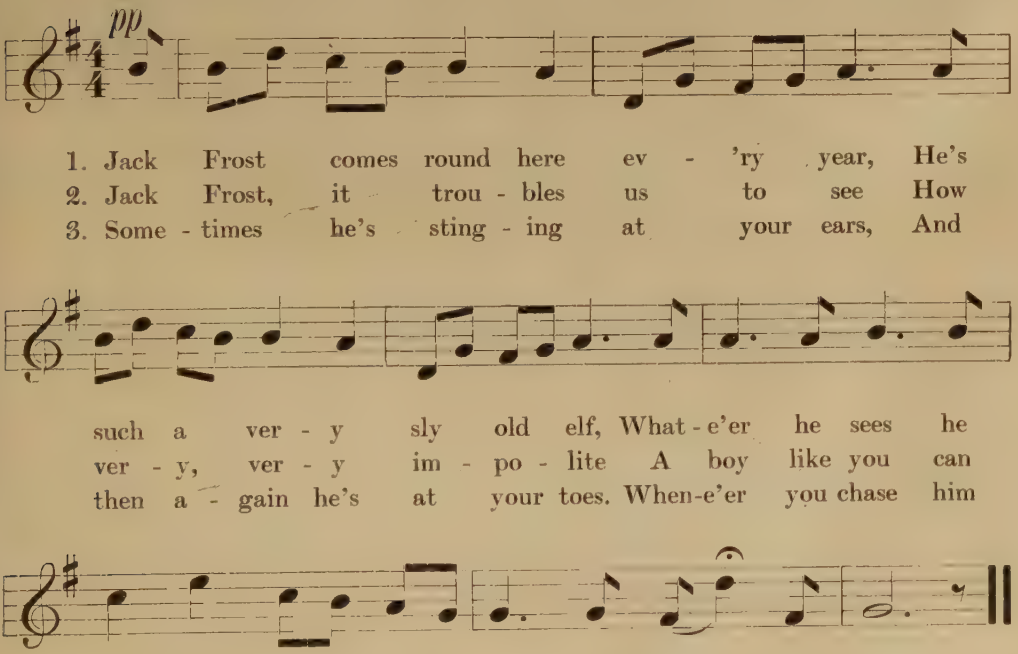

1. Har - vest time has come a - gain In the pleas - ant fall, . .
2. To the or-chard we will go In the au - tumn time, . .
Nut - ting time and ap-ple time—Fun for one and all.
Ap- ples rip - en, brown nuts fall, Now in ev - 'ry clime.
Southward all the birds are wing-ing, Faint-ly now we hear them sing-ing;
By the bon - fire we are danc-ing, Now re-treat-ing, now ad - vanc-ing;


Sweet the wood - land ech - oes ring - ing—Hap - py har - vest
While the rud - dy flames are glanc - ing—Hap - py har - vest
Chorus
time. . . Gay leaves fall - ing,
By the sil - ver stream; As - ters



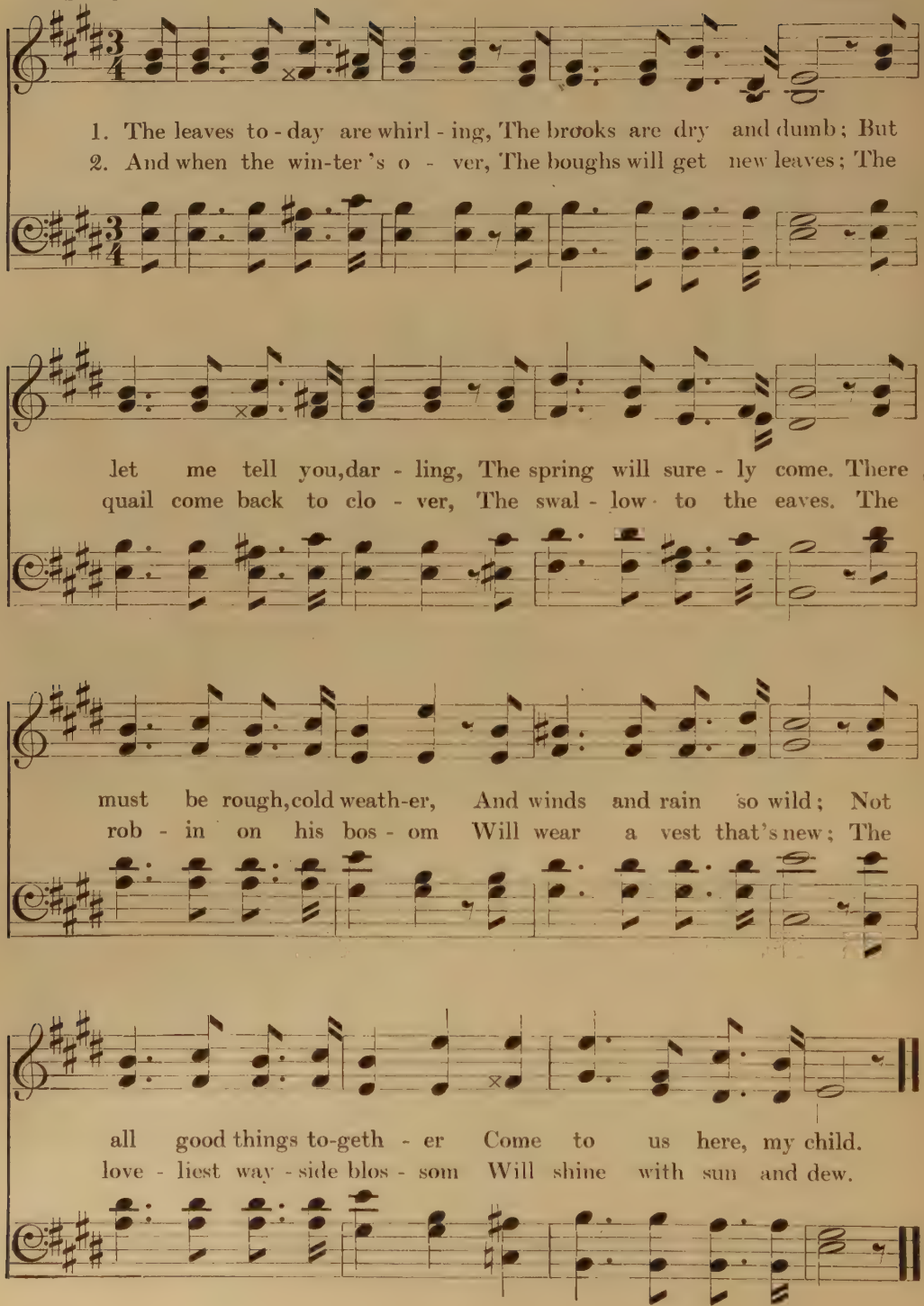
JACK FROST

Rather slowly SCHUBERT


pp
1. Jack Frost comes round here ev - 'ry year, He's
2. Jack Frost, it trou - bles us to see How
3. Some - times he's sting - ing at your ears, And
such a ver - y sly old elf, What - e'er he sees he
ver - y, ver - y im - po - lite A boy like you can
then a - gain he's at your toes. When-e'er you chase him
wants to bite,— He 's sure to help him - self.
be, can be,— How ver - y im - po - lite.
off of these,— He 's nip - ping at your nose.

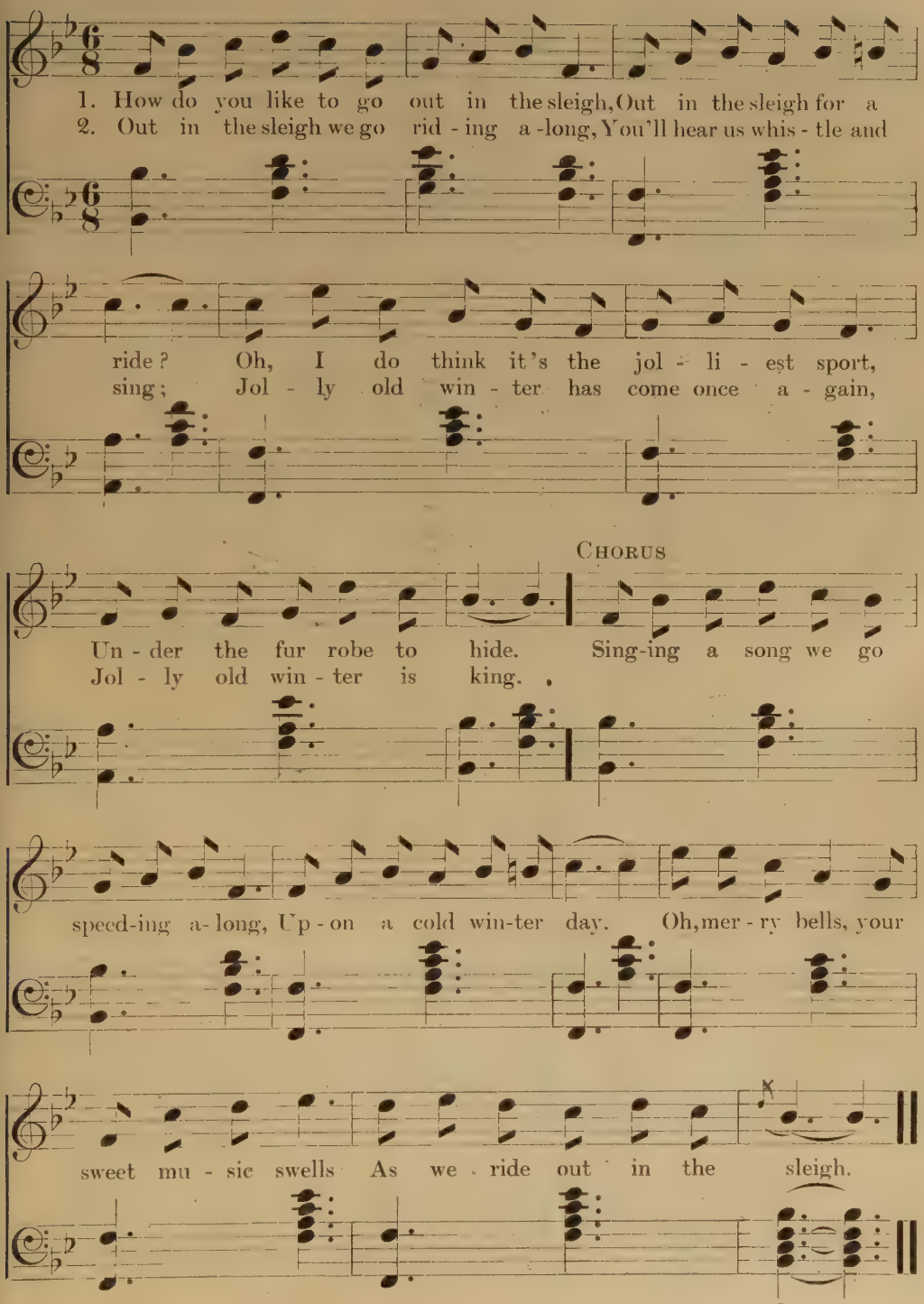
NOVEMBER

ALICE CARY S. THALBERG


1. The leaves to-day are whirl-ing, The brooks are dry and dumb; But
2. And when the win-ter 's o-ver, The boughs will get new leaves; The
let me tell you, dar-ling, The spring will sure-ly come. There
quail come back to clo-ver, The swal-low to the eaves. The
must be rough, cold weath-er, And winds and rain so wild; Not
rob-in on his bos-om Will wear a vest that's new; The
all good things to-geth-er Come to us here, my child.
love-liest way-side blos-som Will shine with sun and dew.

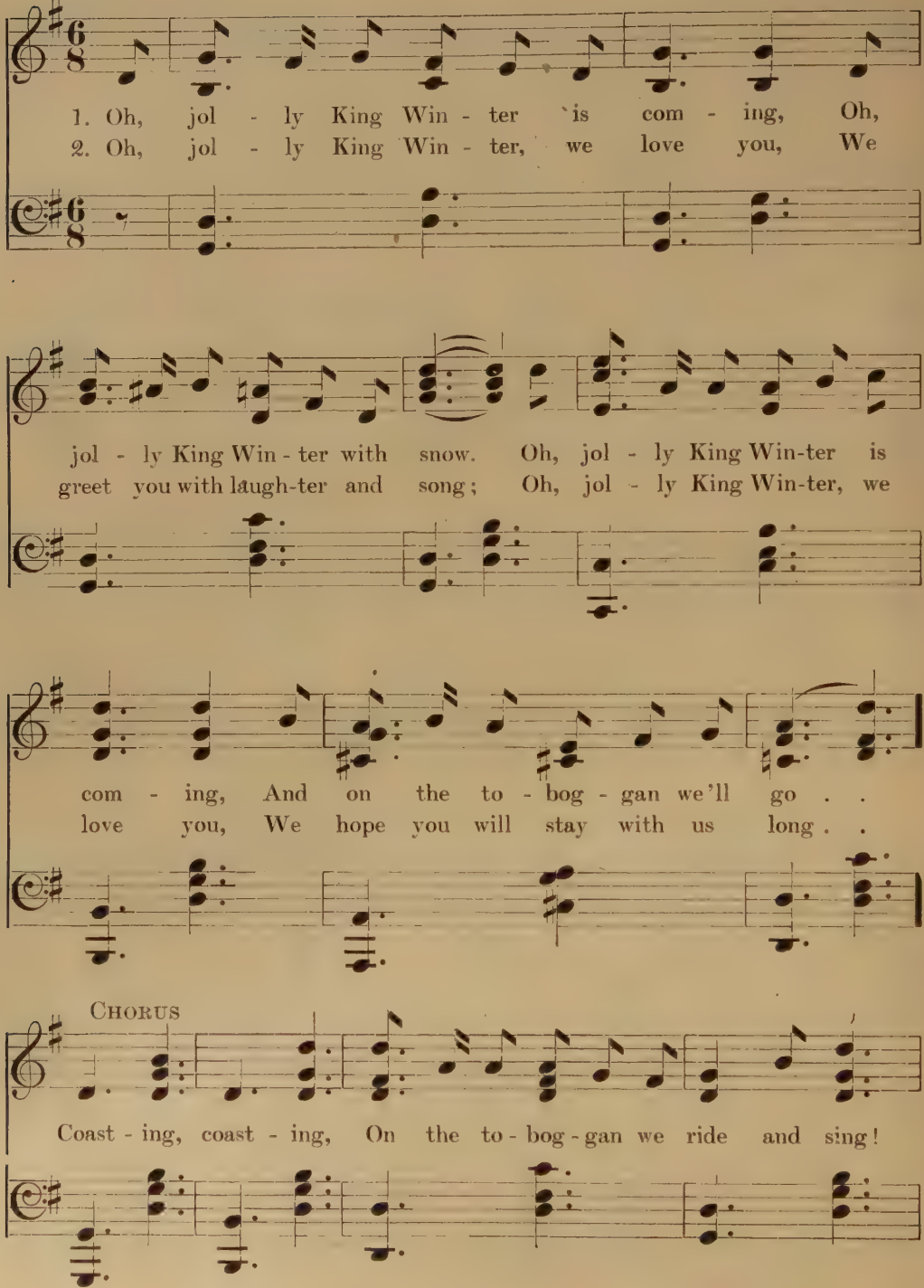
SLEIGHING SONG

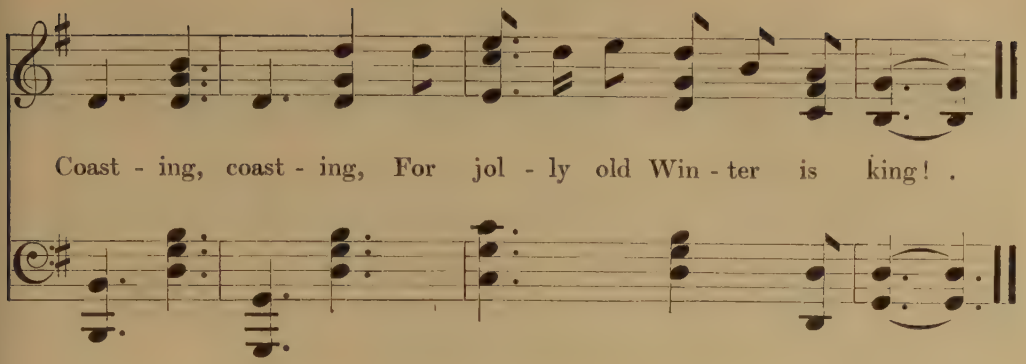
L. Rountree Smith L. R. S.


1. How do you like to go out in the sleigh, Out in the sleigh for a
2. Out in the sleigh we go rid - ing a - long, You'll hear us whis - tle and
ride? Oh, I do think it's the jol - li - est sport,
sing; Jol - ly old win - ter has come once a - gain,
Chorus
Un - der the fur robe to hide. Sing-ing a song we go
Jol - ly old win - ter is king.
speed-ing a-long, Up - on a cold win-ter day. Oh, mer - ry bells, your
sweet mu - sic swells As we ride out in the sleigh.

TOBOGGAN SONG

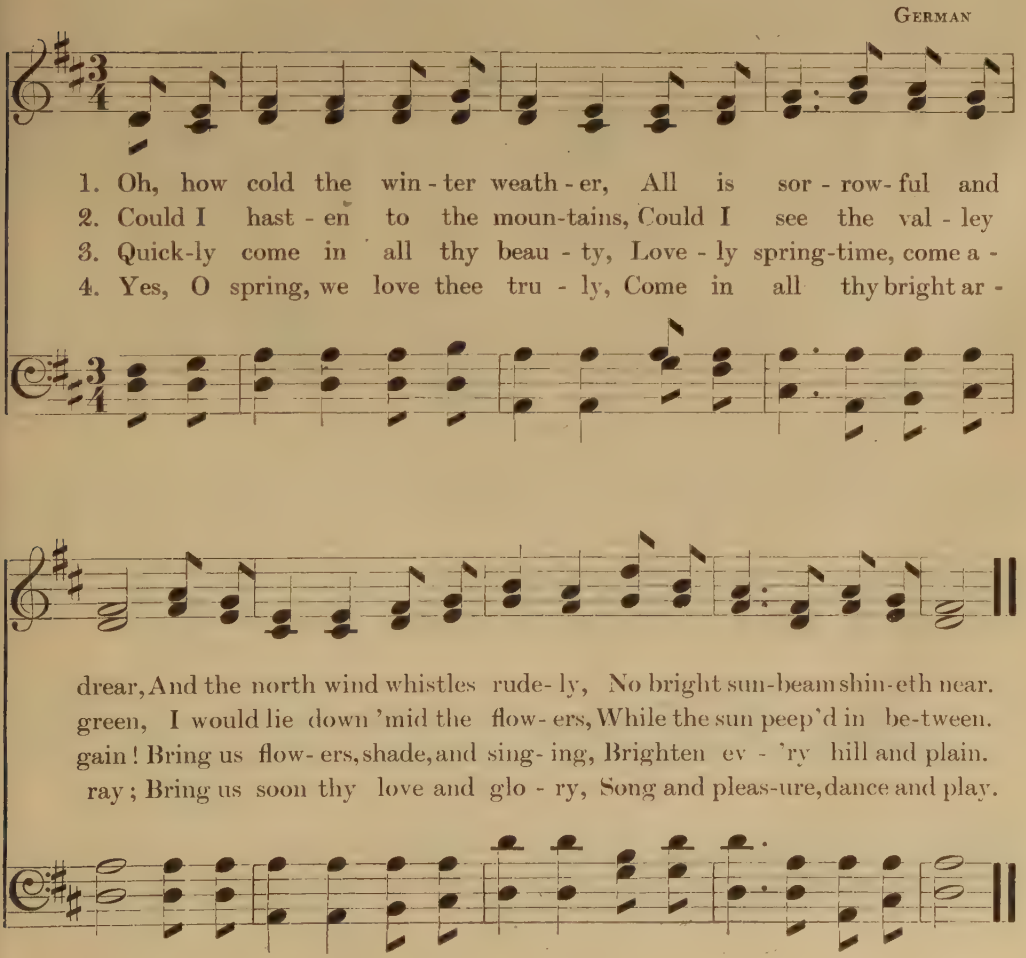
L. Rountree Smith — Clarence L. Riege


1. Oh, jol - ly King Win - ter is com - ing, Oh,
2. Oh, jol - ly King Win - ter, we love you, We
jol - ly King Win - ter with snow. Oh, jol - ly King Win-ter is
greet you with laugh-ter and song; Oh, jol - ly King Win-ter, we
com - ing, And on the to - bog - gan we'll go . .
love you, We hope you will stay with us long . .
Chorus
Coast - ing, coast - ing, On the to - bog - gan we ride and sing!



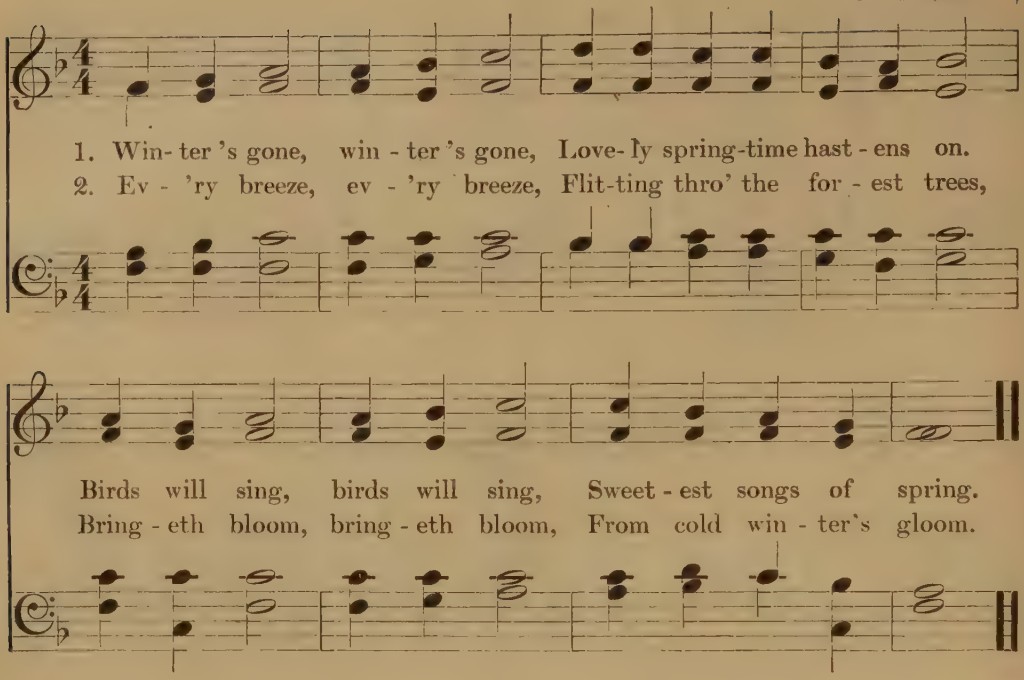
LONGING FOR SPRING

GERMAN


1. Oh, how cold the win - ter weath - er, All is sor - row - ful and
2. Could I hast - en to the moun-tains, Could I see the val - ley
3. Quick-ly come in all thy beau - ty, Love - ly spring-time, come a -
4. Yes, O spring, we love thee tru - ly, Come in all thy bright ar -
drear, And the north wind whistles rude - ly, No bright sun-beam shin-eth near.
green, I would lie down 'mid the flow - ers, While the sun peep'd in be-tween.
gain! Bring us flow - ers, shade, and sing - ing, Brighten ev - 'ry hill and plain.
ray; Bring us soon thy love and glo - ry, Song and pleas-ure, dance and play.

WINTER 'S GONE

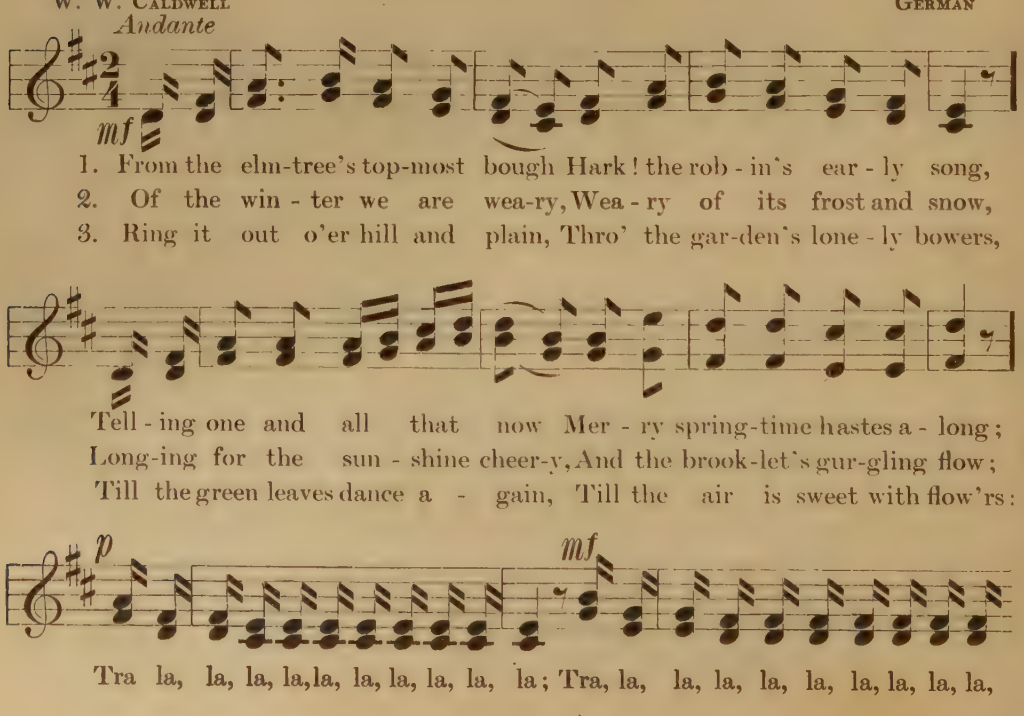
J. H. Hall


1. Win- ter 's gone, win - ter 's gone, Love- ly spring-time hast - ens on.
2. Ev - 'ry breeze, ev - 'ry breeze, Flit-ting thro' the for - est trees,
Birds will sing, birds will sing, Sweet - est songs of spring.
Bring - eth bloom, bring - eth bloom, From cold win - ter's gloom.

ROBIN 'S COME

W. W. Caldwell

German

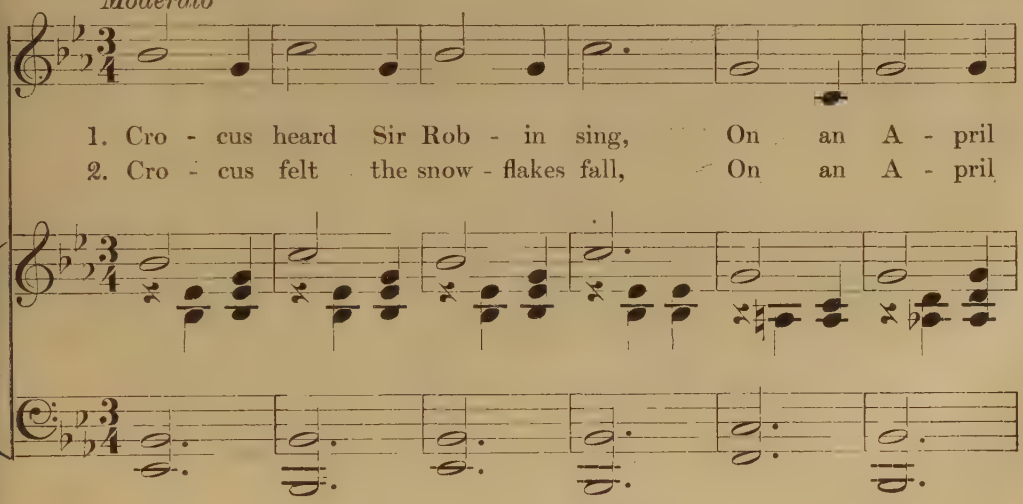

Andante
mf
1. From the elm-tree's top-most bough Hark! the rob - in's ear - ly song,
2. Of the win - ter we are wea-ry, Wea - ry of its frost and snow,
3. Ring it out o'er hill and plain, Thro' the gar-den's lone - ly bowers,
Tell - ing one and all that now Mer - ry spring-time hastes a - long;
Long-ing for the sun - shine cheer-y, And the brook-let's gur-gling flow;
Till the green leaves dance a - gain, Till the air is sweet with flow'rs:
p
mf
Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la; Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la; Wel-come, wel-come, thou dost bring, Lit - tle har - bin - ger of spring.
la; Gladly, then, we hear thee sing The a - wak - en - ing of spring.
la; Wake the cow-slip by the rill, Wake the yel - low daf - fo - dil.

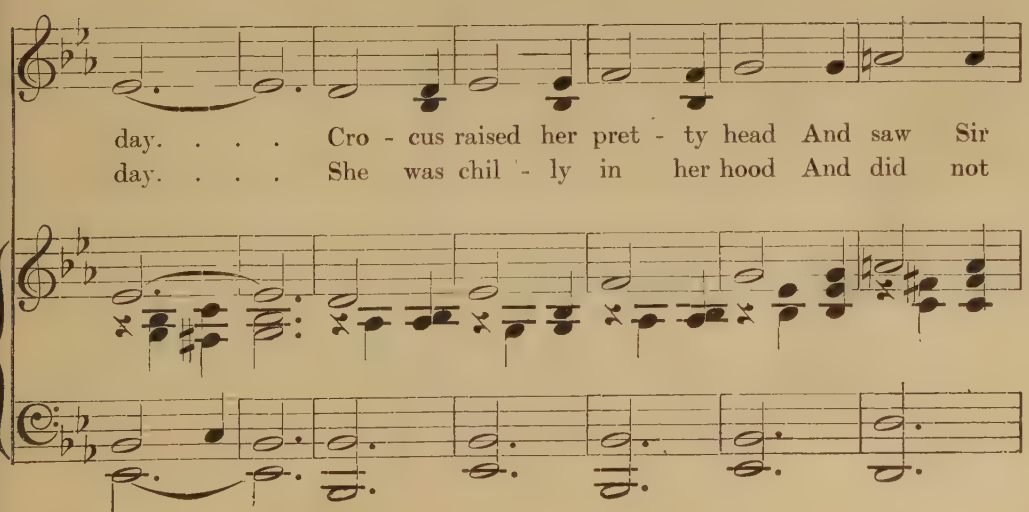
APRIL SONG

L. Rountree Smith — Clarence L. Riege

Moderato



1. Cro - cus heard Sir Rob - in sing, On an A - pril
2. Cro - cus felt the snow - flakes fall, On an A - pril

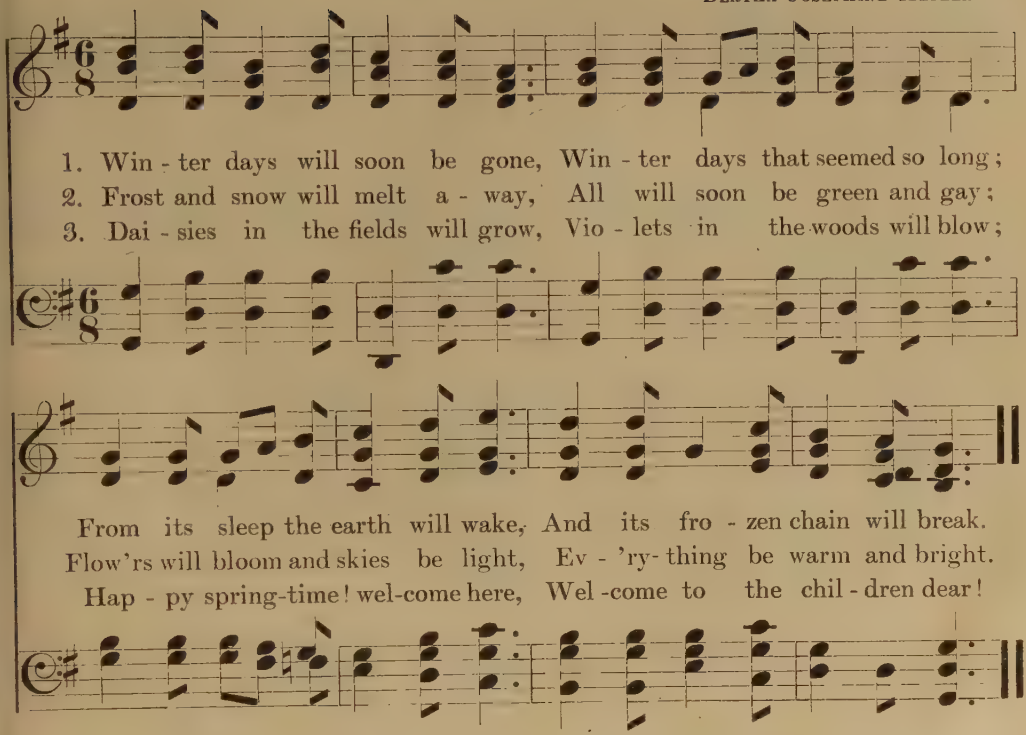


day. . . . Cro - cus raised her pret - ty head And saw Sir
day. . . . She was chil - ly in her hood And did not

rit. . . . . a tempo
Rob - in gay. . . Spring has come with skies of blue,
want to stay. . . Rob - in saw her down be - low,
Rob - in Red - breast calls to you, Wake up, wake up,
And he called out "Don't you know A - pril Fool when
rit. . . . . a tempo
Cro - cus, do, . . For sweet spring is here! . .
snow - flakes blow . . In the pleas - ant spring?" .

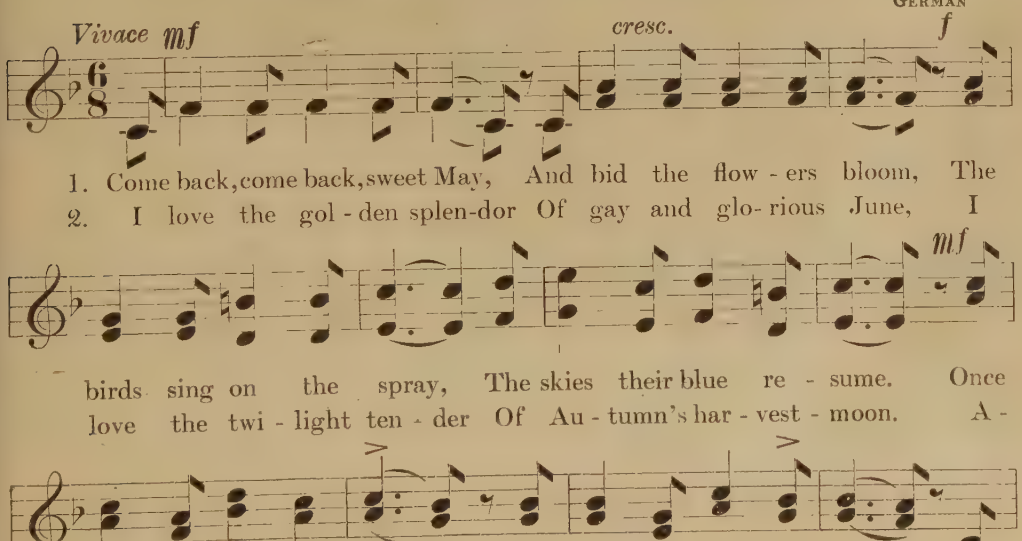
SPRING SONG

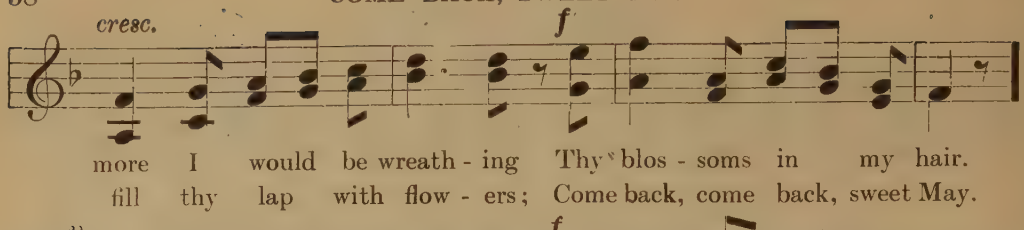
BERTHA JOSEPHINE HECKER

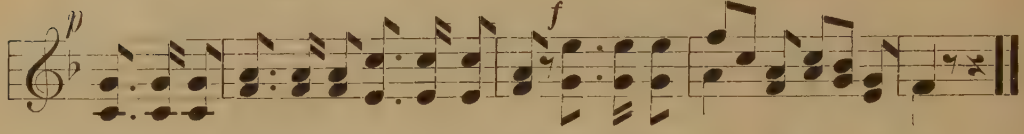

1. Win - ter days will soon be gone, Win - ter days that seemed so long;
2. Frost and snow will melt a - way, All will soon be green and gay;
3. Dai - sies in the fields will grow, Vio - lets in the woods will blow;
From its sleep the earth will wake, And its fro - zen chain will break.
Flow'rs will bloom and skies be light, Ev - 'ry- thing be warm and bright.
Hap - py spring-time! wel-come here, Wel -come to the chil - dren dear!

COME BACK, SWEET MAY

GERMAN


Vivace mf
cresc.
f
1. Come back, come back, sweet May, And bid the flow - ers bloom, The birds sing on the spray, The skies their blue re - sume. Once
2. I love the gol - den splen-dor Of gay and glo- rious June, I love the twi - light ten - der Of Au - tumn's har - vest - moon. A -
mf
more I would be breath-ing Thy fresh and fra- grant air, Once
las! that all such hours So soon shall pass a - way. Fill,

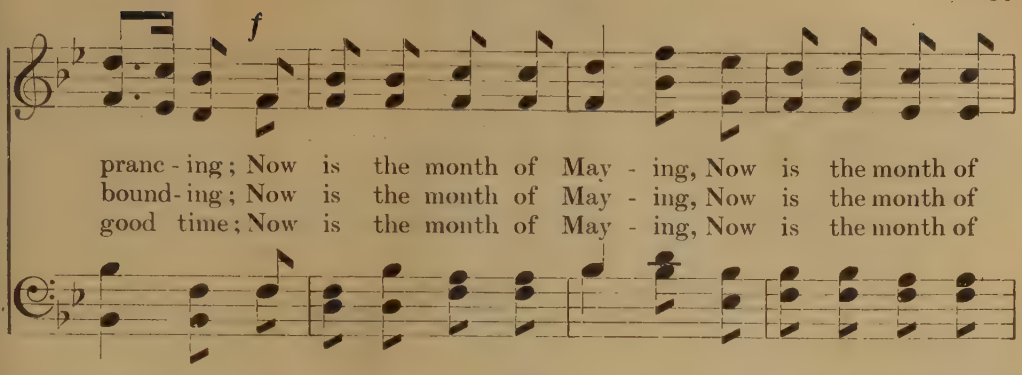


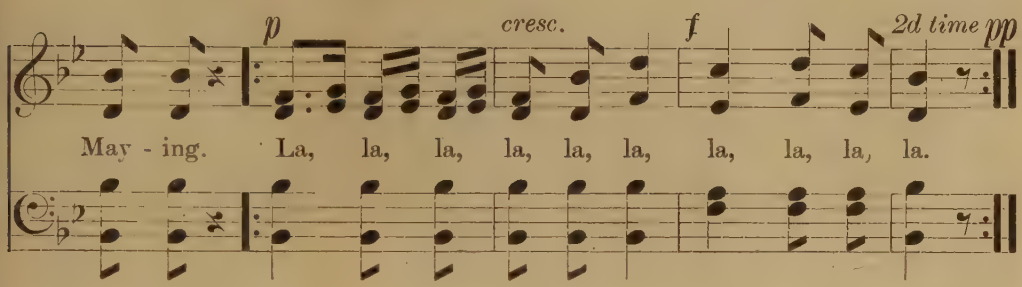


NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING

GERMAN

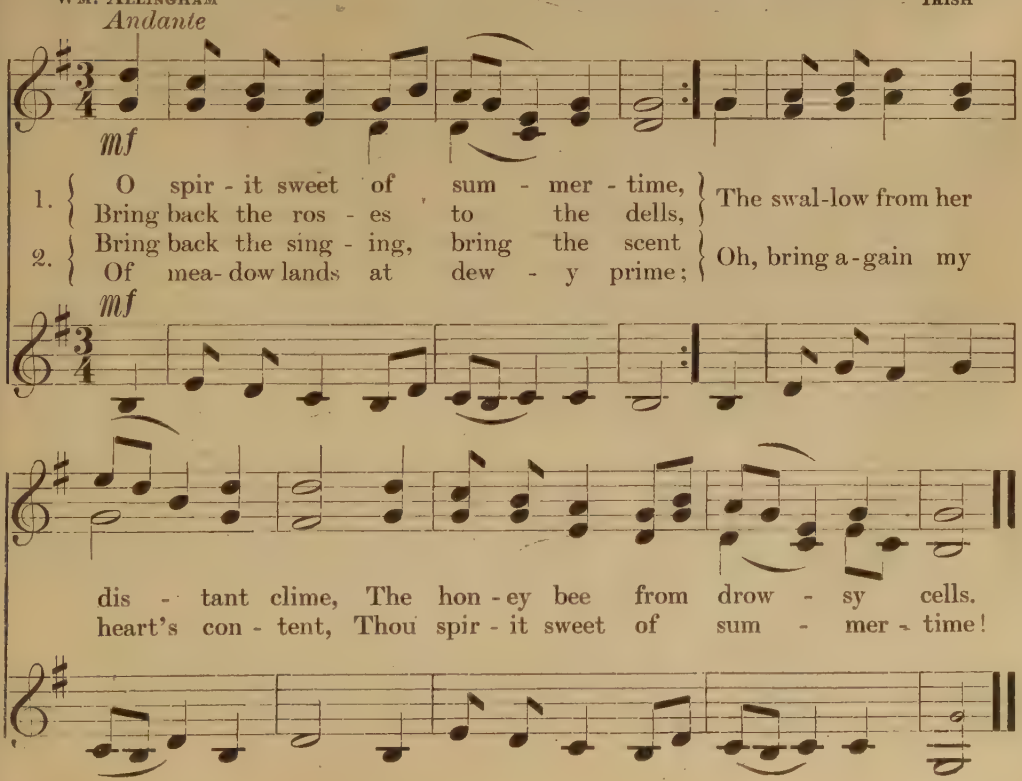
Vivace
mf
1. Now is the month of May - ing, La, la, la, la, la,
2. The spring, clad all in glad - ness, La, la, la, la, la,
3. Fie, then, why sit we mus - ing, La, la, la, la, la,
mf
la; When mer - ry lads are play - ing, La, la, la, la, la,
la; Doth laugh at win - ter's sad - ness, La, la, la, la, la,
la; Youth's sweet dè-lights re - fus - ing, La, la, la, la, la,
cresc.
la; And lass - es too are danc - ing, And steeds are gai - ly
la; The mer - ry brook-lets sound - ing, And ver - dure all a -
la; Be mer - ry in the spring - time, And let us have a


f
pranc - ing; Now is the month of May - ing, Now is the month of
bound - ing; Now is the month of May - ing, Now is the month of
good time; Now is the month of May - ing, Now is the month of



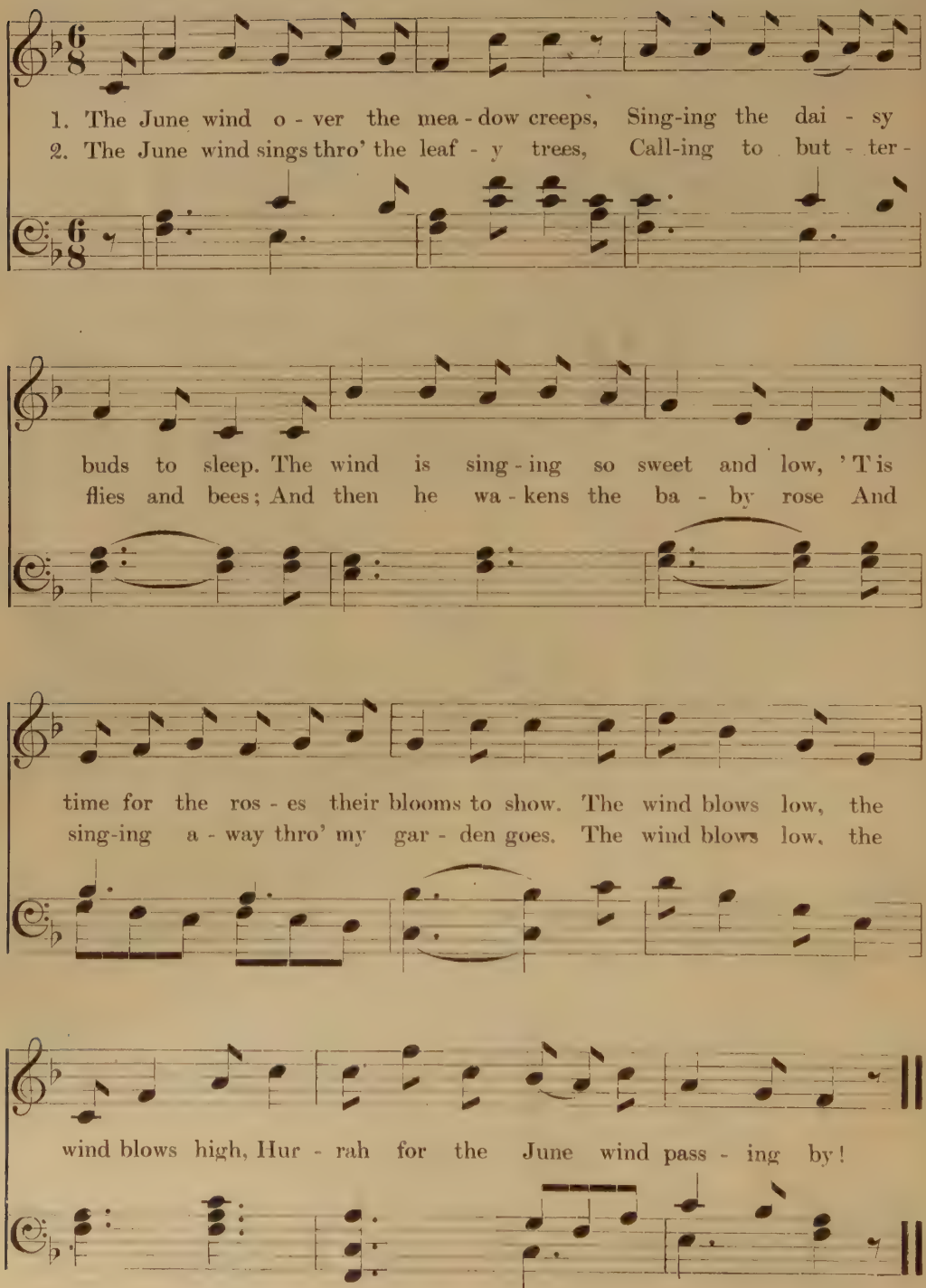
SPIRIT OF THE SUMMER-TIME

WM. ALLINGHAM IRISH


Andante
mf
1. O spir - it sweet of sum - mer - time, The swal-low from her
Bring back the ros - es to the dells,
2. Bring back the sing - ing, bring the scent Oh, bring a - gain my
Of mea - dow lands at dew - y prime;
mf
dis - tant clime, The hon - ey bee from drow - sy cells.
heart's con - tent, Thou spir - it sweet of sum - mer - time!

JUNE WIND

L. Rountree Smith — Murile B. Hutchings


1. The June wind o - ver the mea - dow creeps, Sing-ing the dai - sy
2. The June wind sings thro' the leaf - y trees, Call-ing to but - ter -
buds to sleep. The wind is sing - ing so sweet and low, 'T is
flies and bees; And then he wa - kens the ba - by rose And
time for the ros - es their blooms to show. The wind blows low, the
sing-ing a - way thro' my gar - den goes. The wind blows low, the
wind blows high, Hur - rah for the June wind pass - ing by!

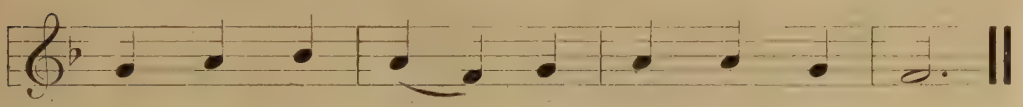
SECTION IV

SONGS FOR SPECIAL DAYS

WORK WHILE YOU WORK

Miss A. D. Stoddart

1. Work while you work, . . Play while you play;
2. All that you do, . . . Do with your might;
3. Mo - ments are use - less Tri - fled a - way;



That is the way To be cheer - ful and gay.
Things done by halves Are nev - er done right.
Work while you work, And play while you play.

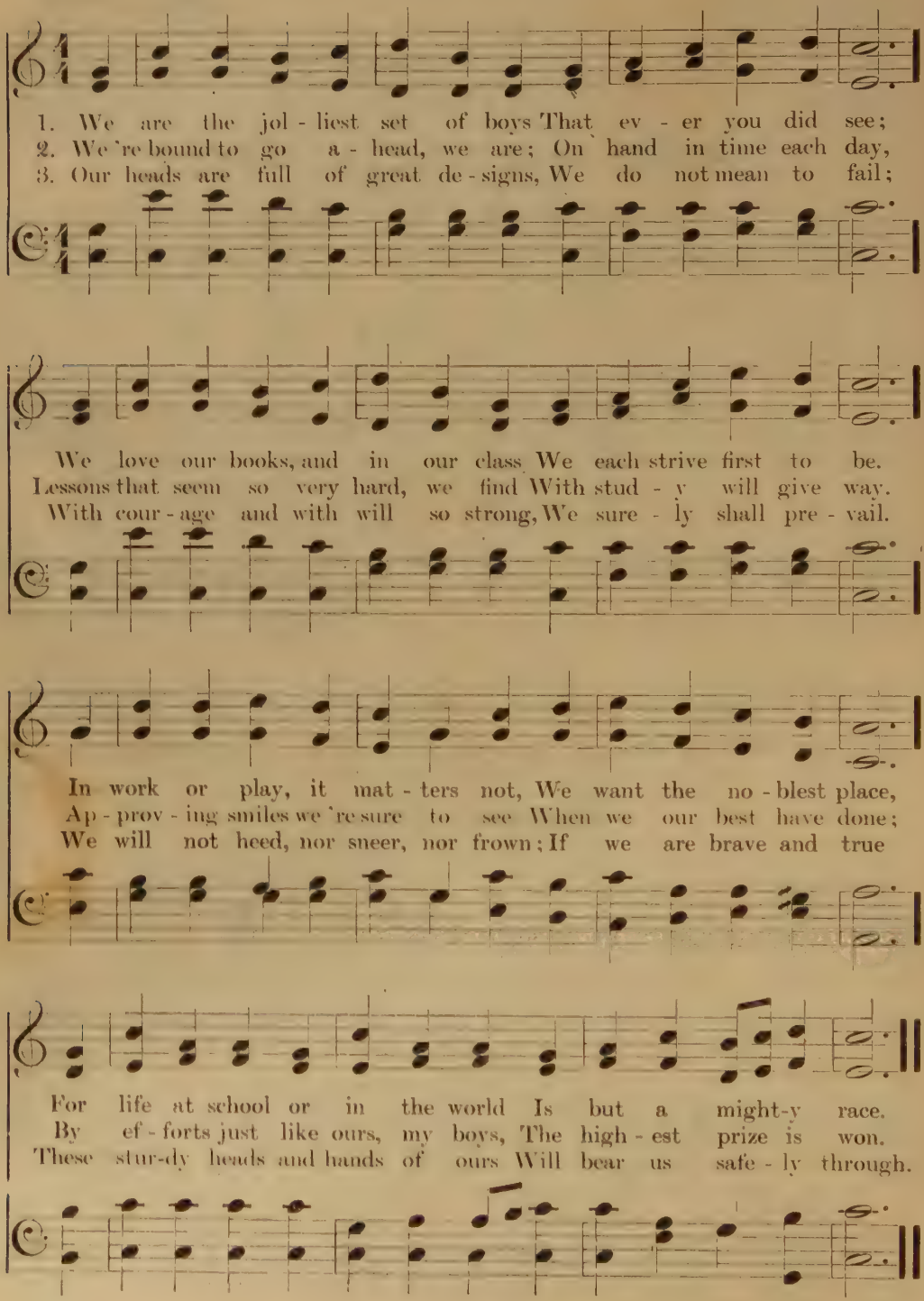
WORK AND PLAY

1. Here at school we gath - er dai - ly, And we learn the gol-den rule;
2. Les - sons o - ver, then each rov - er Laughs the hap - py hours a - way;
3. Work and play we min - gle dai - ly, Both we do with lov - ing zest;

Still as - pir - ing, nev - er tir - ing, That is what we learn at school!
Mer - ry playmates, blithe and gay mates, That's the way we learn at school!
Nev - er tir - ing, yet as - pir - ing, Till the sun sinks in the west

THE JOLLY WORKERS

LAVINIA L. STEELE — AMOS M. KELLOGG

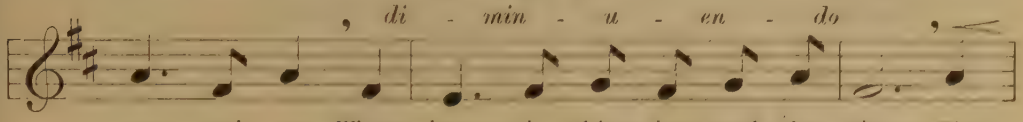

1. We are the jol - liest set of boys That ev - er you did see;
2. We 're bound to go a - head, we are; On hand in time each day,
3. Our heads are full of great de - signs, We do not mean to fail;
We love our books, and in our class We each strive first to be.
Lessons that seem so very hard, we find With stud - y will give way.
With cour - age and with will so strong, We sure - ly shall pre - vail.
In work or play, it mat - ters not, We want the no - blest place,
Ap - prov - ing smiles we 're sure to see When we our best have done;
We will not heed, nor sneer, nor frown; If we are brave and true
For life at school or in the world Is but a might-y race.
By ef - forts just like ours, my boys, The high - est prize is won.
These stur-dy heads and hands of ours Will bear us safe - ly through.

COLUMBUS

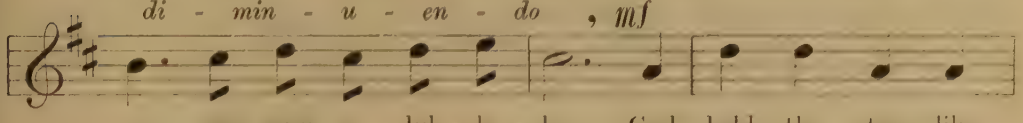
SOPHIA S. BIXBY — GEORGE F. ROOT

Moderato

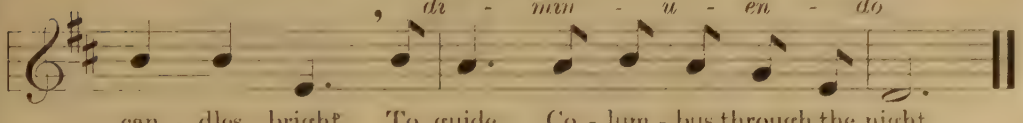
1. Co - lum - bus sailed a - cross the sea And found this land for
2. The sail - ors feared the great un - known; But he with faith stood



you and me. Three lone - ly ships be - neath the sky,— The
firm a - lone. His stur - dy cour - age day by day Braved



o - cean sang a lul - la - by. God held the stars like
anx - ious doubt and long de - lay. He kept the course with

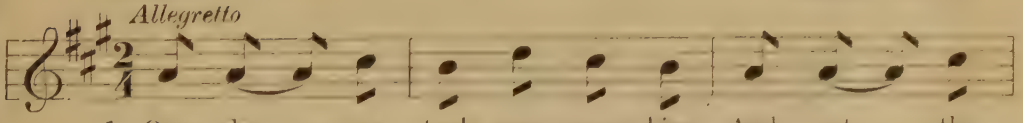


can - dles bright To guide Co - lum - bus through the night.
stead - y hand Un - til a - far he sight - ed land.

HALLOWEEN

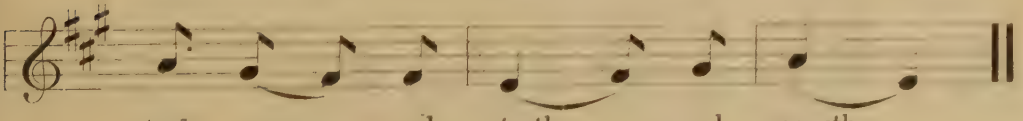
J. C. SINDELAR — RUSSIAN FOLKSONG

Allegretto



1. One day . we took some pump - kins, And cut . the
2. We boys . each got a can - dle, And fast - ened

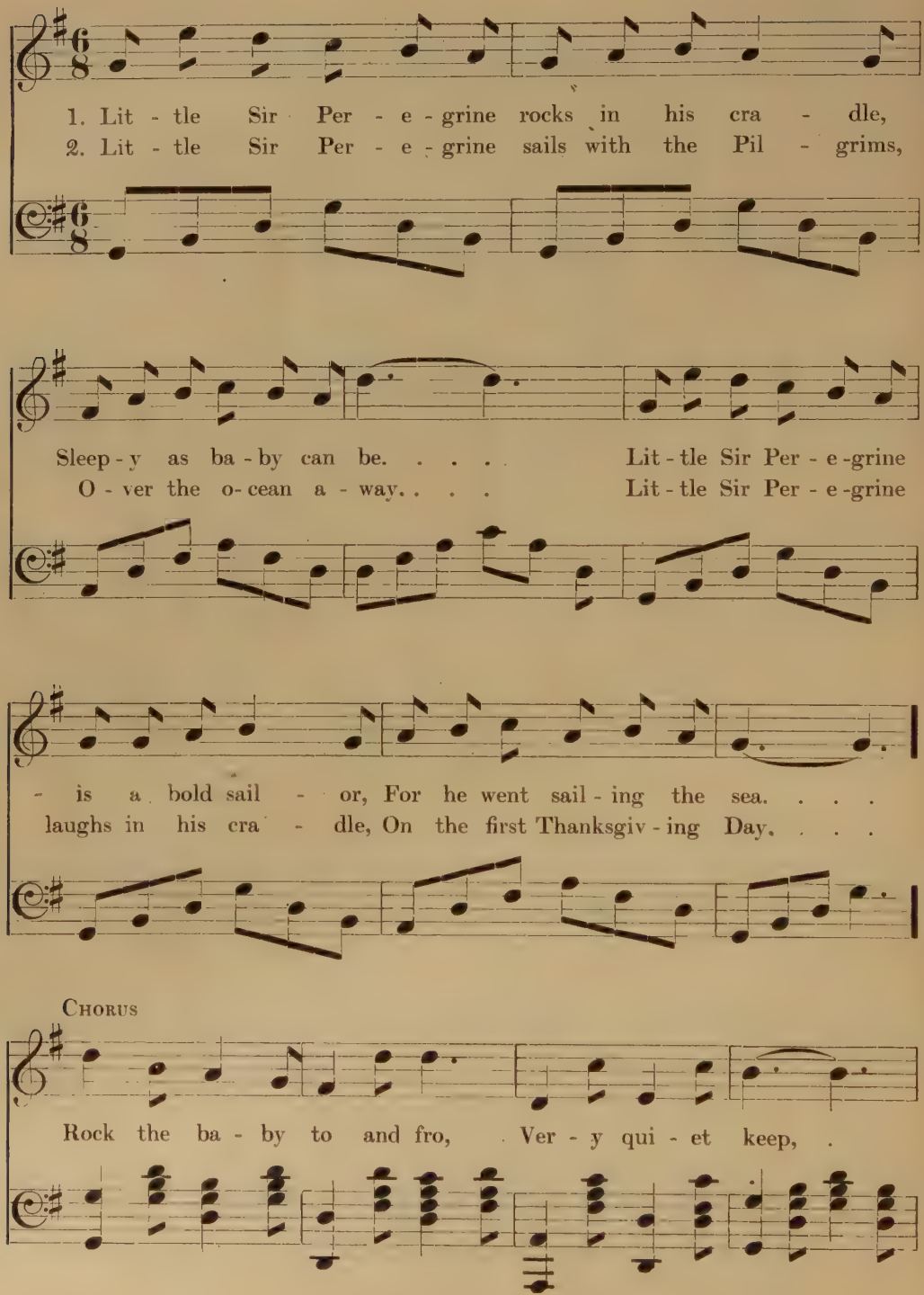
in - sides out; And then we cut out no - ses,
it . in - side: That made a Jack - o' - lan - tern,—

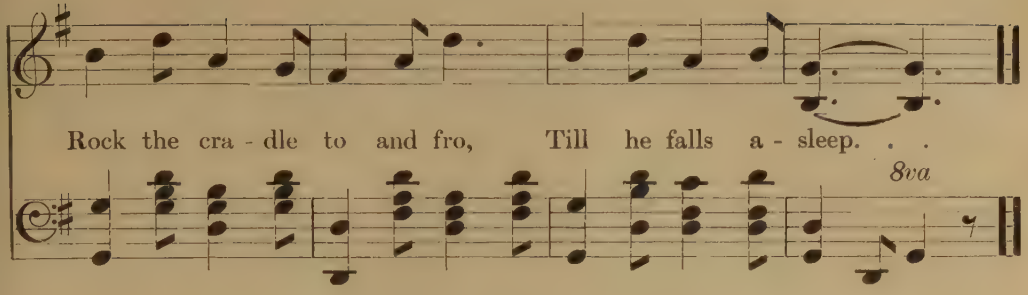


And eyes . and teeth . and mouth. .
And lots . of fun, . be - side. . .

LITTLE SIR PEREGRINE

L. Rountree Smith L. R. S.


1. Lit - tle Sir Per - e - grine rocks in his cra - dle,
2. Lit - tle Sir Per - e - grine sails with the Pil - grims,
Sleep - y as ba - by can be. . . . .
O - ver the o - cean a - way. . . .
Lit - tle Sir Per - e - grine
Lit - tle Sir Per - e - grine
- is a bold sail - or, For he went sail - ing the sea. . . .
laughs in his cra - dle, On the first Thanksgiv - ing Day. . . .
Chorus
Rock the ba - by to and fro, Ver - y qui - et keep,



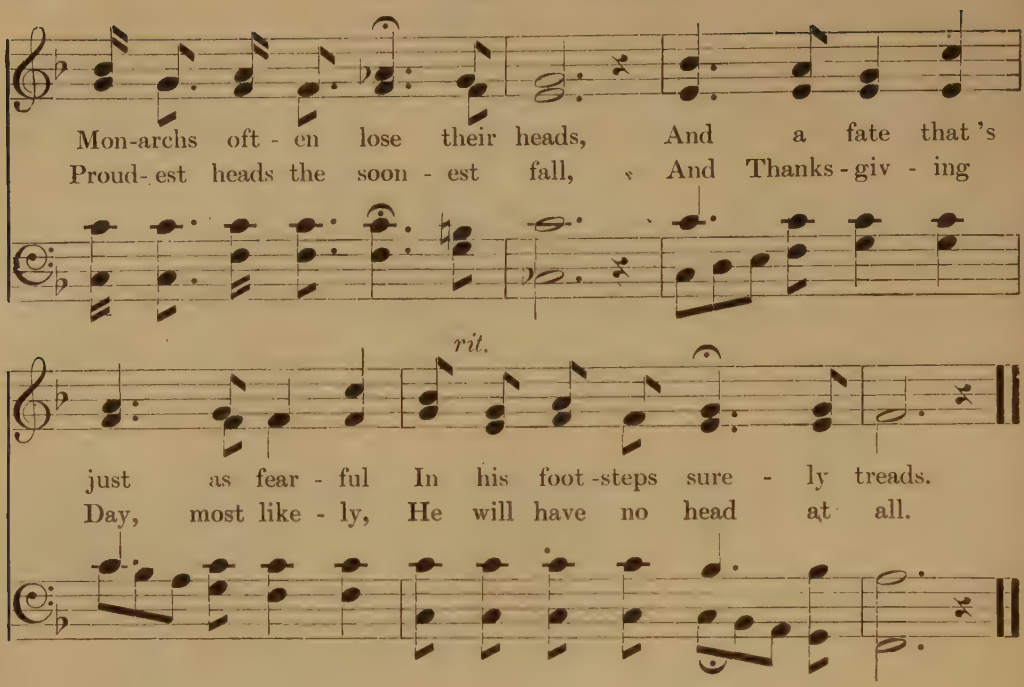
THE TURKEY GOBBLER

SUSIE M. BEST FLORA ELLIS WELLS

Moderato Pomposo

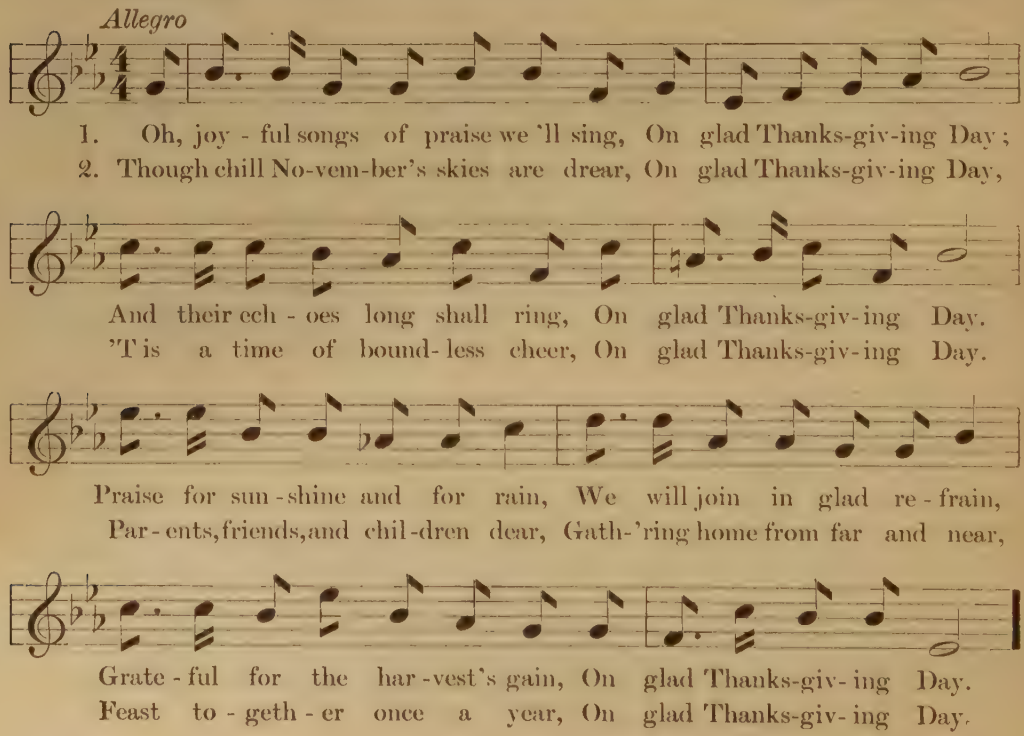
1. When I see the tur - key gob - bler With his con - se - -
2. When I hear the tur - key gob - bler With his gob - ble,*
quen - tial air, As he struts a - bout the barn - yard,
vain and loud, Pos - ing as a priest of wis - dom,
Like a king with-out a care; I am tempt-ed to re- mind him,
To the hum- ble barn-yard crowd; I am tempt-ed to re- mind him,

* Use small notes for "gobble, gobble."


Mon-archs oft - en lose their heads, And a fate that 's
Proud- est heads the soon - est fall, And Thanks - giv - ing
rit.
just as fear - ful In his foot-steps sure - ly treads.
Day, most like - ly, He will have no head at all.

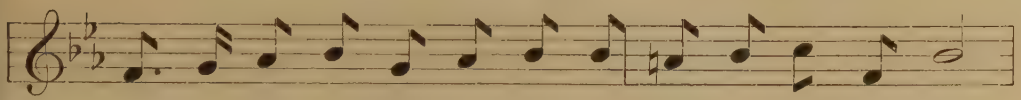
GLAD THANKSGIVING DAY

L. Rountree Smith — Clarence L. Riege


Allegro
1. Oh, joy - ful songs of praise we 'll sing, On glad Thanks-giv-ing Day;
2. Though chill No-vem-ber's skies are drear, On glad Thanks-giv-ing Day,
And their ech - oes long shall ring, On glad Thanks-giv-ing Day.
'T is a time of bound- less cheer, On glad Thanks-giv-ing Day.
Praise for sun - shine and for rain, We will join in glad re - frain,
Par - ents, friends, and chil-dren dear, Gath-'ring home from far and near,
Grate - ful for the har - vest's gain, On glad Thanks-giv- ing Day.
Feast to - geth - er once a year, On glad Thanks-giv- ing Day.

CHORUS

Wel - come, wel- come, now we sing, On glad Thanksgiv - ing Day;



Jin - gle, jin - gle, go the bells From out each mer - ry sleigh.

See the snowflakes light - ly fall, Their soft voic - es seem to call,

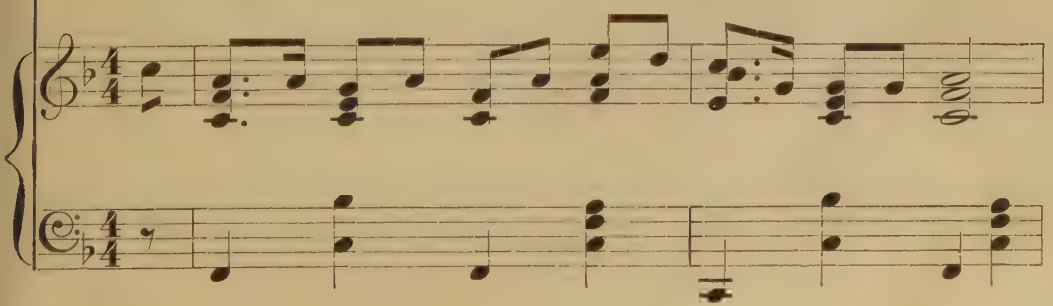
"There is joy for one and all, On glad Thanksgiv - ing Day."

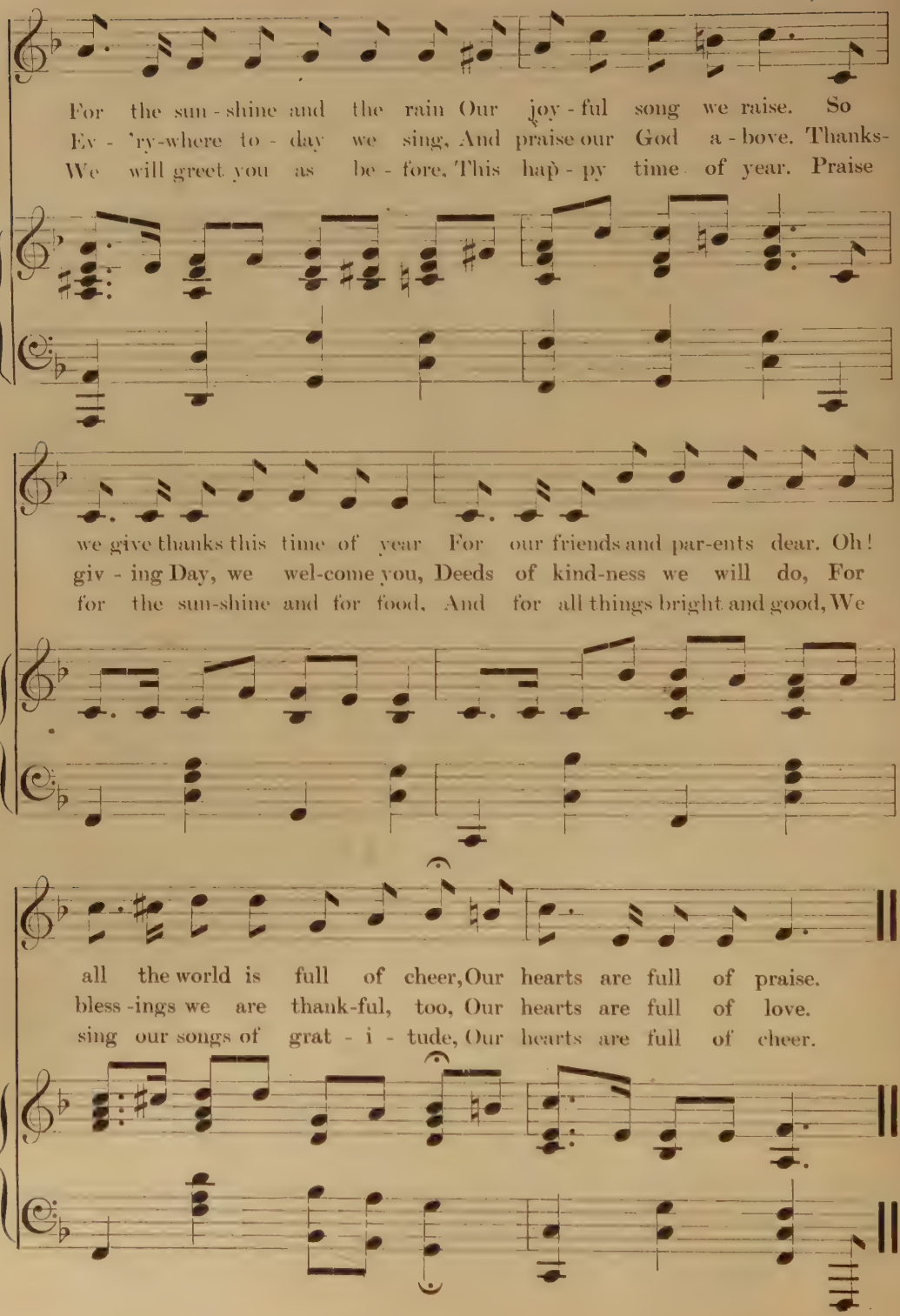
THANKSGIVING SONG

L. ROUNTREE SMITH CLARENCE L. RIEGE

Moderato

1. Thanks-giv - ing Day has come a - gain, Our hearts are full of praise;
2. Thanks-giv - ing Day will mem-'ries bring, Our hearts are full of love;
3. Thanks-giv - ing Day has come once more, Our hearts are full of cheer;

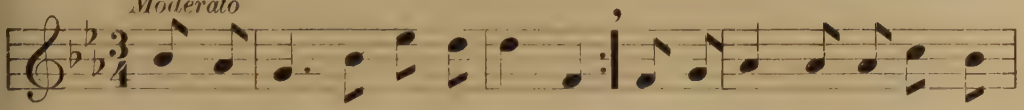



For the sun - shine and the rain Our joy - ful song we raise. So
Ev - 'ry-where to - day we sing, And praise our God a - bove. Thanks-
We will greet you as be - fore, This hap - py time of year. Praise
we give thanks this time of year For our friends and par-ents dear. Oh!
giv - ing Day, we wel-come you, Deeds of kind-ness we will do, For
for the sun-shine and for food, And for all things bright and good, We
all the world is full of cheer, Our hearts are full of praise.
bless -ings we are thank-ful, too, Our hearts are full of love.
sing our songs of grat - i - tude, Our hearts are full of cheer.

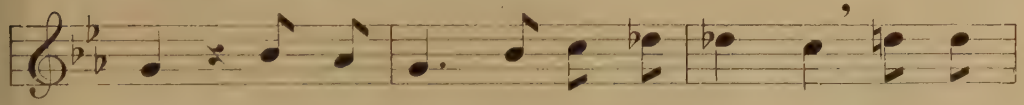
SANTA CLAUS' LAND

J. C. Sindelar — Mendelssohn

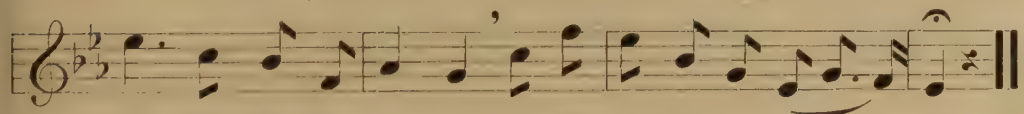
Moderato



Where the sleigh-bells tin-kle sweet-est, Where the fall-ing snowflakes bless
Where the rein-deer are the fleet-est,



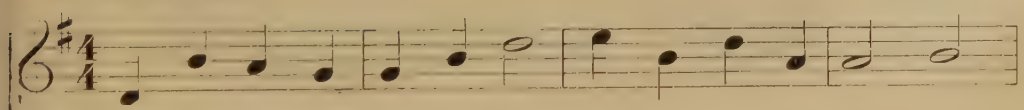
us, And the winds so cold ca-ress us, There let



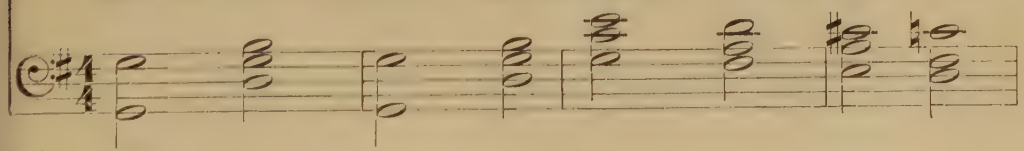
us wan-der hand in hand, For that is San-ta Claus' . land.

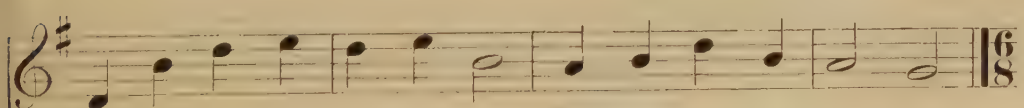
CHRISTMAS BELLS

L. Rountree Smith — L. R. S.

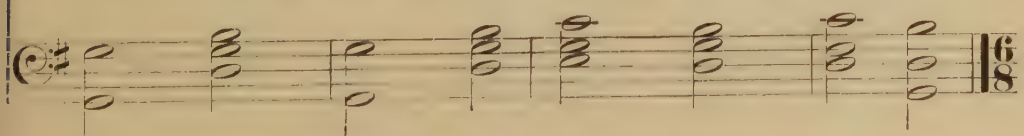


Mer-ry Christ-mas comes a-gain, Sweet bells all are ring-ing.

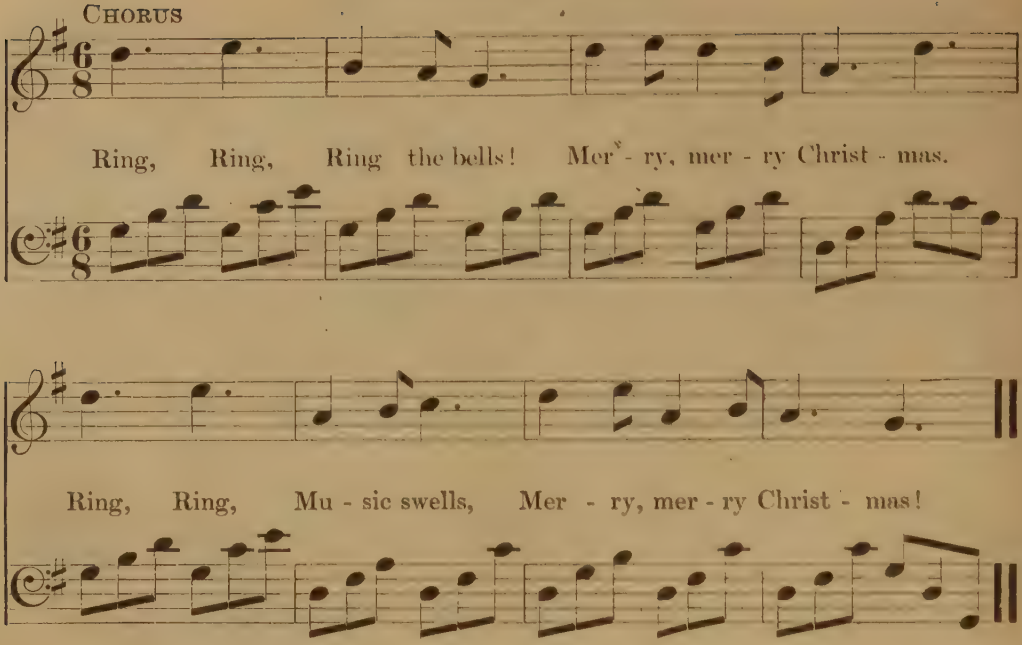




Mer-ry Christ-mas comes a-gain, Car-ols we are sing-ing.

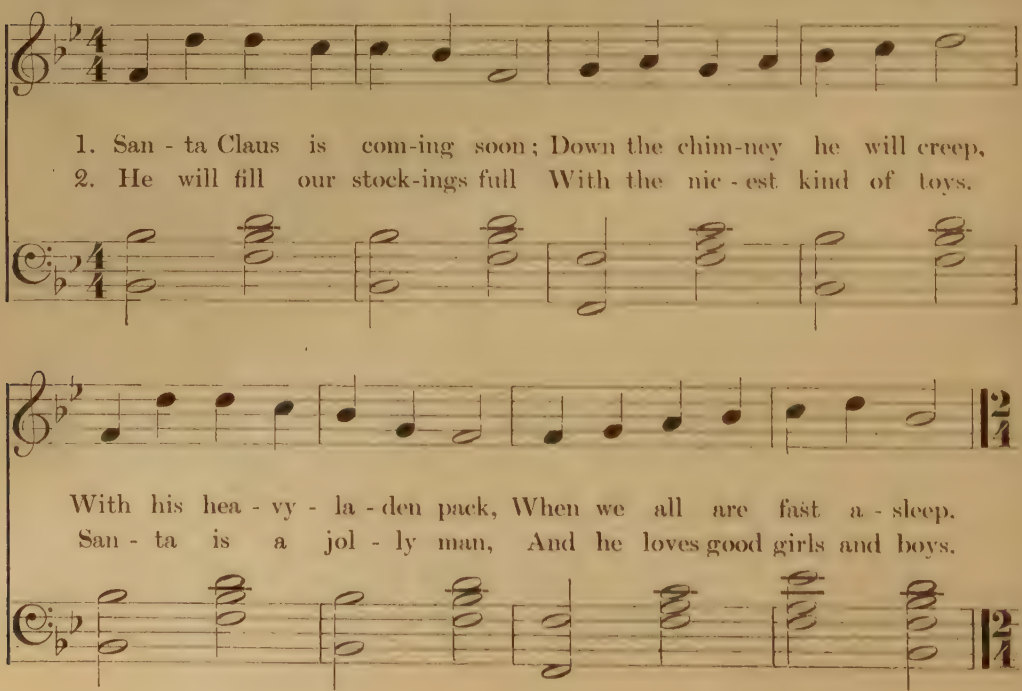


CHORUS

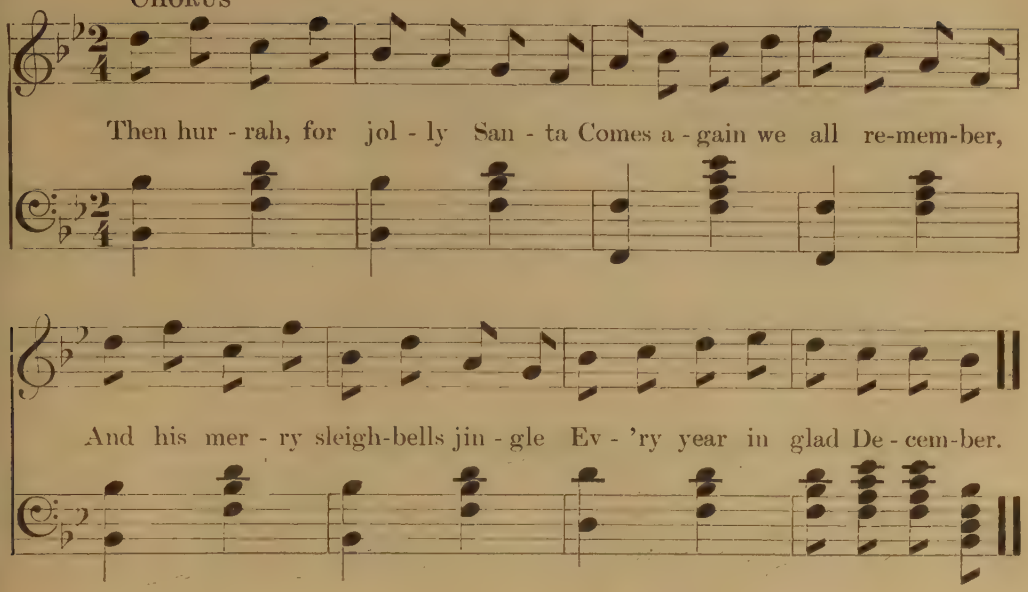


SANTA CLAUS IS COMING

L. ROUNTREE SMITH L. R. S.

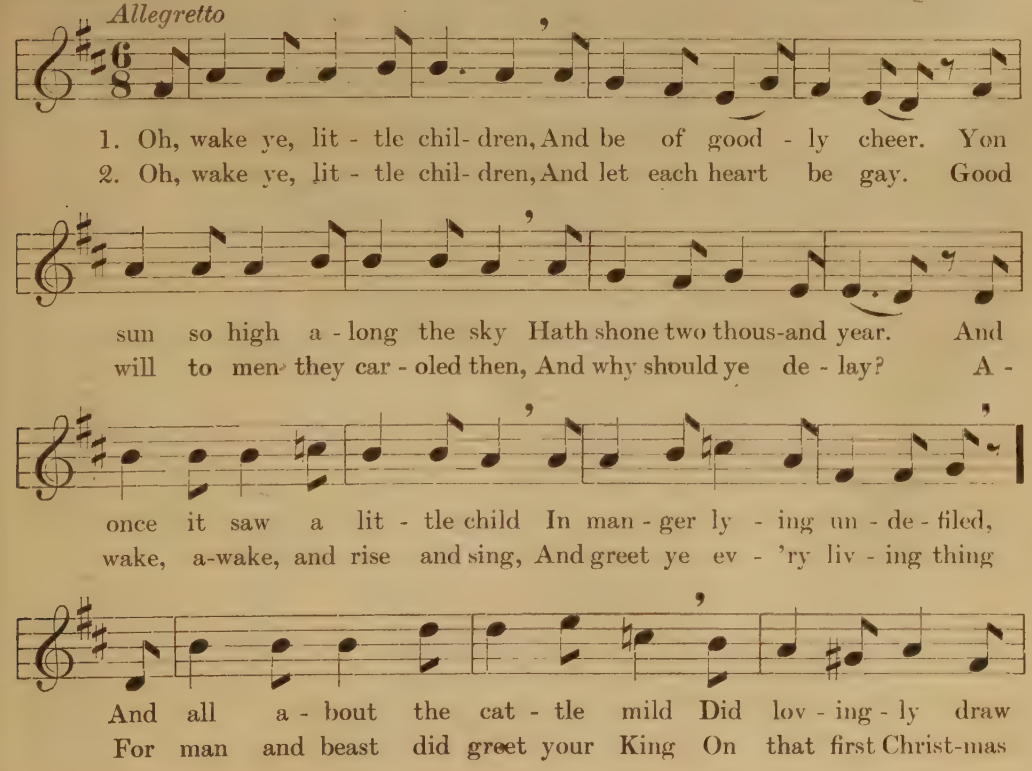

1. San - ta Claus is com-ing soon; Down the chim-ney he will creep,
2. He will fill our stock-ings full With the nic - est kind of toys.
With his hea - vy - la - den pack, When we all are fast a - sleep.
San - ta is a jol - ly man, And he loves good girls and boys.

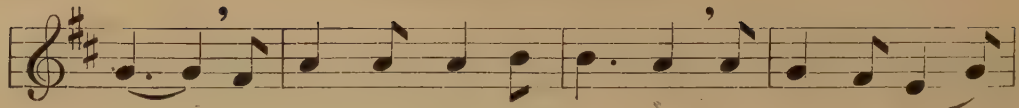
CHORUS



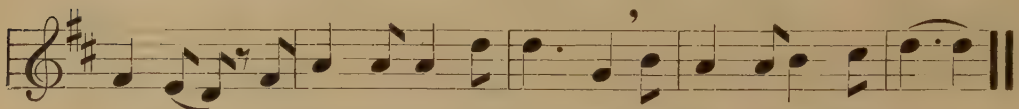
CHRISTMAS MORNING

OLD CAROL NEAPOLITAN SONG


Allegretto
1. Oh, wake ye, lit - tle chil- dren, And be of good - ly cheer. Yon
2. Oh, wake ye, lit - tle chil- dren, And let each heart be gay. Good
sun so high a - long the sky Hath shone two thous-and year. And
will to men they car - oled then, And why should ye de - lay? A -
once it saw a lit - tle child In man - ger ly - ing un - de - filed,
wake, a-wake, and rise and sing, And greet ye ev - 'ry liv - ing thing
And all a - bout the cat - tle mild Did lov - ing - ly draw
For man and beast did greet your King On that first Christ-mas



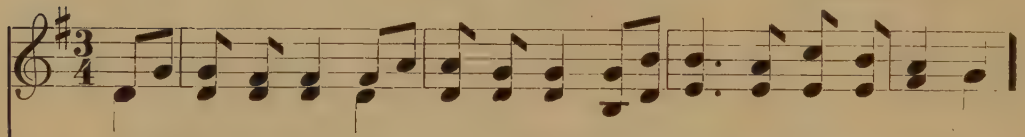
near. So wake ye, lit - tle chil - dren, And be of good -
Day! Then wake ye, lit - tle chil - dren, For this is Christ -



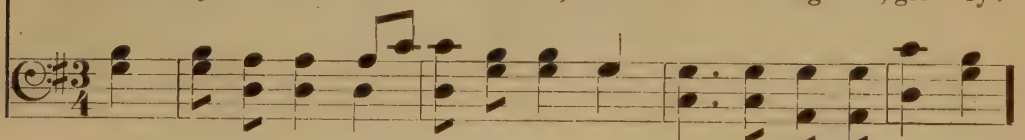
ly cheer: So wake ye, lit - tle chil - dren, And be of good-ly cheer.
mas Day: Then wake ye, lit - tle chil - dren, For this is Christmas Day.

GLAD CHRISTMAS BELLS

CHRISTMAS HYMN



1. Glad Christmas bells, your mu - sic tells The sweet and pleas-ant sto - ry;
2. No pal - ace hall, its ceil - ing tall, His king - ly head spread o - ver;
3. In skies a - far, a splen-did star The wise men westward trav'ling,
4. Where, on the hill, all safe and still, The fold - ed flocks were ly - ing,
5. "Glad news I bring, the prom-is'd King Lies in a sta - ble yon - der:
6. "Glo - ry to Thee for - ev - er be, God in the high-est, glo - ry!

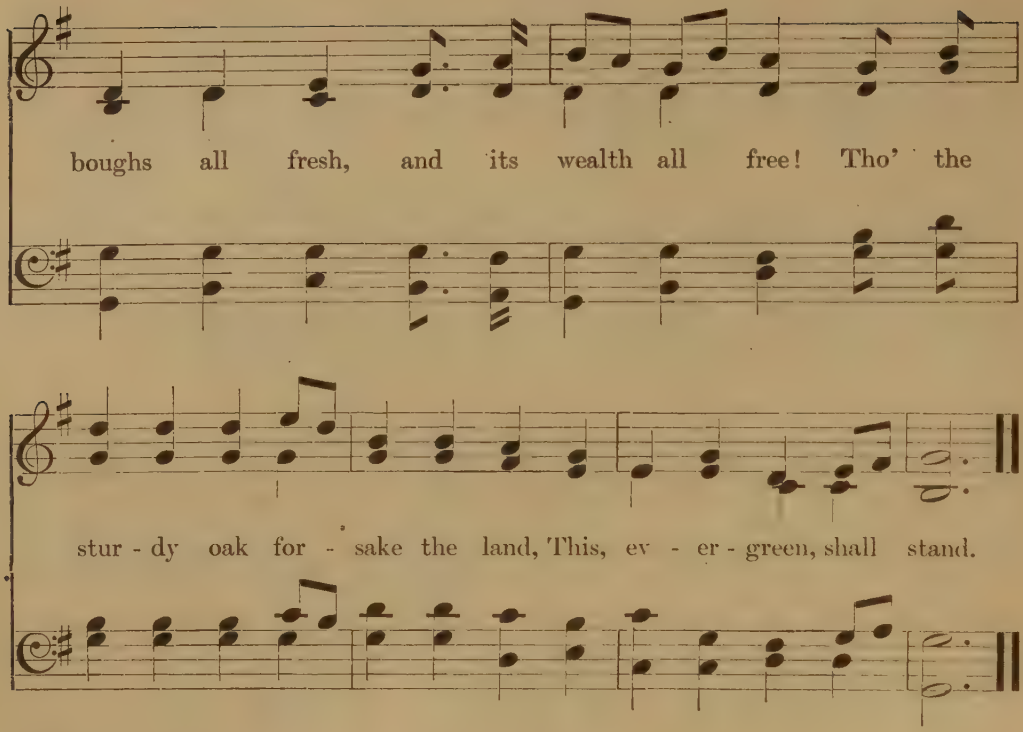


How came to earth, in low- ly birth, The Lord of life and glo - ry.
There on - ly stood a sta-ble rude The heav'n - ly Babe to cov - er.
The live-long night saw pure and bright, A - bove His birth-place burn-ing.
Down thro' the air an an - gel fair On swift - est wing came fly - ing.
A man-ger His rude dwell-ing is, There lies He, the world's won-der.
Good-will to men, and peace a - gain, O earth, is beam-ing o'er thee!"

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

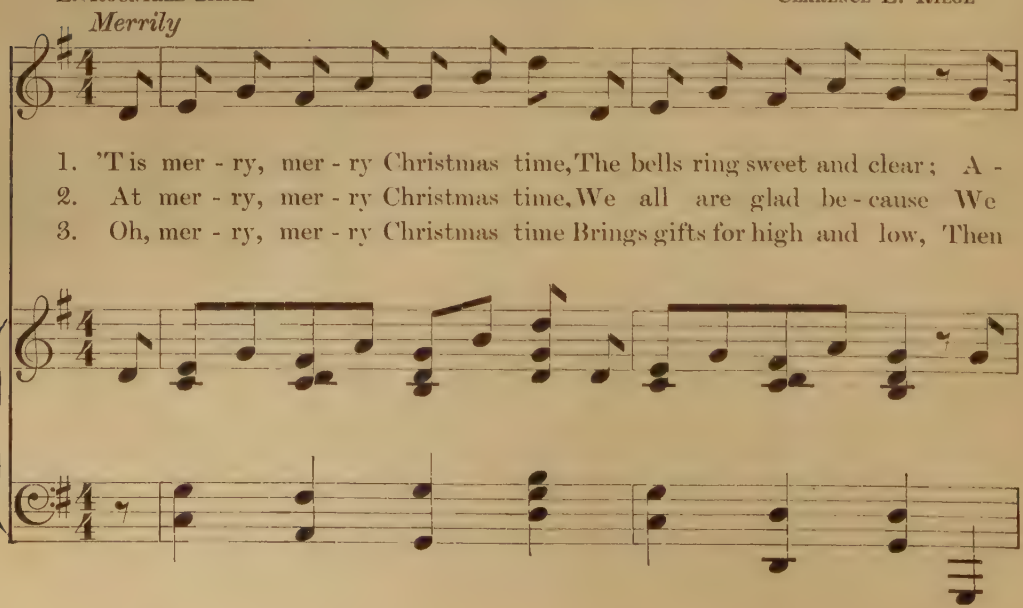
CLARA WALLACE J. C. LOWRY

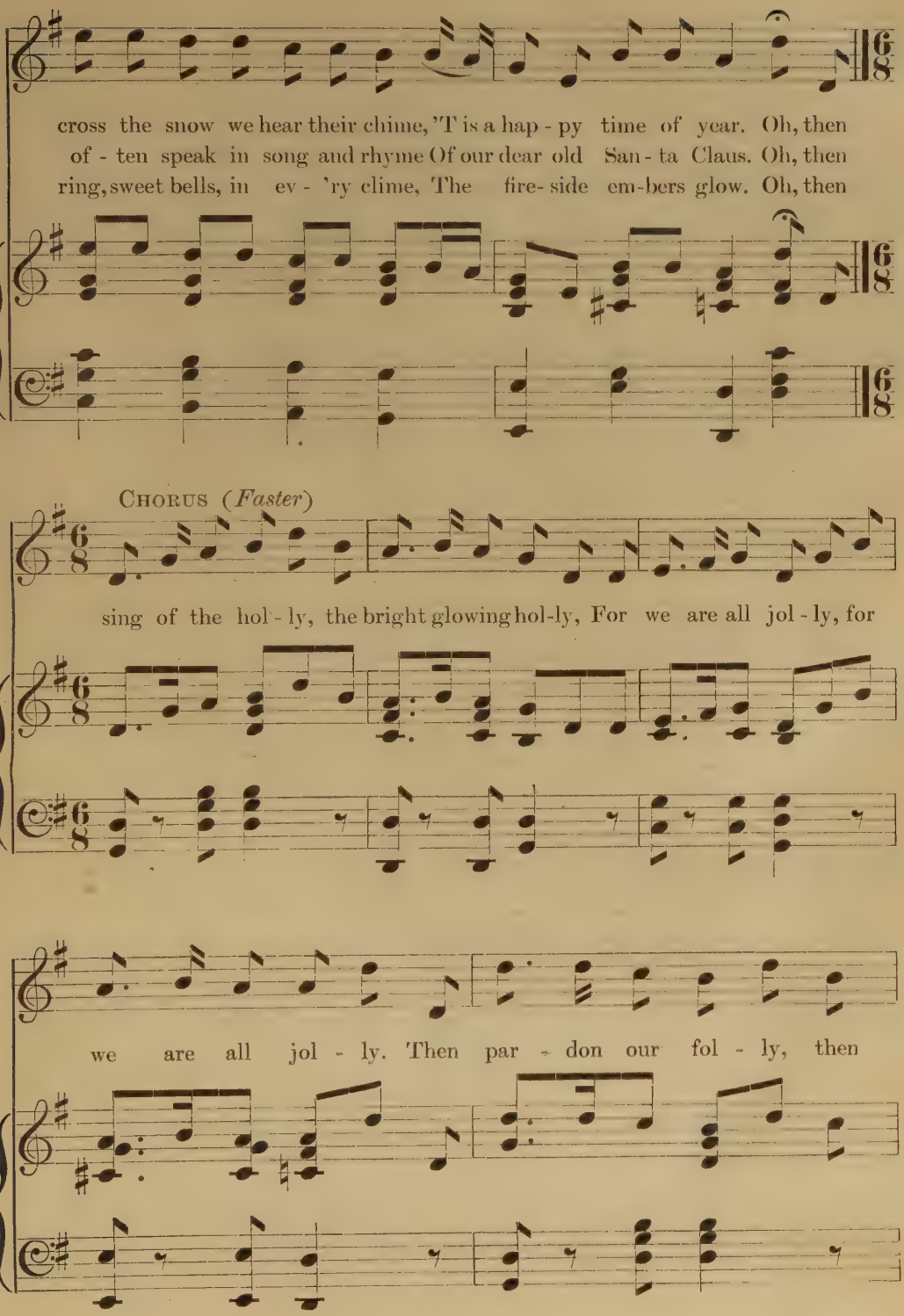
1. Hur - rah! and hur - rah for the Christ - mas . tree, Oh,
2. There are things full of won - der far o - ver the sea, But
3. When the birds are all fled and the leaves are all dead, Then
long may it keep its . green - er - y! When the
what are they all to the Christ - mas tree! In its
old San - ta Claus decks its boughs, 'tis said; But he
win - ter comes with the whit'ning snow, How proud - ly doth it . grow!
beau - ty bright with its fruit so fair, What can with it com - pare?
comes at night, and ere morn-ing ray He speeds him on his way.
CHORUS
3
Hur - rah! hur - rah for the Christ - mas tree, Its

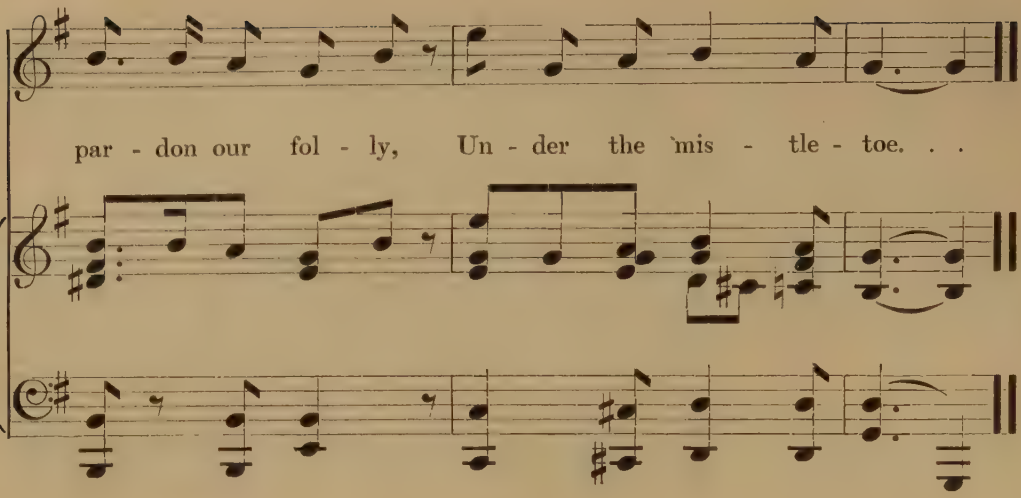


HOLLY AND MISTLETOE

L. Rountree Smith — Clarence L. Riege

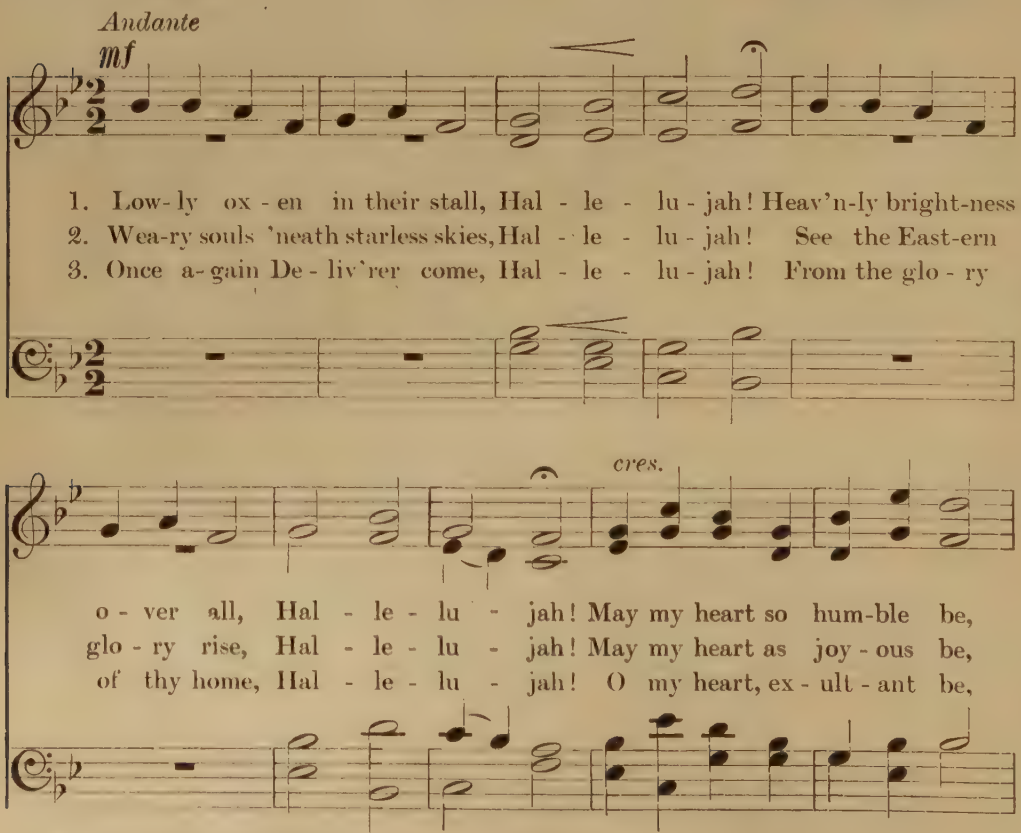

Merrily
1. 'T is mer - ry, mer - ry Christmas time, The bells ring sweet and clear; A -
2. At mer - ry, mer - ry Christmas time, We all are glad be - cause We
3. Oh, mer - ry, mer - ry Christmas time Brings gifts for high and low, Then


cross the snow we hear their chime, 'T is a hap - py time of year. Oh, then
of - ten speak in song and rhyme Of our dear old San - ta Claus. Oh, then
ring, sweet bells, in ev - 'ry clime, The fire - side em-bers glow. Oh, then
CHORUS (Faster)
sing of the hol - ly, the bright glowing hol-ly, For we are all jol - ly, for
we are all jol - ly. Then par - don our fol - ly, then

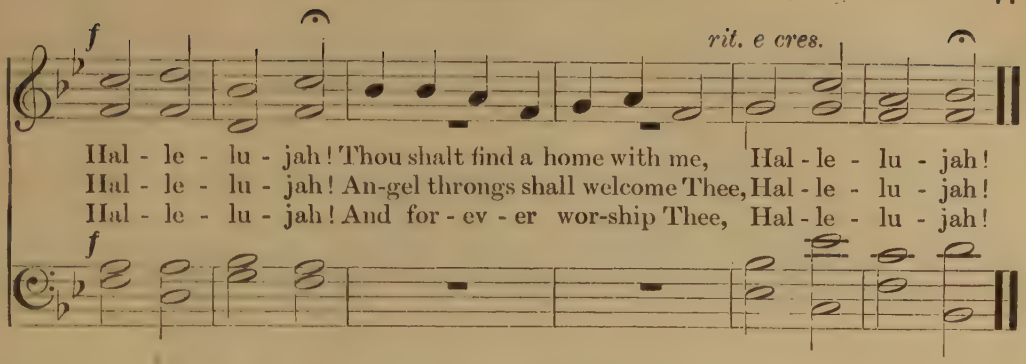


CHRISTMAS CAROL*

F. W. GUNSAULUS — DANIEL PROTHEROE


Andante
mf
1. Low-ly ox-en in their stall, Hal - le - lu - jah! Heav'n-ly bright-ness
2. Wea-ry souls 'neath starless skies, Hal - le - lu - jah! See the East-ern
3. Once a-gain De-liv'rer come, Hal - le - lu - jah! From the glo - ry
cres.
o - ver all, Hal - le - lu - jah! May my heart so hum-ble be,
glo - ry rise, Hal - le - lu - jah! May my heart as joy - ous be,
of thy home, Hal - le - lu - jah! O my heart, ex - ult - ant be,

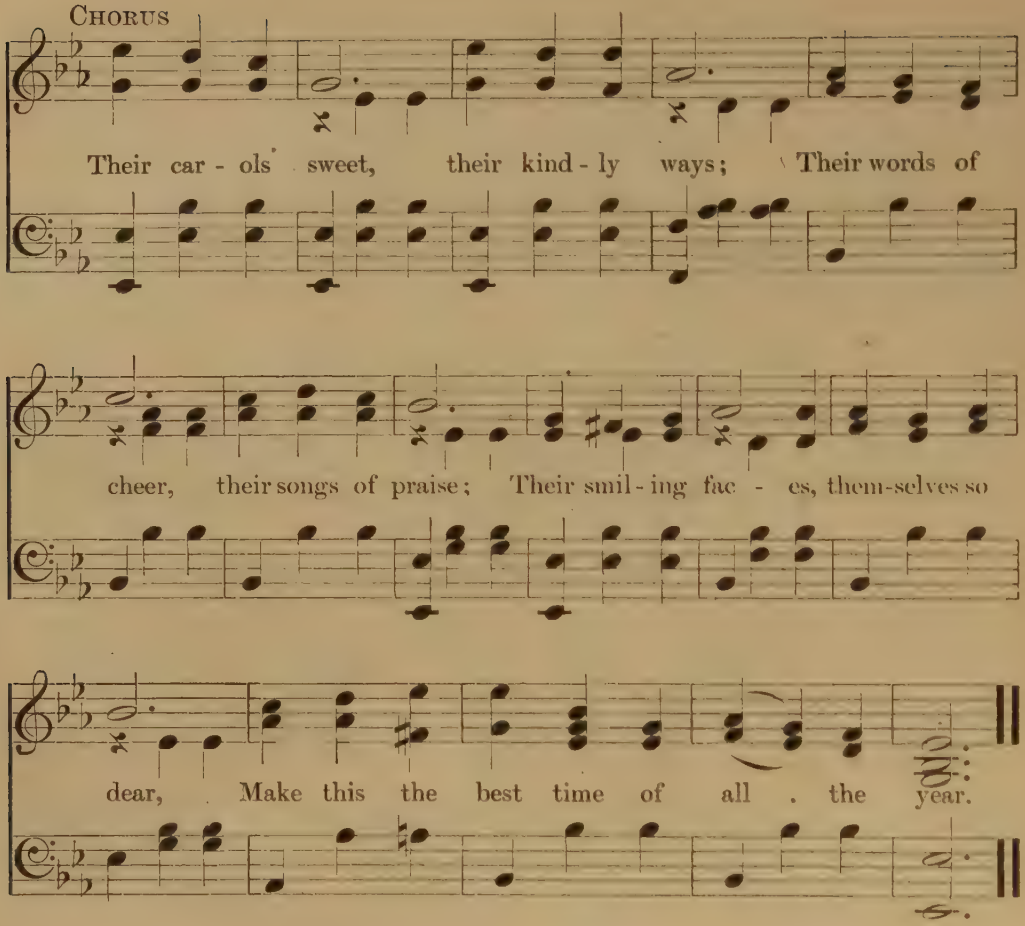
* By permission of Dr. F. W. GUNSAULUS and Mr. PROTHEROE.


f
rit. e cres.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thou shalt find a home with me, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! An-gel throngs shall welcome Thee, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! And for - ev - er wor-ship Thee, Hal - le - lu - jah!
f

THE HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS DAY

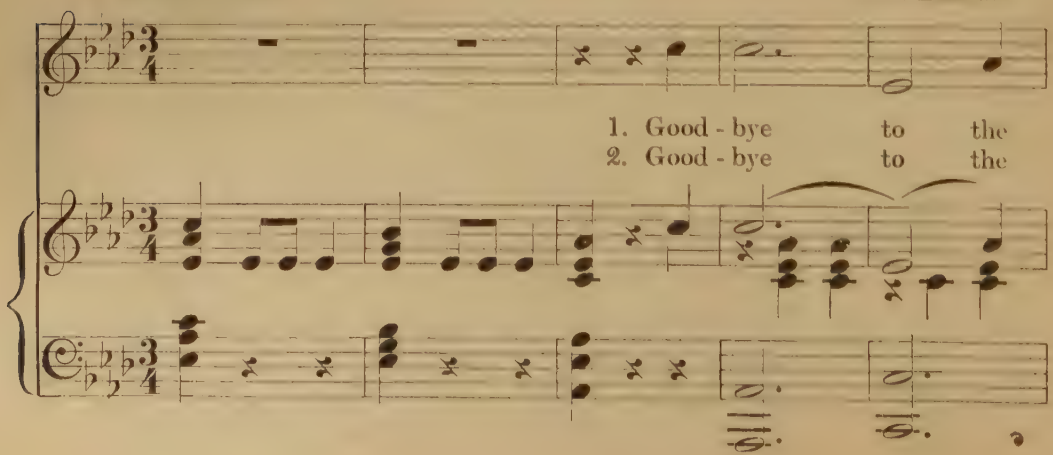
THOMAS B. WEAVER T. B. W.

1. What can the chil - dren do or say To make this the
2. What can they do, tho' poor they be, To help the kind
3. What can they say at Christ - mas time To add to the
4. What can they give to your Lord and mine, To show they are
hap - pi - est Christ-mas Day? How can they add to its mirth and its
hand of sweet char - i - ty? How can they bright-en the homes that are
Christ - mas bells' sweet chime? How can they join in that first Christmas
glad for His love di - vine? What can they bring, like the wise men of
cheer, To make it the ver - y best time of the year?
drear, And bring to the lone - ly ones some Christmas cheer?
song As sung to the shep-herds by heav - en's glad throng?
old To hon - or the Christ-Child far bet - ter than gold?

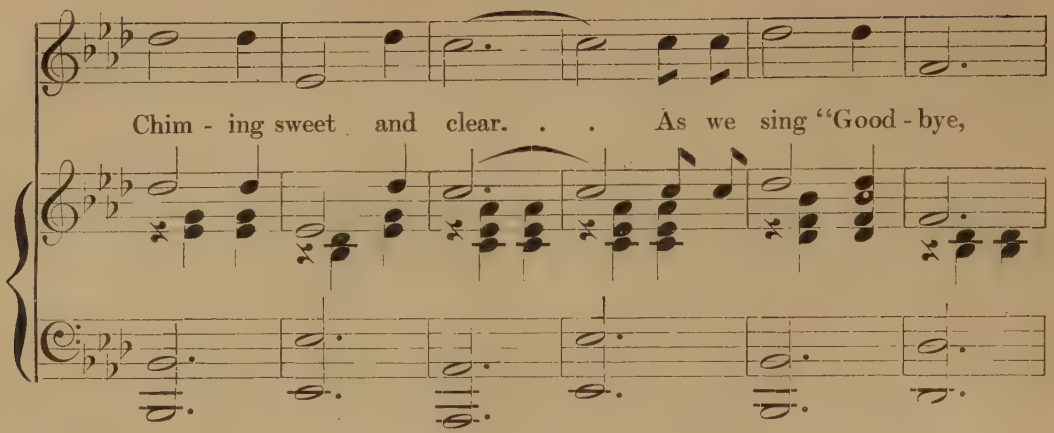

Chorus
Their car - ols sweet, their kind - ly ways; Their words of
cheer, their songs of praise; Their smil - ing fac - es, them-selves so
dear, Make this the best time of all . the year.

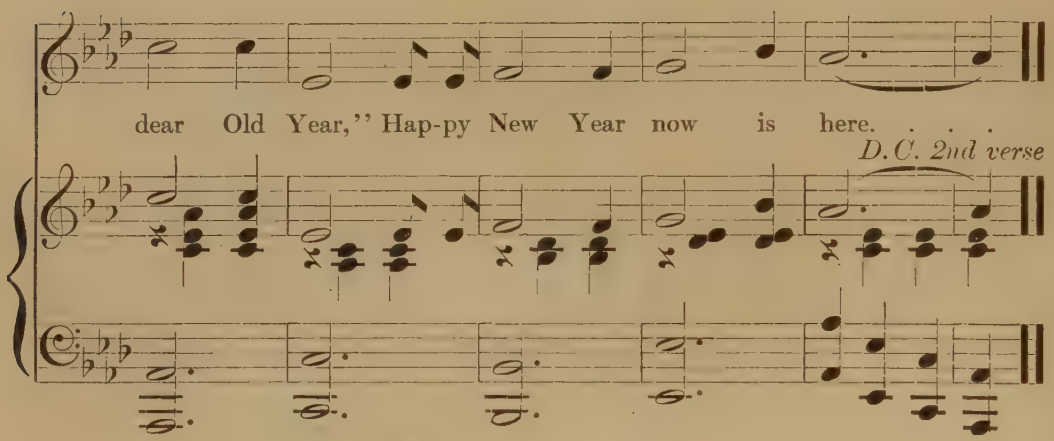
GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR

L. Rountree Smith — Clark Leaming



Old Year, Soft - ly falls the snow, . . . All the
Old Year With his joy and pain— . . . We will
sweet bells now are ring - ing— We must let the
speed him on his jour - ney, For the New Year
Chorus
Old Year go. . . Ring - ing and sing - ing,
comes a - gain. . .

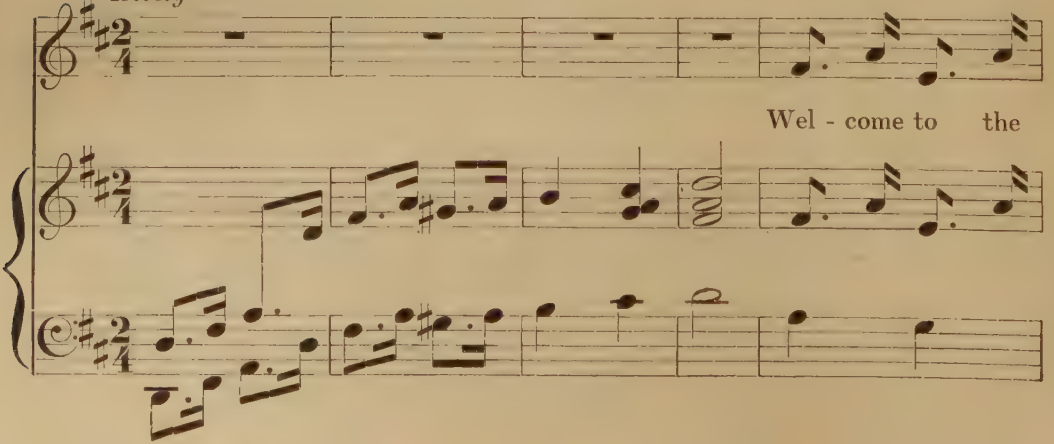


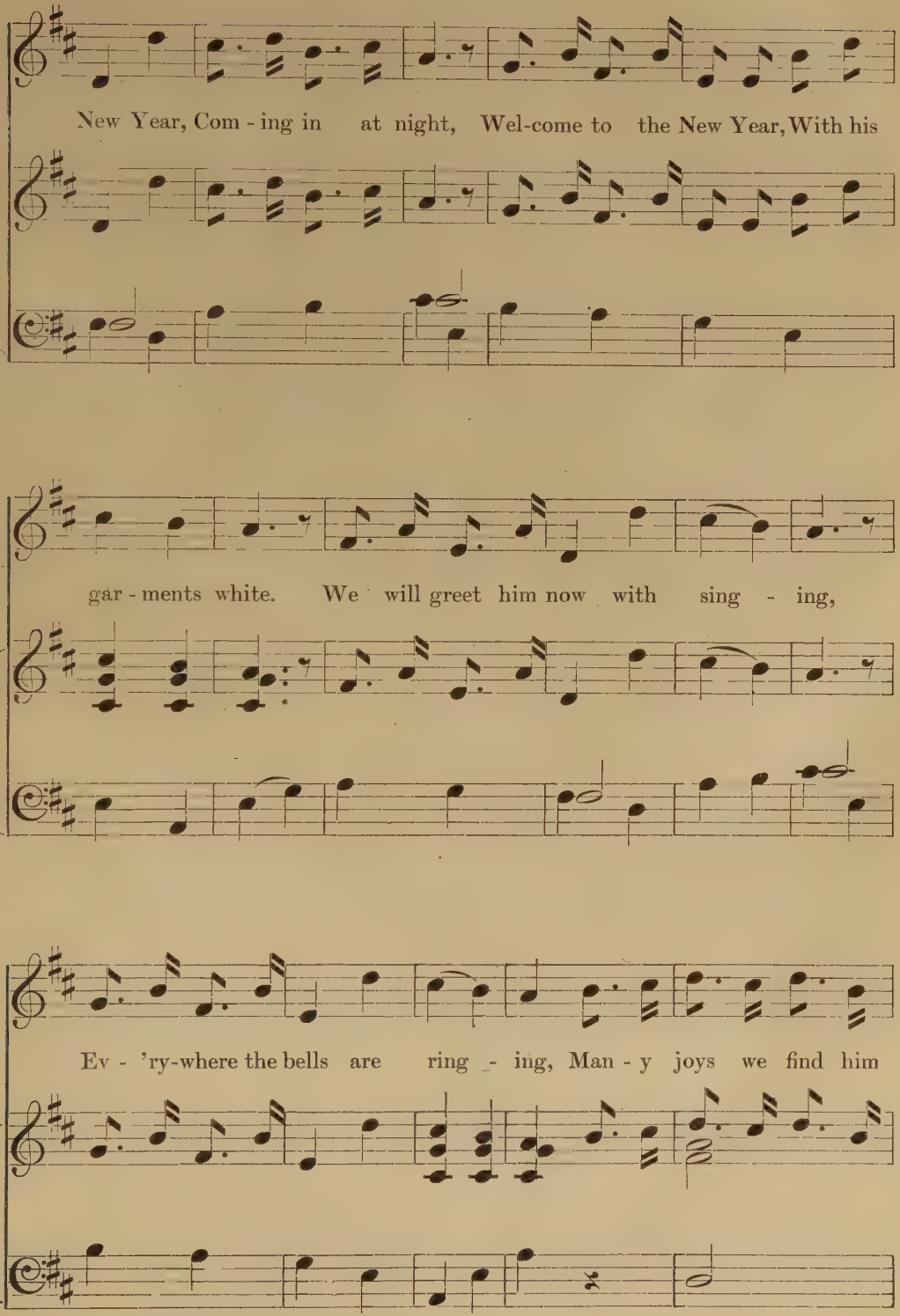


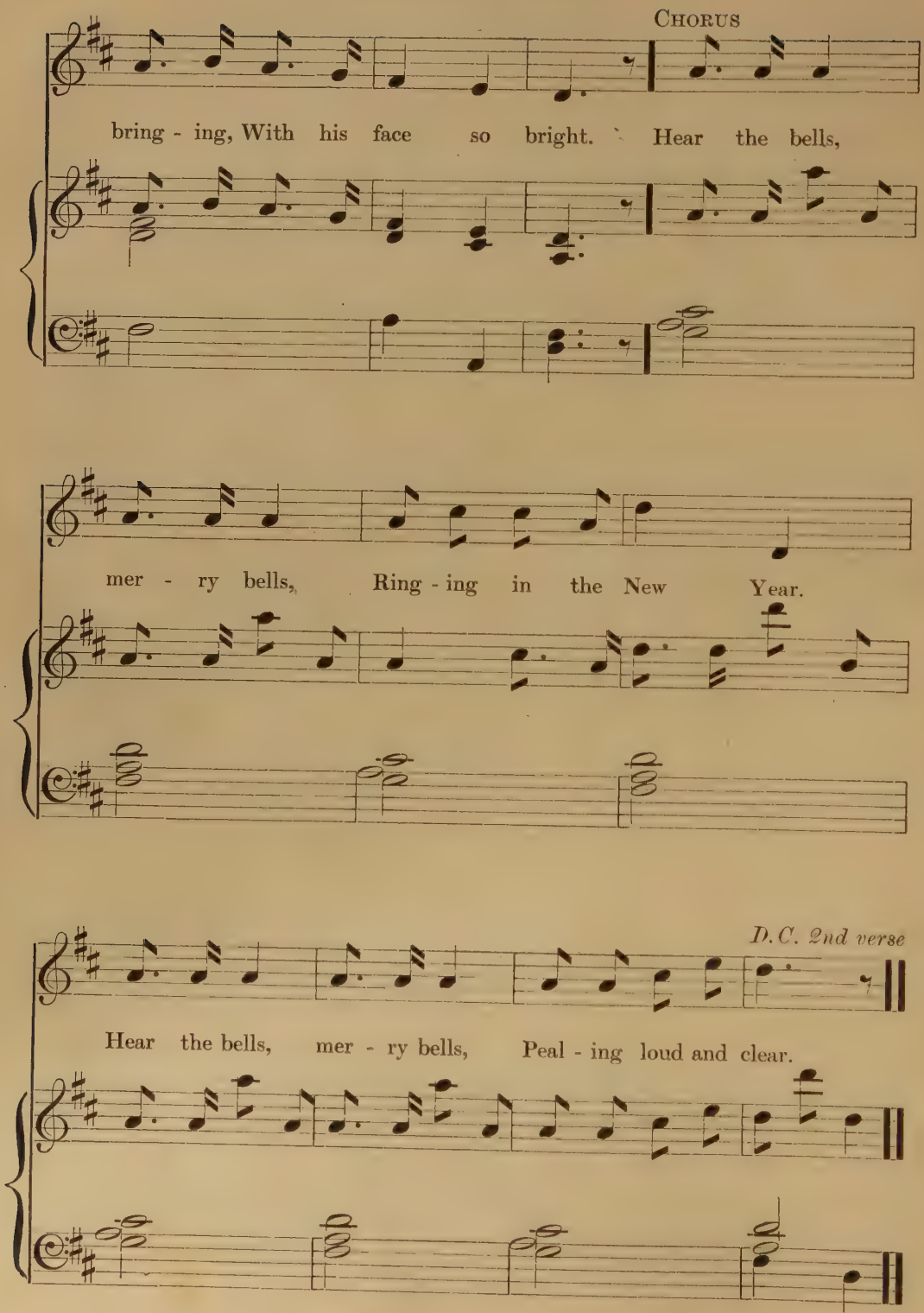
WELCOME, NEW YEAR

L. Rountree Smith — Clark Leaming

Lively



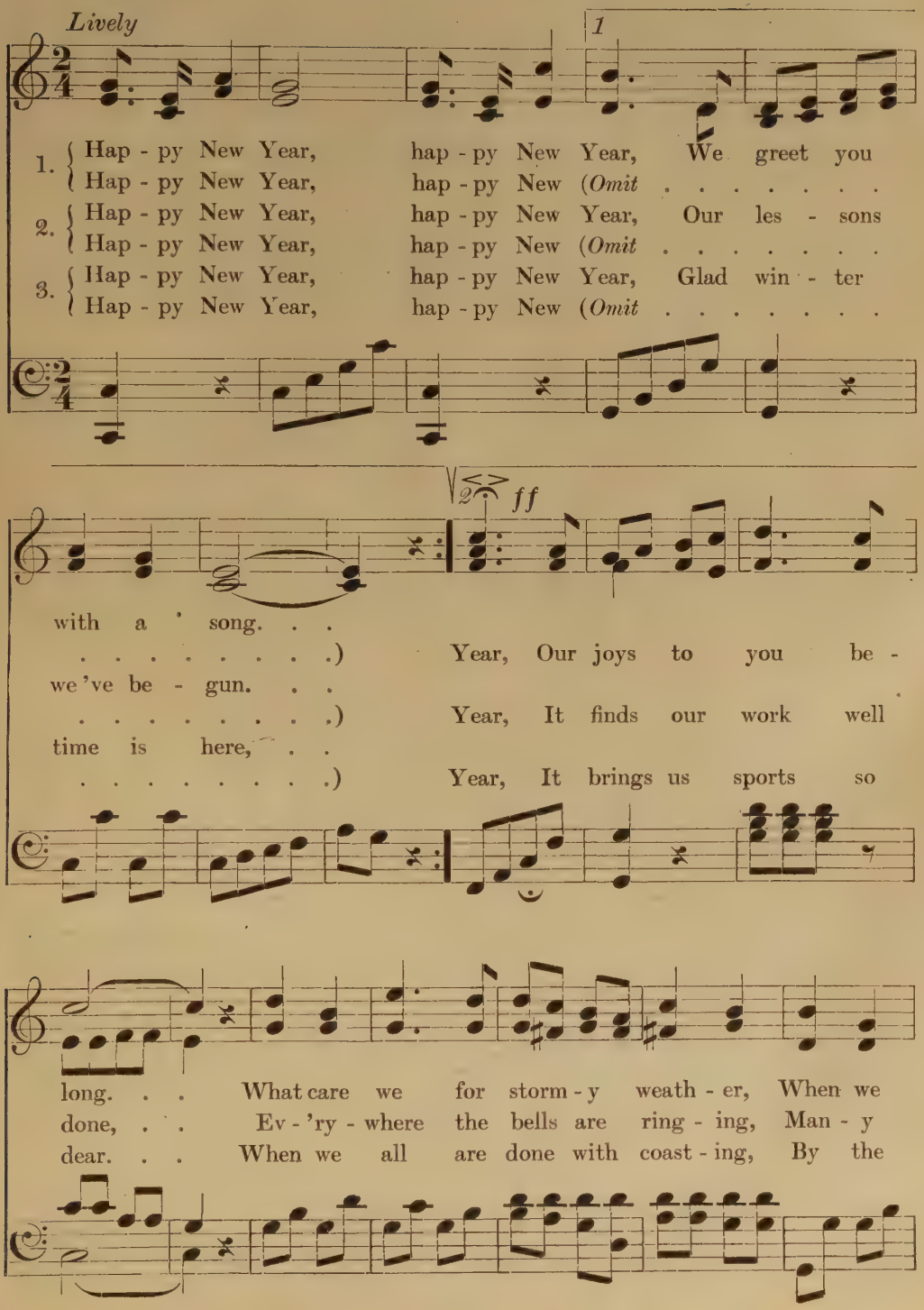

New Year, Com - ing in at night, Wel-come to the New Year, With his
gar - ments white. We will greet him now with sing - ing,
Ev - 'ry-where the bells are ring - ing, Man - y joys we find him

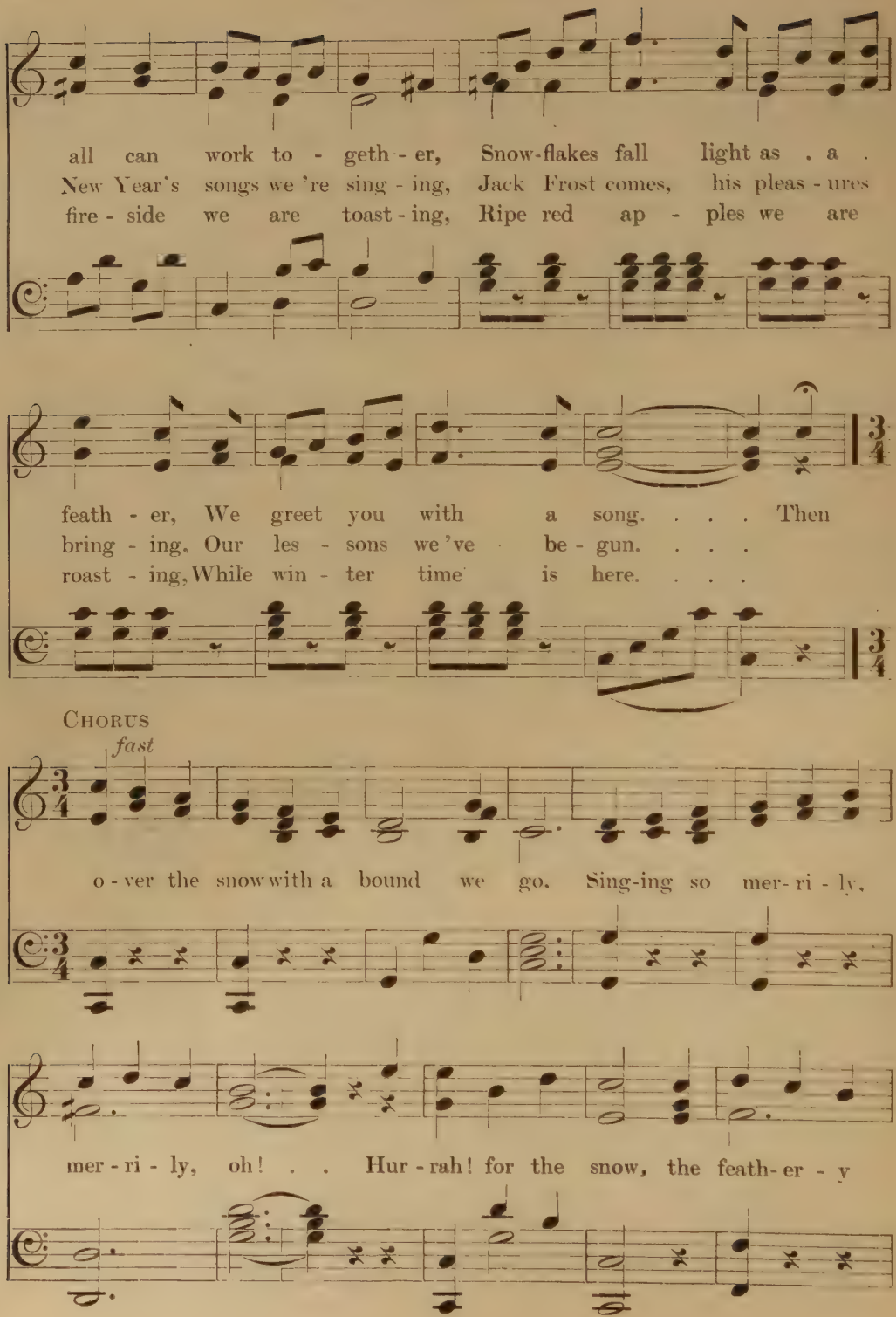

Chorus
bring - ing, With his face so bright. Hear the bells,
mer - ry bells, Ring - ing in the New Year.
D.C. 2nd verse
Hear the bells, mer - ry bells, Peal - ing loud and clear.

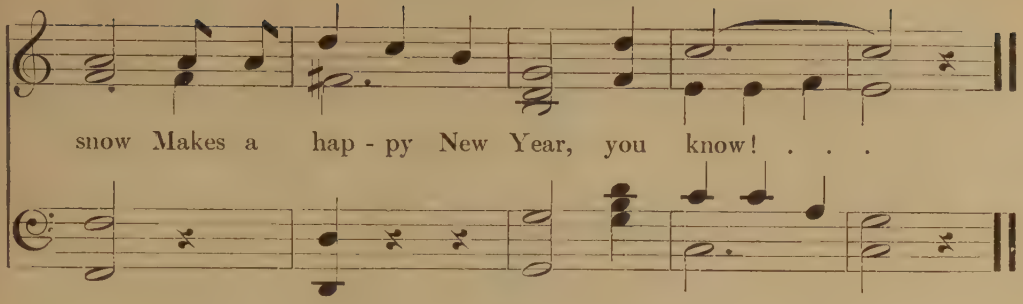
NEW YEAR SONG

L. Rountree Smith

T. B. Weaver


Lively
1
1. Hap - py New Year, hap - py New Year, We greet you
Hap - py New Year, hap - py New (Omit . . . . . .
2. Hap - py New Year, hap - py New Year, Our les - sons
Hap - py New Year, hap - py New (Omit . . . . . .
3. Hap - py New Year, hap - py New Year, Glad win - ter
Hap - py New Year, hap - py New (Omit . . . . . .
2
ff
with a song. . .
. . . . . .) Year, Our joys to you be -
we've be - gun. . .
. . . . . .) Year, It finds our work well
time is here, . .
. . . . . .) Year, It brings us sports so
long. . . What care we for storm - y weath - er, When we
done, . . Ev - 'ry - where the bells are ring - ing, Man - y
dear. . . When we all are done with coast - ing, By the

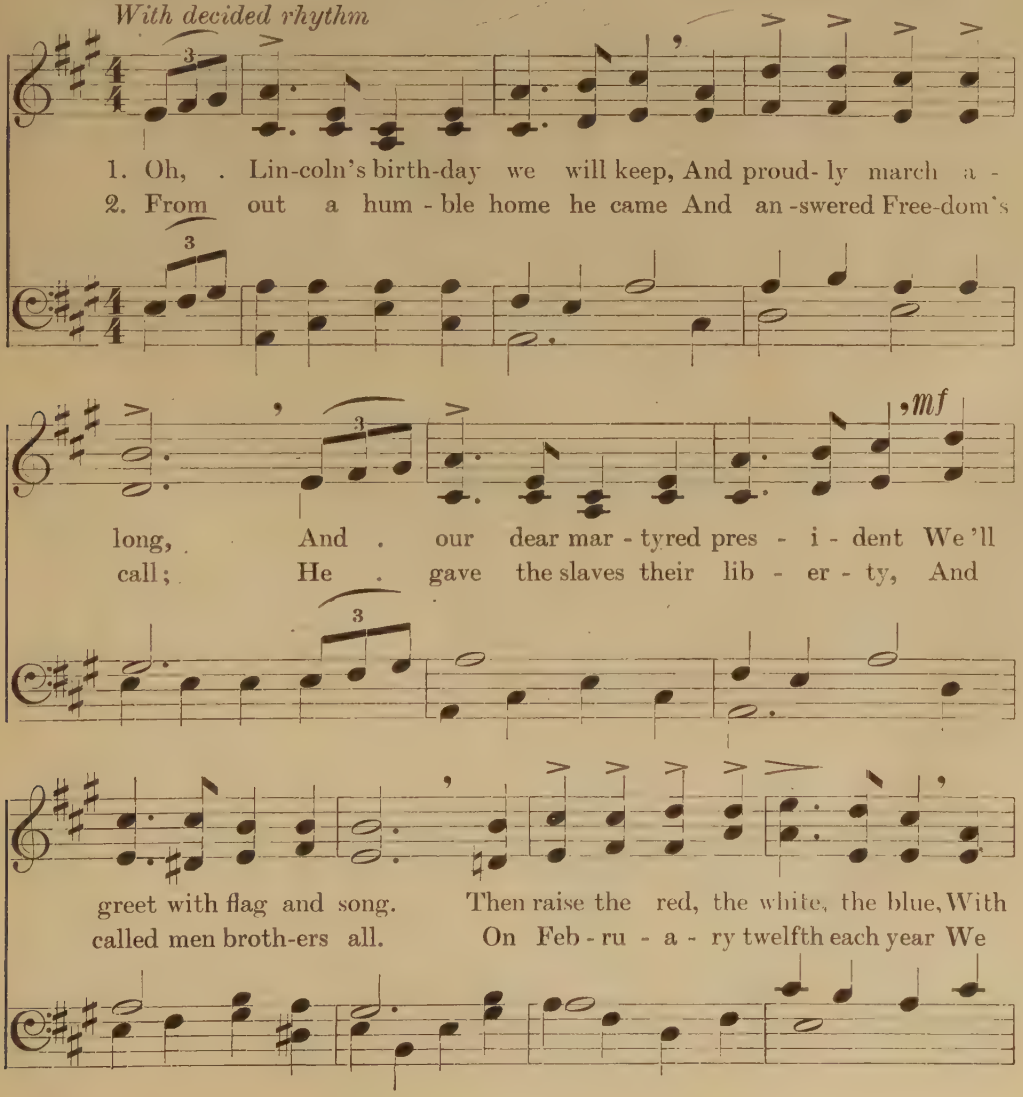

all can work to - geth - er, Snow-flakes fall light as . a .
New Year's songs we 're sing - ing, Jack Frost comes, his pleas - ures
fire - side we are toast - ing, Ripe red ap - ples we are
feath - er, We greet you with a song. . . . Then
bring - ing, Our les - sons we 've be - gun. . . .
roast - ing, While win - ter time is here. . . .
CHORUS
fast
o - ver the snow with a bound we go, Sing-ing so mer - ri - ly,
mer - ri - ly, oh! . . Hur - rah! for the snow, the feath - er - y

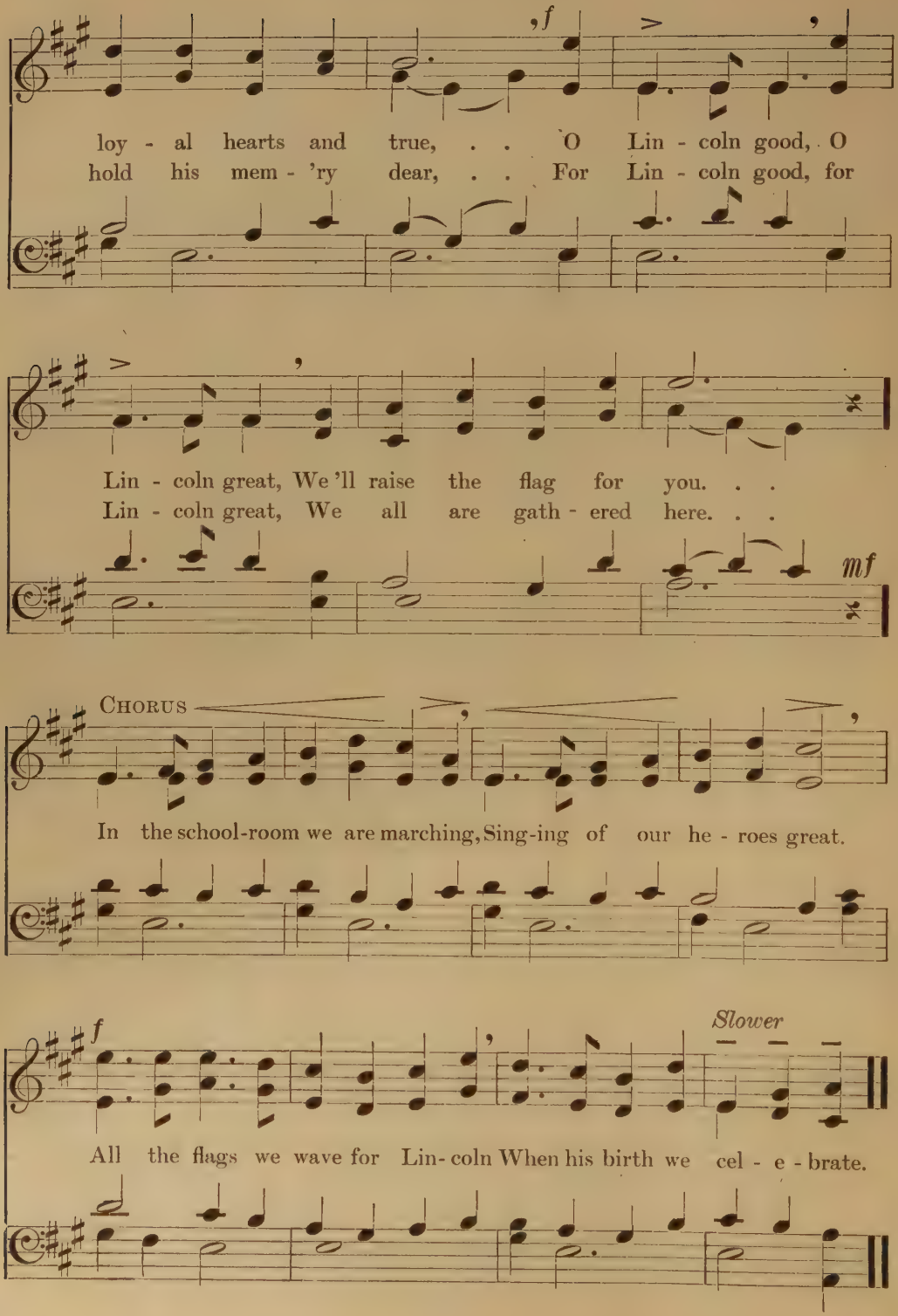


LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

L. Rountree Smith — Anna Heuermann Hamilton

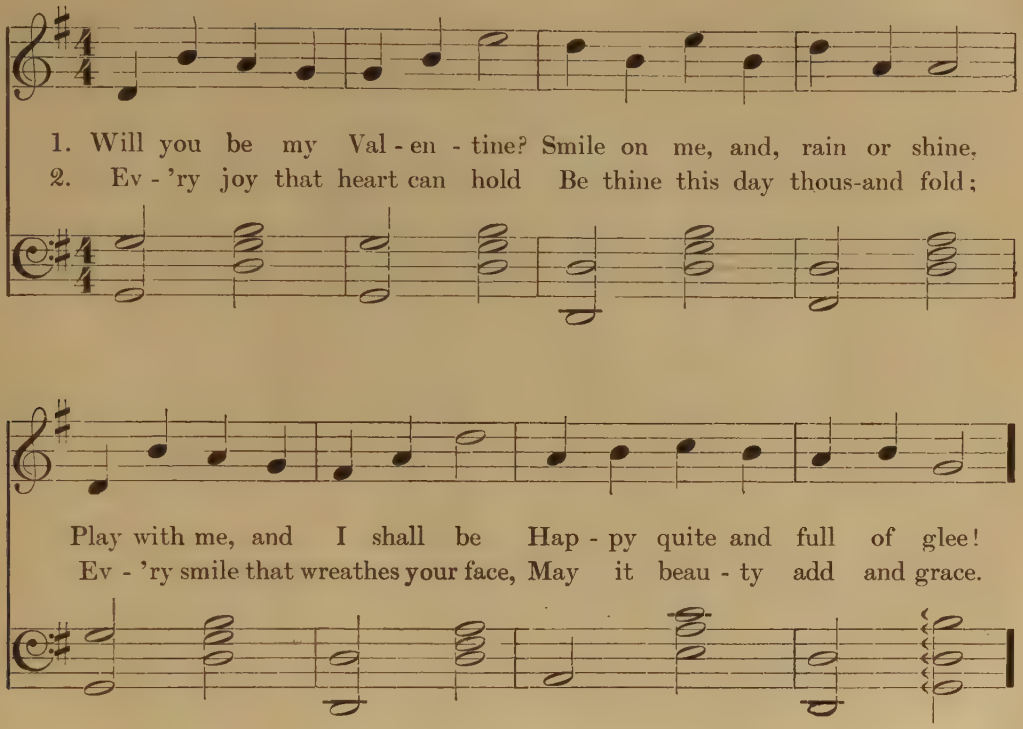
With decided rhythm


1. Oh, . Lin-coln's birth-day we will keep, And proud- ly march a -
2. From out a hum - ble home he came And an -swered Free-dom's
mf
long, And . our dear mar - tyred pres - i - dent We 'll
call; He . gave the slaves their lib - er - ty, And
greet with flag and song. Then raise the red, the white, the blue, With
called men broth-ers all. On Feb - ru - a - ry twelfth each year We


f
loy - al hearts and true, . . O Lin - coln good, O
hold his mem - 'ry dear, . . For Lin - coln good, for
Lin - coln great, We 'll raise the flag for you. . .
Lin - coln great, We all are gath - ered here. . .
mf
Chorus
In the school-room we are marching, Sing-ing of our he - roes great.
f
Slower
All the flags we wave for Lin- coln When his birth we cel - e - brate.

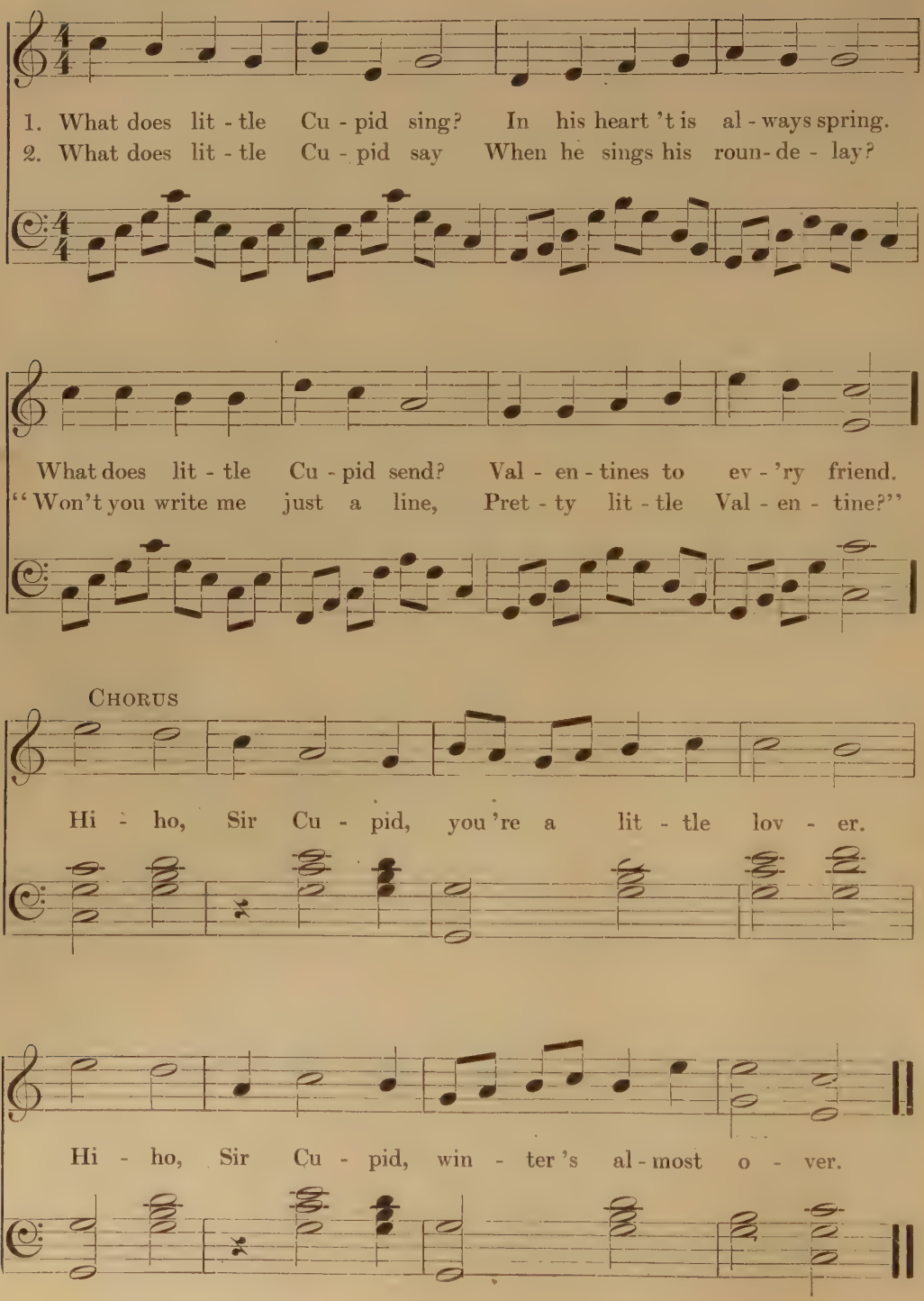
SAINT VALENTINE

J. C. Sindelar — L. Rountree Smith


1. Will you be my Val - en - tine? Smile on me, and, rain or shine,
2. Ev - 'ry joy that heart can hold Be thine this day thous-and fold;
Play with me, and I shall be Hap - py quite and full of glee!
Ev - 'ry smile that wreathes your face, May it beau - ty add and grace.
Chorus
Good old Saint Val - en - tine! We send tho'ts that are love la - den
To please Saint Val - en - tine And ev - 'ry wee lad and mai - den.

VALENTINE SONG

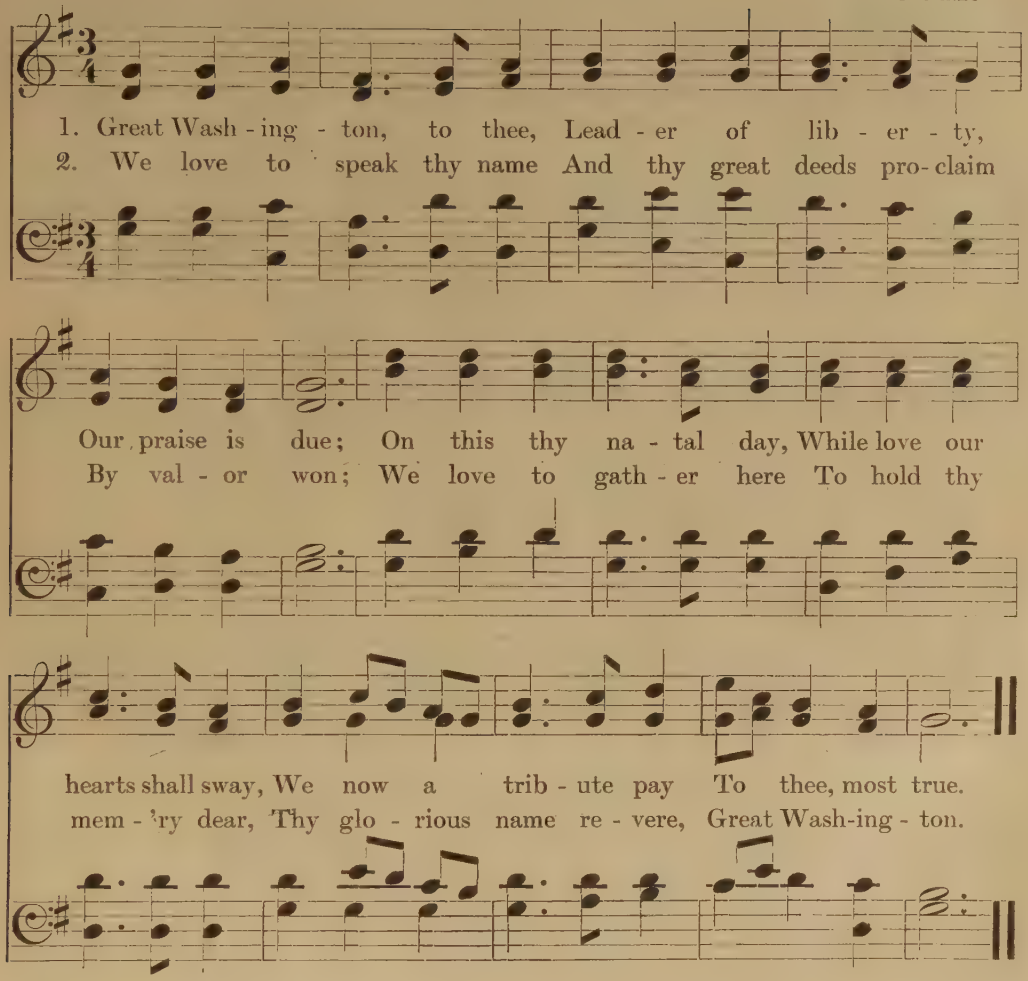
L. Rountree Smith L. R. S.


1. What does lit - tle Cu - pid sing? In his heart 't is al - ways spring.
2. What does lit - tle Cu - pid say When he sings his roun - de - lay?
What does lit - tle Cu - pid send? Val - en - tines to ev - 'ry friend.
"Won't you write me just a line, Pret - ty lit - tle Val - en - tine?"
Chorus
Hi - ho, Sir Cu - pid, you 're a lit - tle lov - er.
Hi - ho, Sir Cu - pid, win - ter 's al - most o - ver.

WASHINGTON

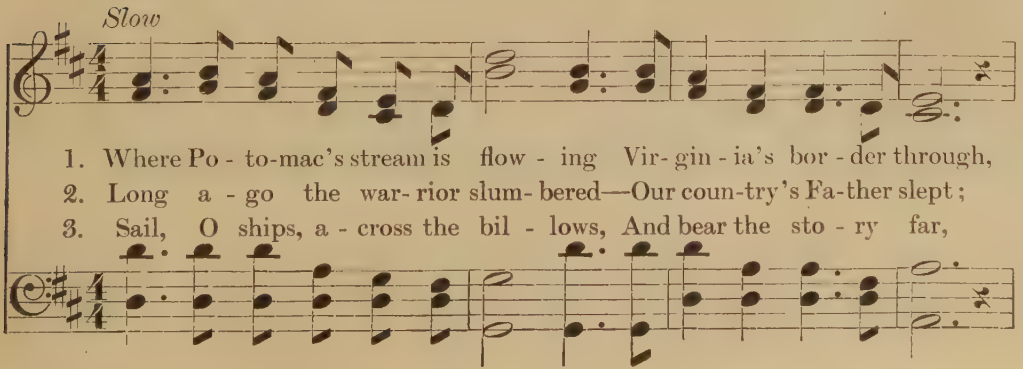
ADA SIMPSON SHERWOOD

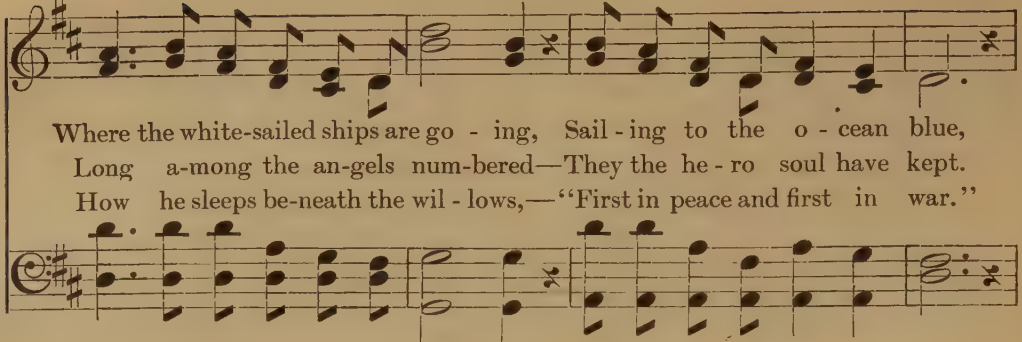
HENRY CAREY

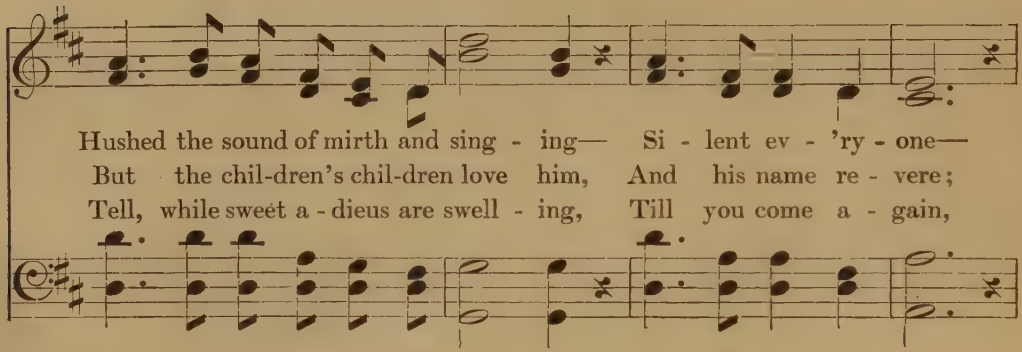

1. Great Wash - ing - ton, to thee, Lead - er of lib - er - ty,
2. We love to speak thy name And thy great deeds pro- claim
Our praise is due; On this thy na - tal day, While love our
By val - or won; We love to gath - er here To hold thy
hearts shall sway, We now a trib - ute pay To thee, most true.
mem - 'ry dear, Thy glo - rious name re - vere, Great Wash-ing - ton.

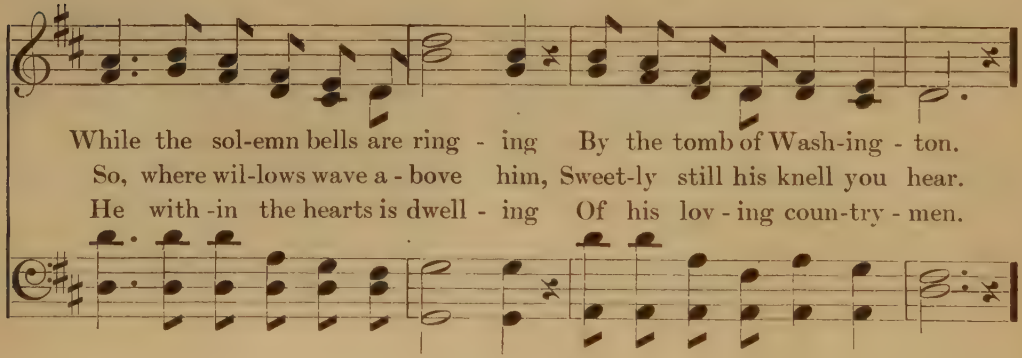
MOUNT VERNON BELLS

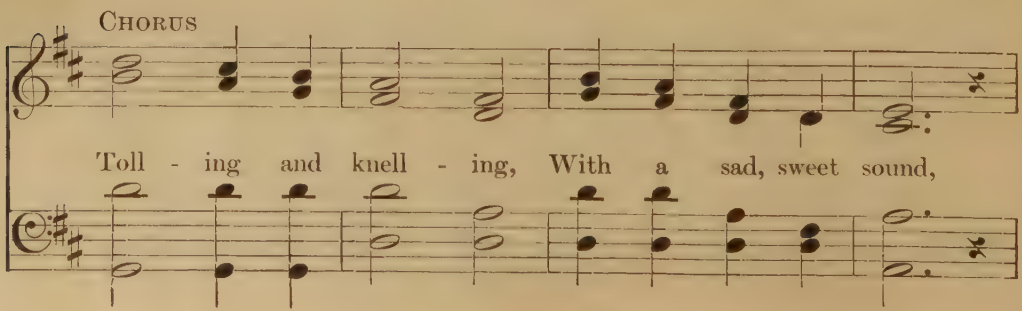
S. C. FOSTER

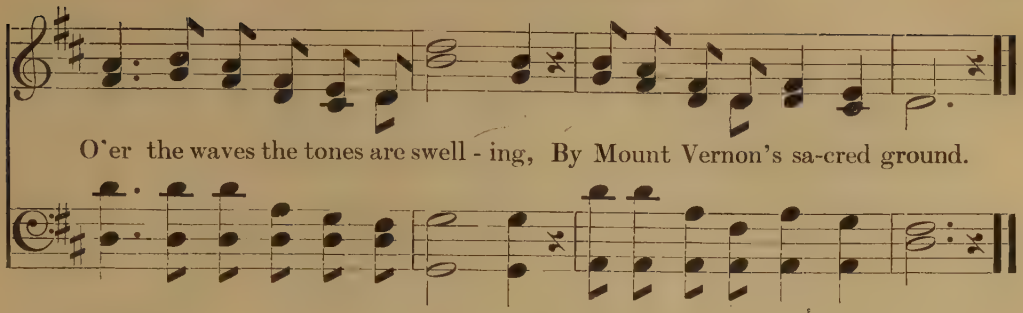

Slow
1. Where Po - to-mac's stream is flow - ing Vir- gin - ia's bor - der through,
2. Long a - go the war- rior slum- bered—Our coun-try's Fa-ther slept;
3. Sail, O ships, a - cross the bil - lows, And bear the sto - ry far,


Where the white-sailed ships are go - ing, Sail - ing to the o - cean blue,
Long a-mong the an-gels num-bered—They the he - ro soul have kept.
How he sleeps be-neath the wil - lows,—"First in peace and first in war."


Hushed the sound of mirth and sing - ing— Si - lent ev - 'ry - one—
But the chil-dren's chil-dren love him, And his name re - vere;
Tell, while sweet a - dieus are swell - ing, Till you come a - gain,


While the sol-emn bells are ring - ing By the tomb of Wash-ing - ton.
So, where wil-lows wave a - bove him, Sweet-ly still his knell you hear.
He with -in the hearts is dwell - ing Of his lov - ing coun-try - men.

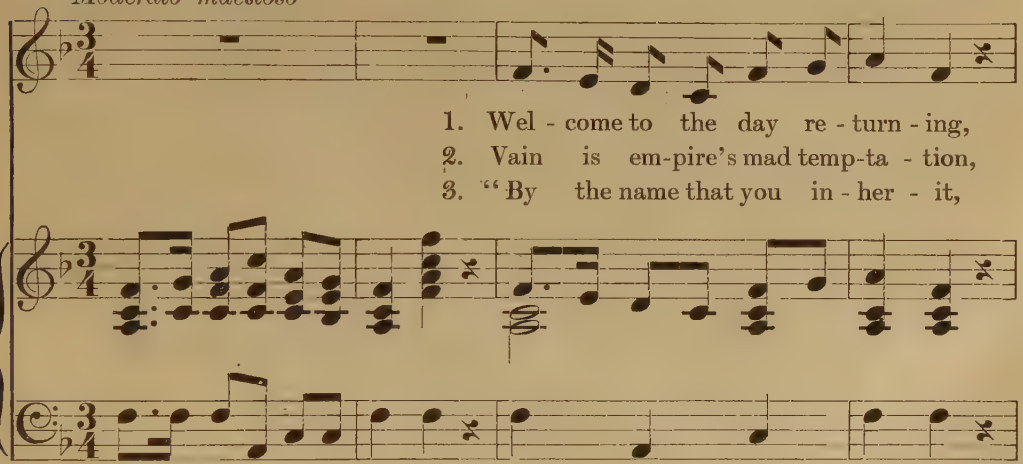

Chorus
Toll - ing and knell - ing, With a sad, sweet sound,



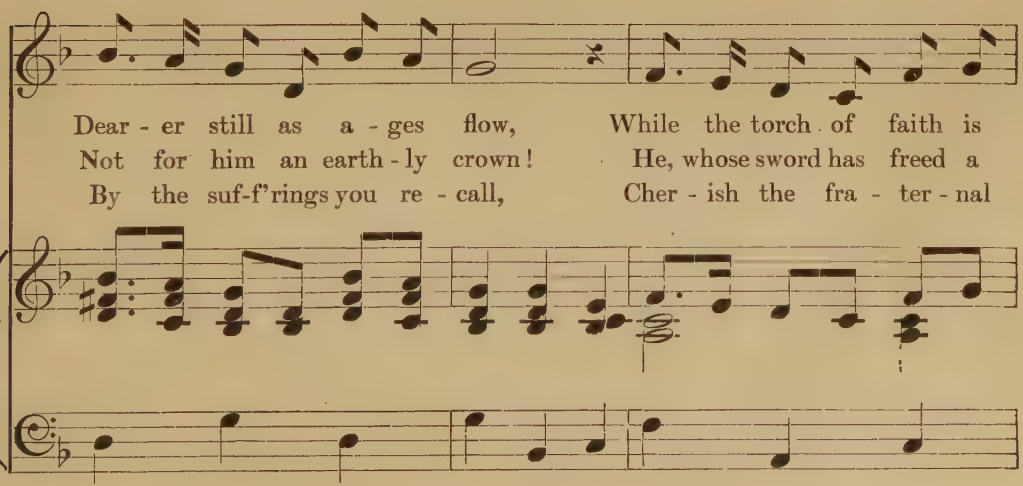
ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

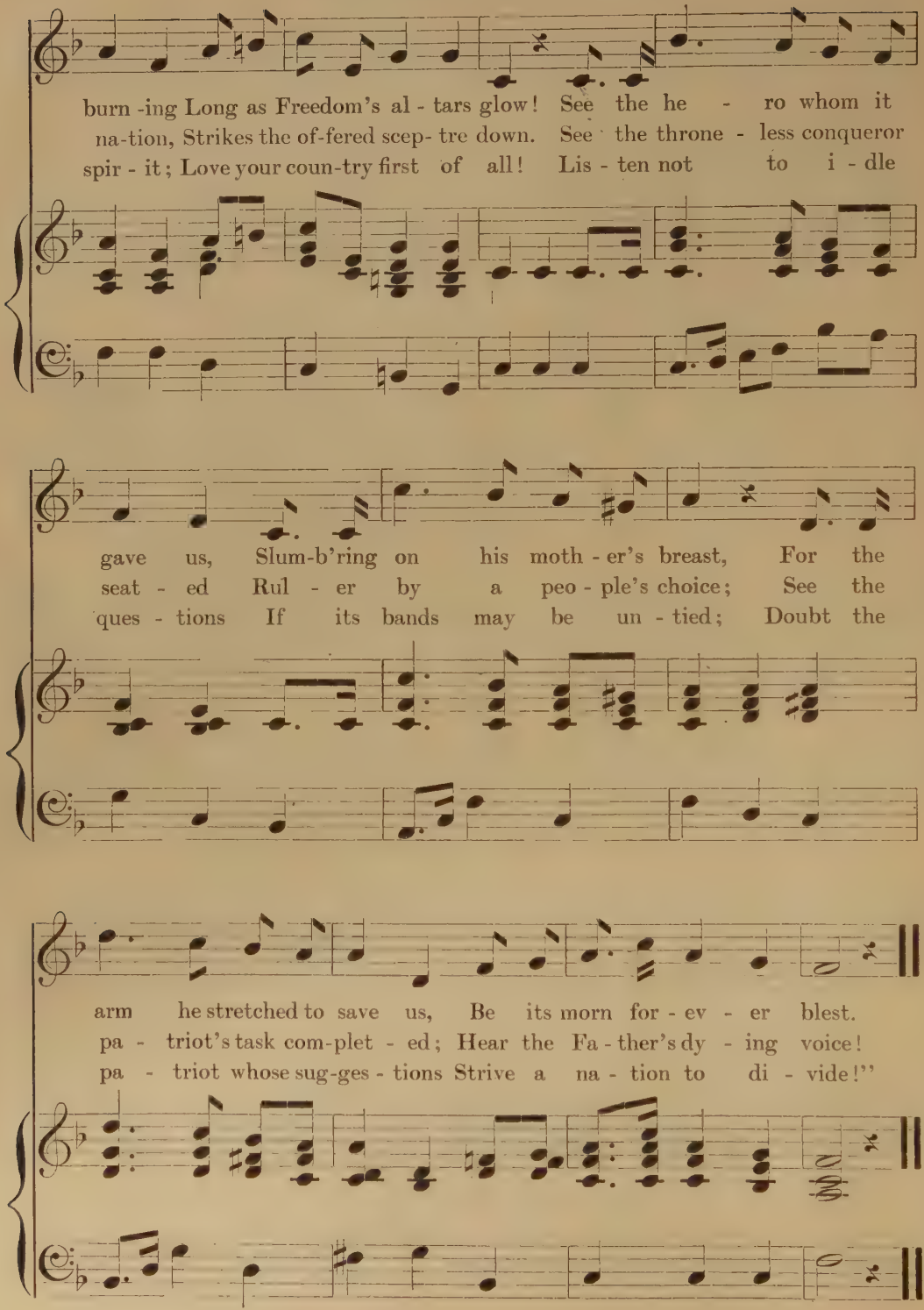
O. W. Holmes G. Arnold

Moderato maestoso



Con octavi


Dear - er still as a - ges flow, While the torch of faith is
Not for him an earth - ly crown! He, whose sword has freed a
By the suf-f'rings you re - call, Cher - ish the fra - ter - nal

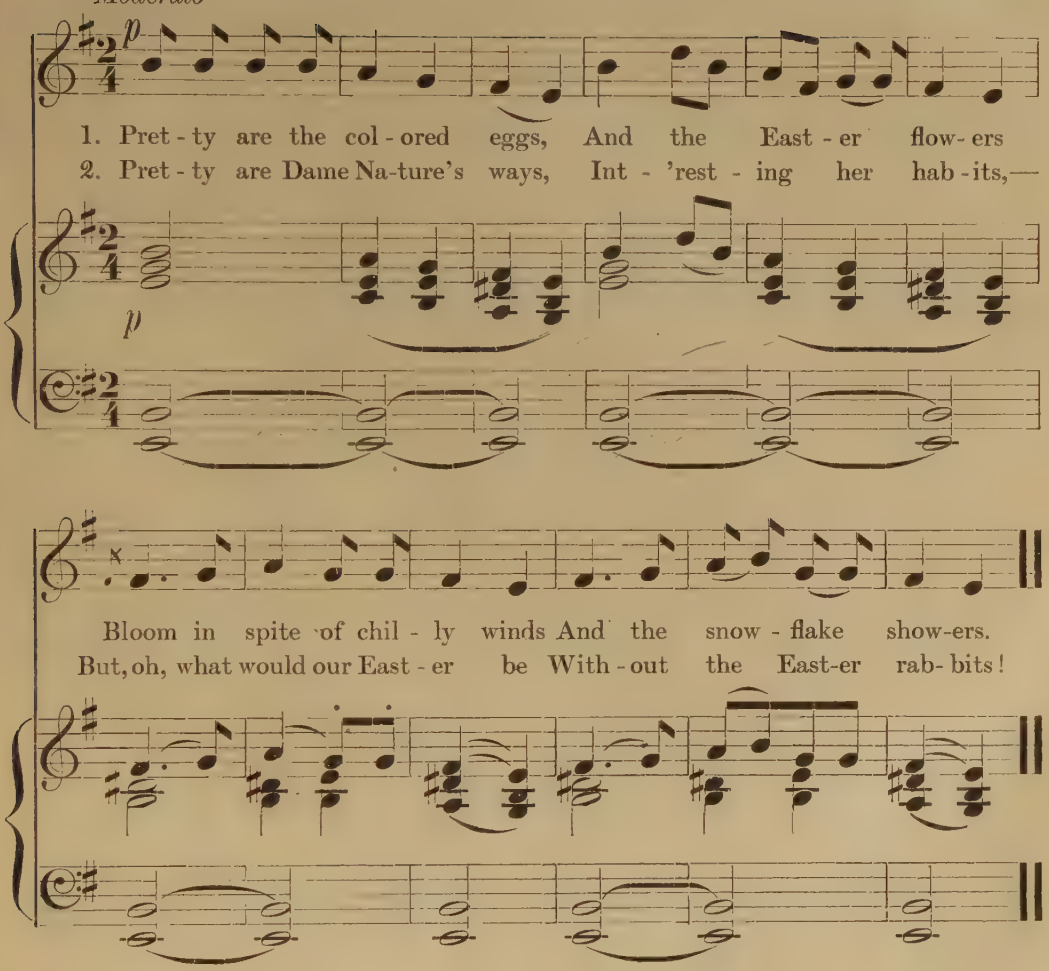

burn -ing Long as Freedom's al - tars glow! See the he - ro whom it
na-tion, Strikes the of-fered scep- tre down. See the throne - less conqueror
spir - it; Love your coun-try first of all! Lis - ten not to i - dle
gave us, Slum-b'ring on his moth - er's breast, For the
seat - ed Rul - er by a peo - ple's choice; See the
ques - tions If its bands may be un - tied; Doubt the
arm he stretched to save us, Be its morn for - ev - er blest.
pa - triot's task com-plet - ed; Hear the Fa - ther's dy - ing voice!
pa - triot whose sug-ges - tions Strive a na - tion to di - vide!"

EASTER

J. C. Sindelar

Moderato

Russian Folksong

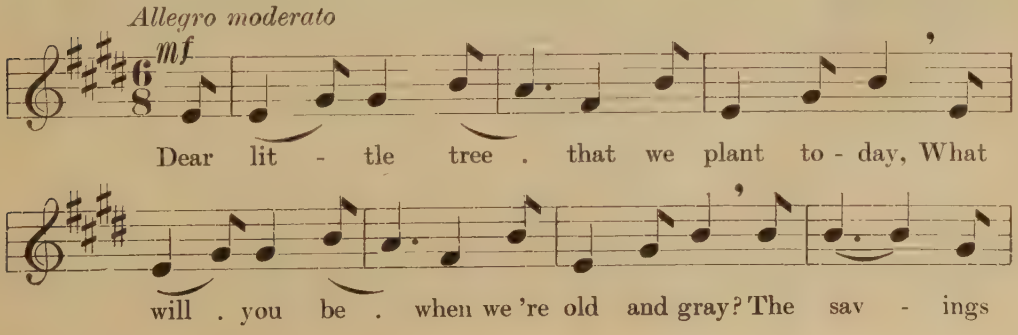

1. Pret - ty are the col - ored eggs, And the East - er flow - ers
2. Pret - ty are Dame Na-ture's ways, Int - 'rest - ing her hab - its,—
Bloom in spite of chil - ly winds And the snow - flake show-ers.
But, oh, what would our East - er be With - out the East-er rab- bits!

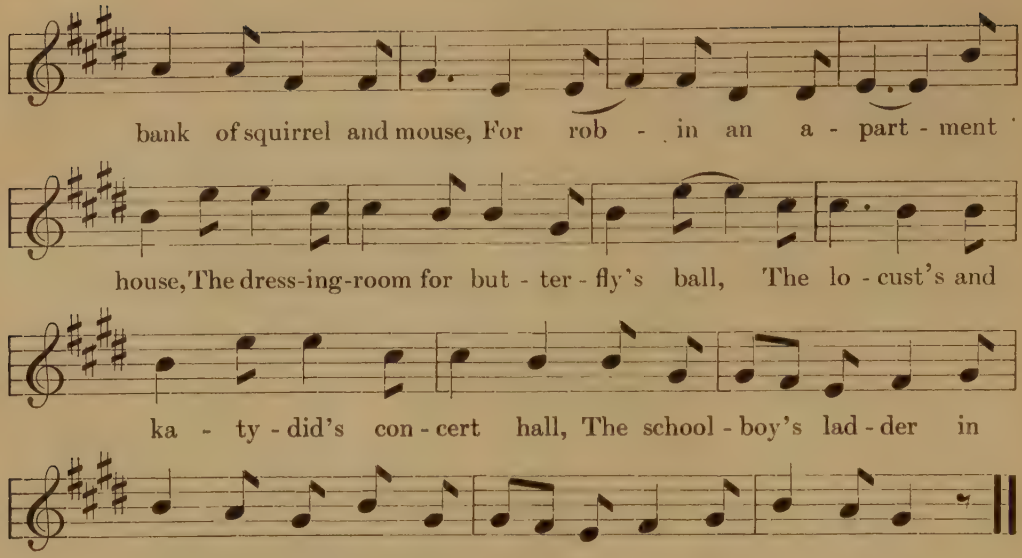
AN ARBOR DAY TREE

Youth's Companion

Allegro moderato

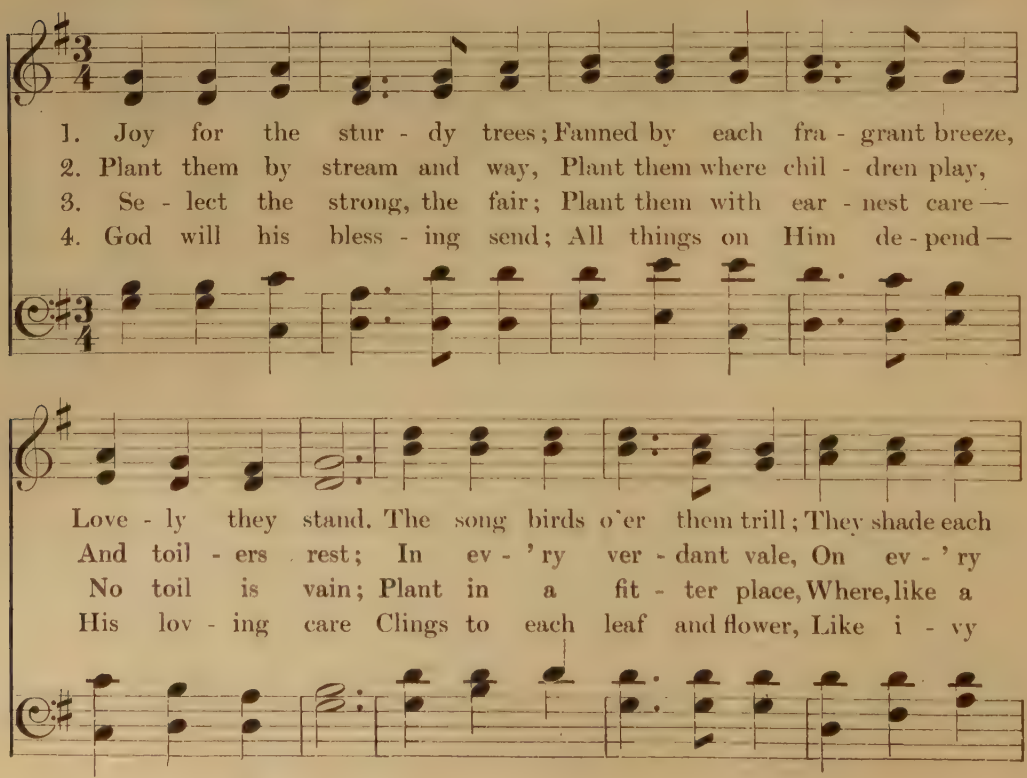
Irish Folksong

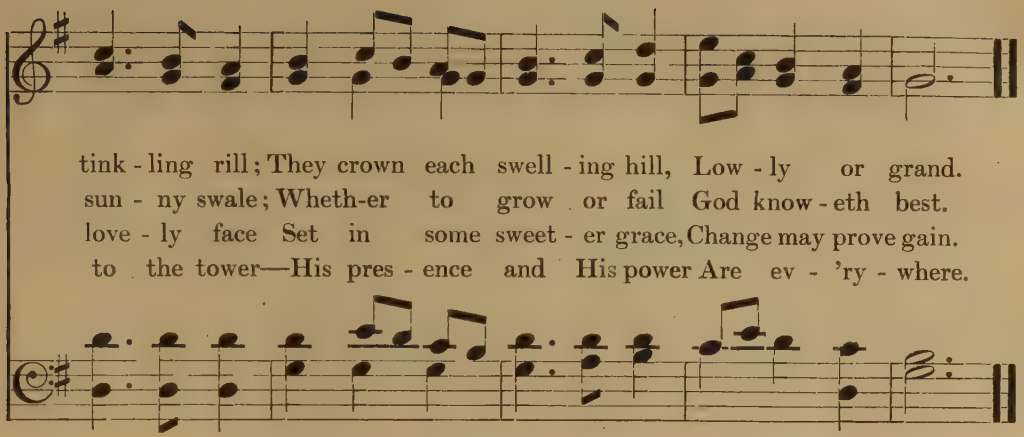



bank of squirrel and mouse, For rob - in an a - part - ment
house, The dress-ing-room for but - ter - fly's ball, The lo - cust's and
ka - ty - did's con - cert hall, The school - boy's lad - der in
pleas - ant June, The school - girl's tent in the Ju - ly noon.

ARBOR DAY

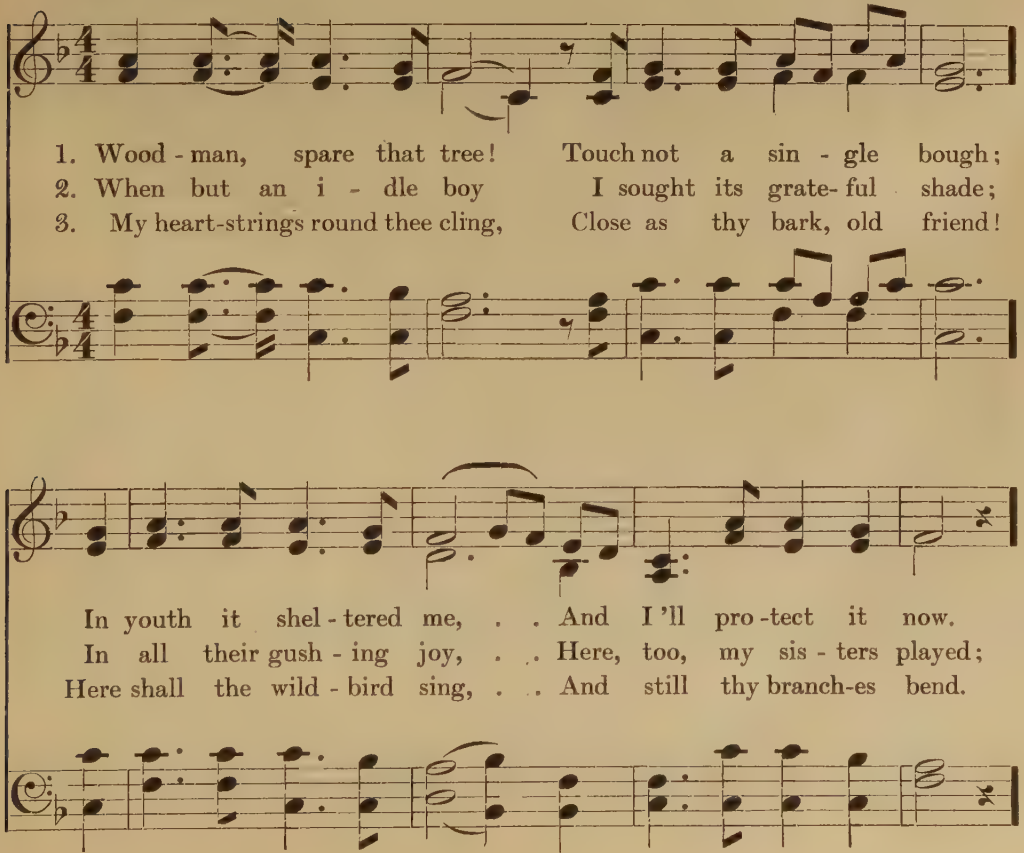
SAMUEL F. SMITH HENRY CAREY

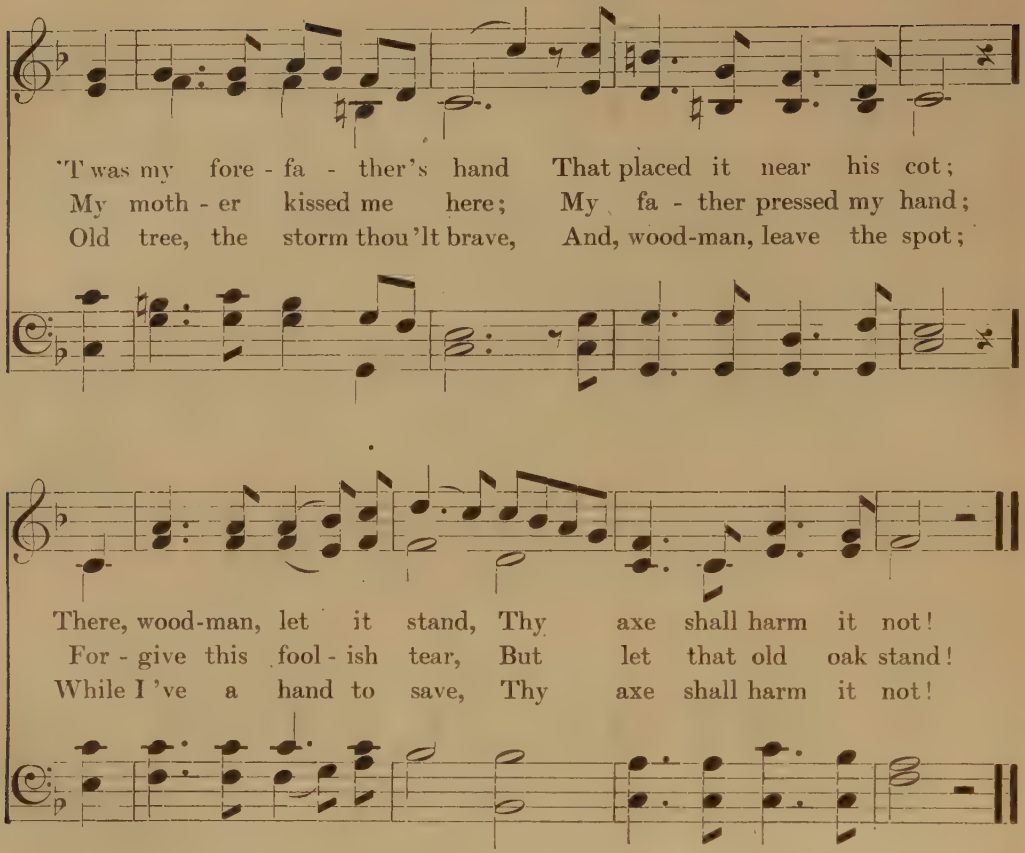

1. Joy for the stur - dy trees; Fanned by each fra - grant breeze,
2. Plant them by stream and way, Plant them where chil - dren play,
3. Se - lect the strong, the fair; Plant them with ear - nest care —
4. God will his bless - ing send; All things on Him de - pend —
Love - ly they stand. The song birds o'er them trill; They shade each
And toil - ers rest; In ev - 'ry ver - dant vale, On ev - 'ry
No toil is vain; Plant in a fit - ter place, Where, like a
His lov - ing care Clings to each leaf and flower, Like i - vy


tink - ling rill; They crown each swell - ing hill, Low - ly or grand.
sun - ny swale; Wheth-er to grow or fail God know - eth best.
love - ly face Set in some sweet - er grace, Change may prove gain.
to the tower—His pres - ence and His power Are ev - 'ry - where.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

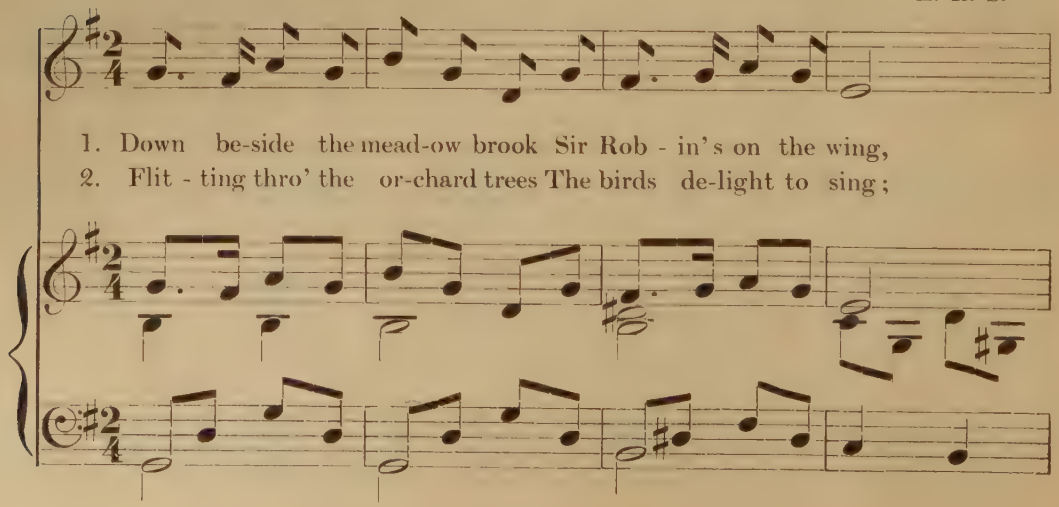
George P. Morris — Henry Russell

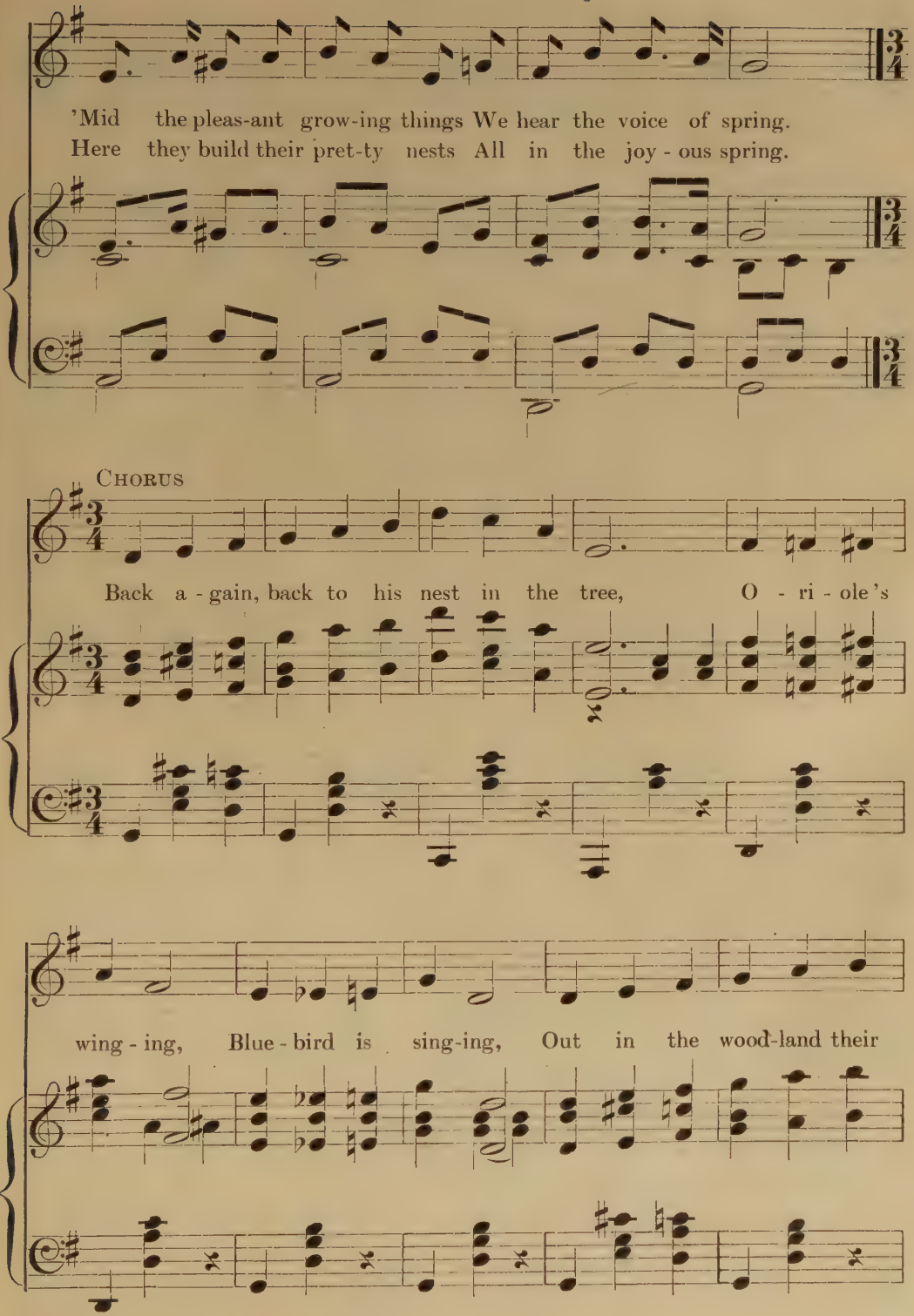

1. Wood - man, spare that tree! Touch not a sin - gle bough;
2. When but an i - dle boy I sought its grate- ful shade;
3. My heart-strings round thee cling, Close as thy bark, old friend!
In youth it shel - tered me, . . And I 'll pro - tect it now.
In all their gush - ing joy, . . Here, too, my sis - ters played;
Here shall the wild - bird sing, . . And still thy branch-es bend.

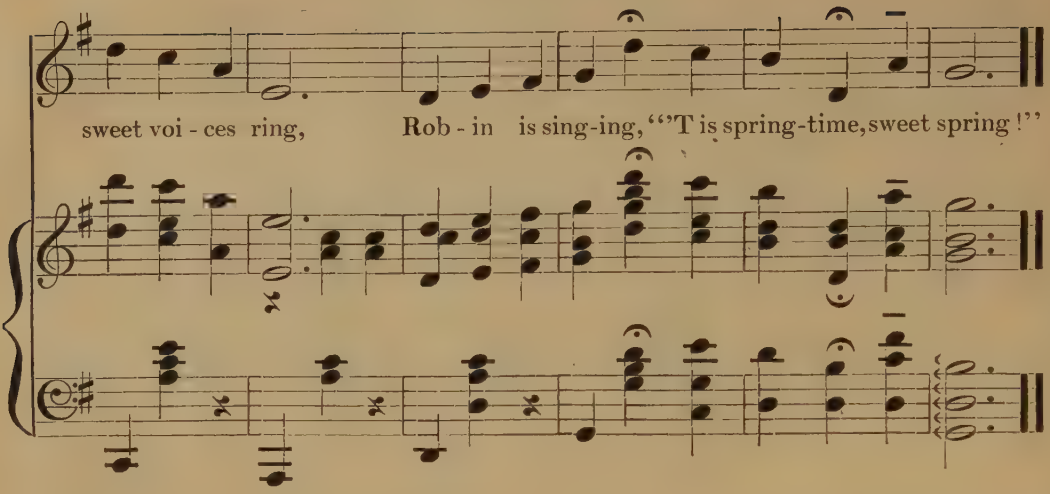

'T was my fore - fa - ther's hand That placed it near his cot;
My moth - er kissed me here; My fa - ther pressed my hand;
Old tree, the storm thou'lt brave, And, wood-man, leave the spot;
There, wood-man, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!
For - give this fool - ish tear, But let that old oak stand!
While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not!

SPRING SONG

L. Rountree Smith L. R. S.



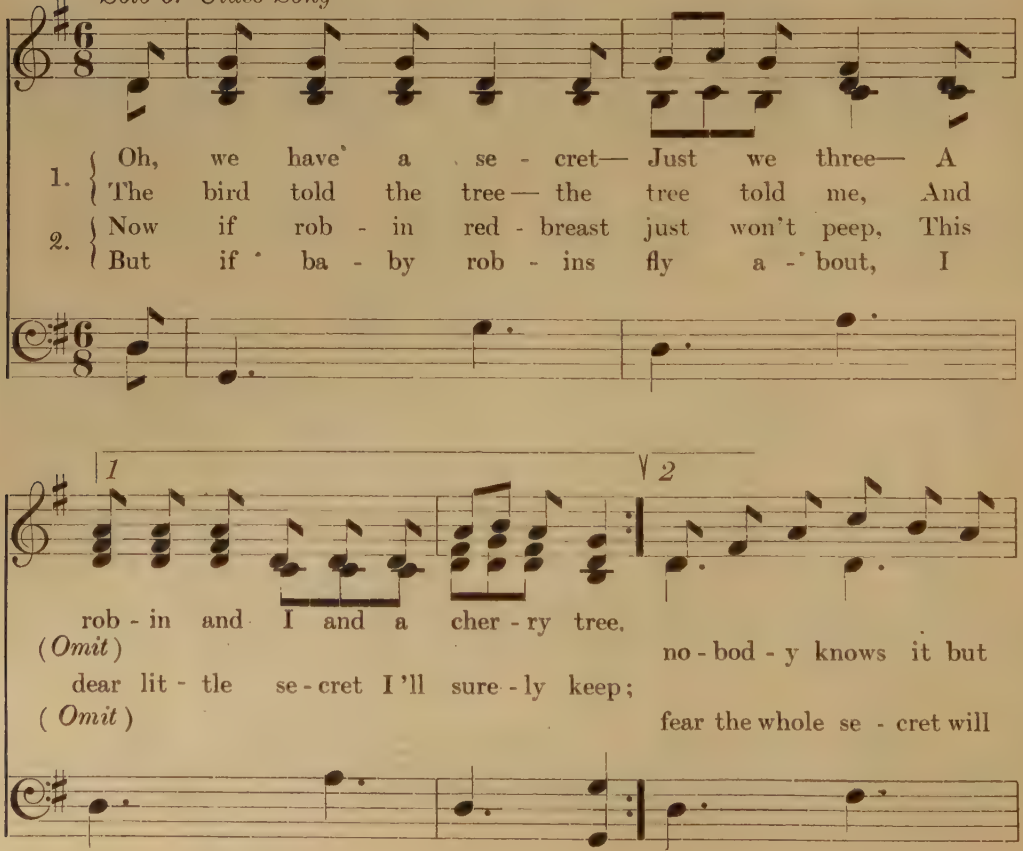

'Mid the pleas-ant grow-ing things We hear the voice of spring.
Here they build their pret-ty nests All in the joy - ous spring.
CHORUS
Back a - gain, back to his nest in the tree, O - ri - ole's
wing - ing, Blue - bird is sing-ing, Out in the wood-land their

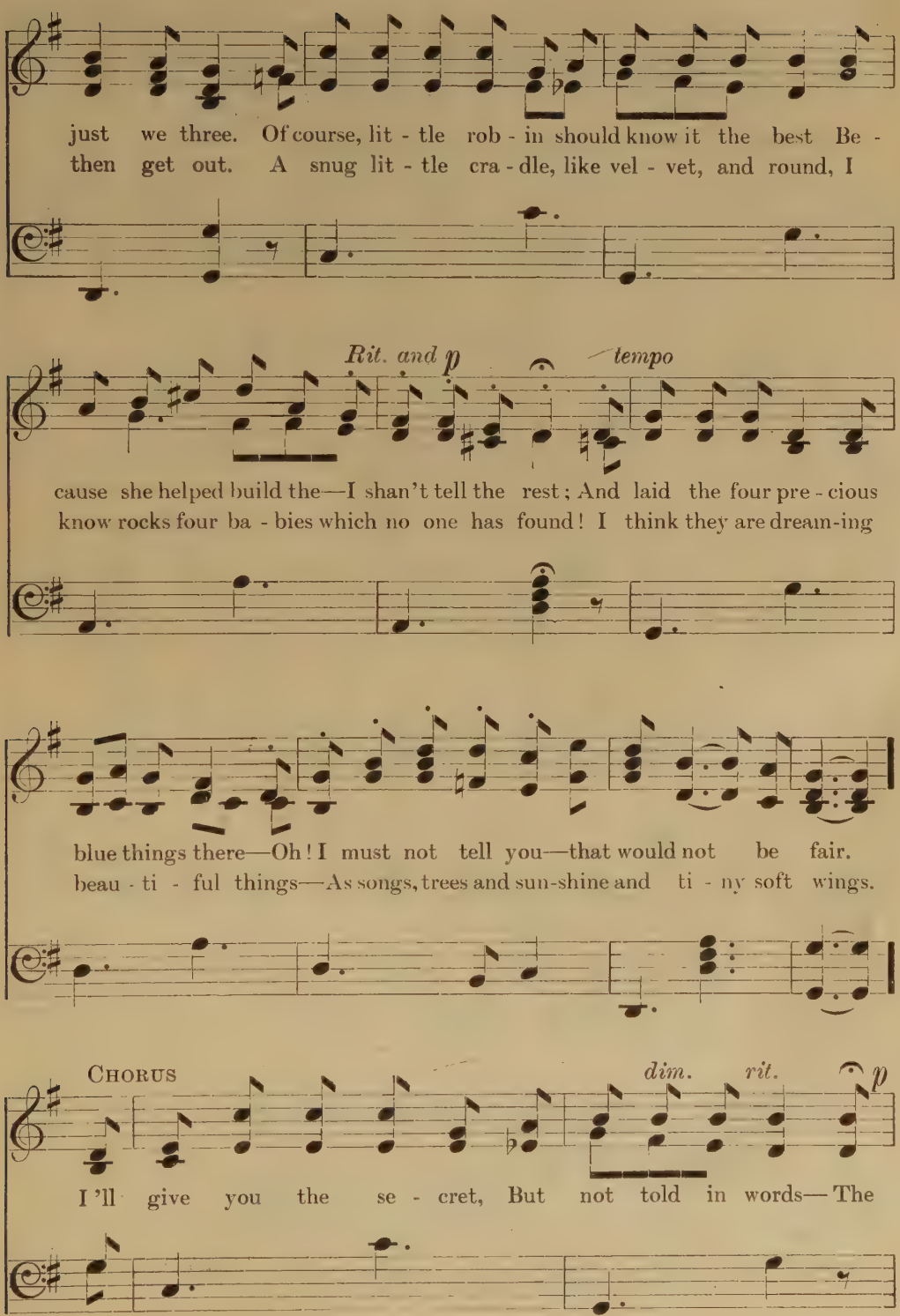


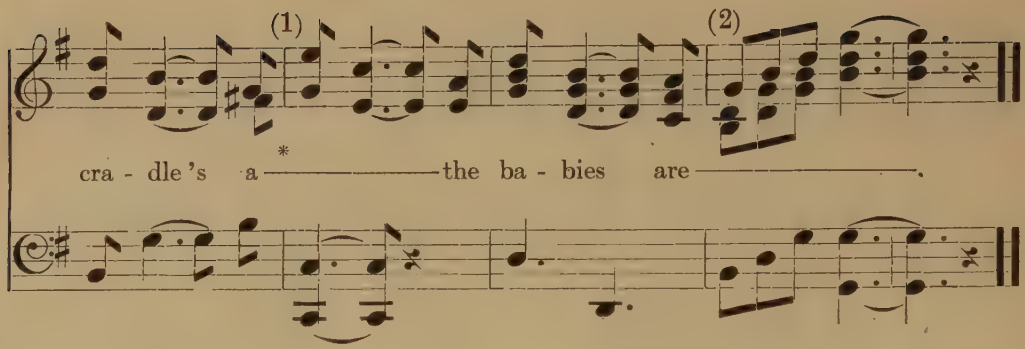
THE ROBIN'S SECRET

T. B. Weaver

Solo or Class Song

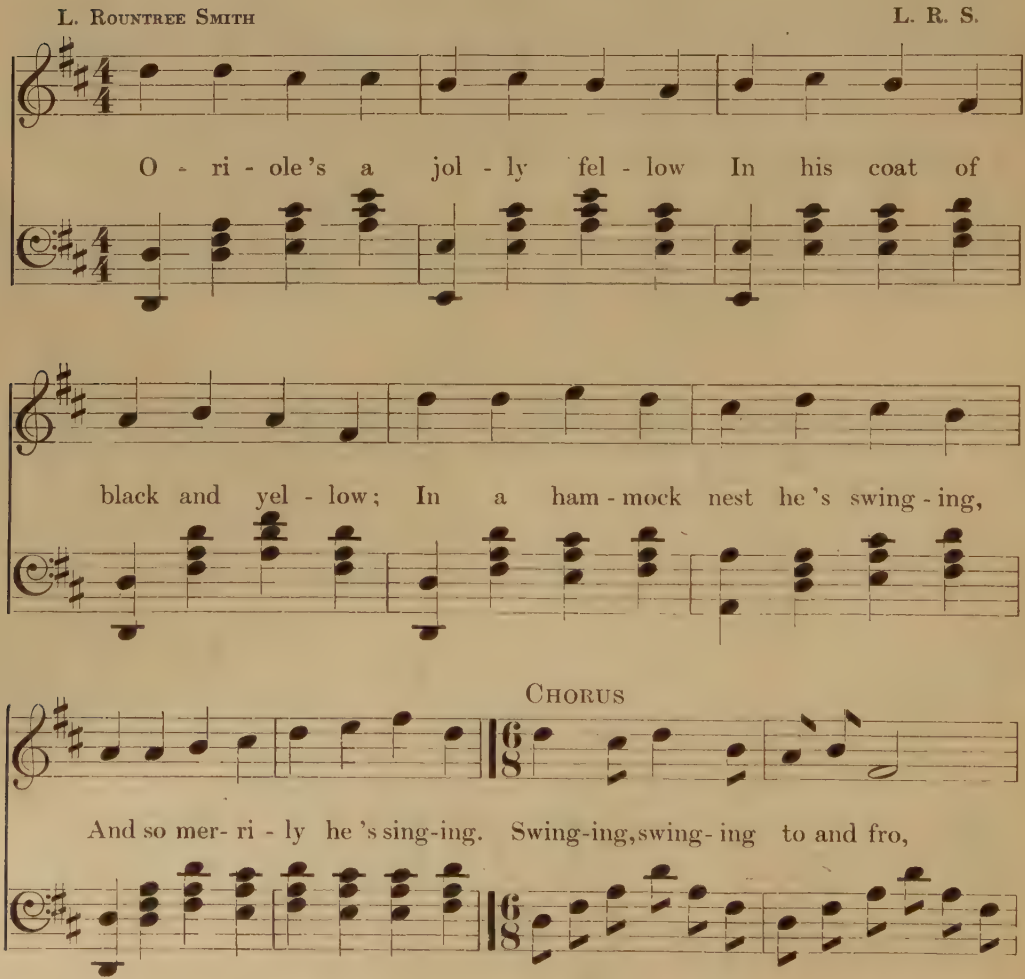

1. Oh, we have a se - cret— Just we three— A
The bird told the tree— the tree told me, And
2. Now if rob - in red - breast just won't peep, This
But if ba - by rob - ins fly a - bout, I
1
2
rob - in and I and a cher - ry tree.
(Omit)
no - bod - y knows it but
dear lit - tle se - cret I'll sure - ly keep;
(Omit)
fear the whole se - cret will


just we three. Of course, lit - tle rob - in should know it the best Be -
then get out. A snug lit - tle cra - dle, like vel - vet, and round, I
Rit. and p
tempo
cause she helped build the—I shan't tell the rest; And laid the four pre - cious
know rocks four ba - bies which no one has found! I think they are dream-ing
blue things there—Oh! I must not tell you—that would not be fair.
beau - ti - ful things—As songs, trees and sun-shine and ti - ny soft wings.
CHORUS
dim.
rit.
p
I 'll give you the se - cret, But not told in words—The

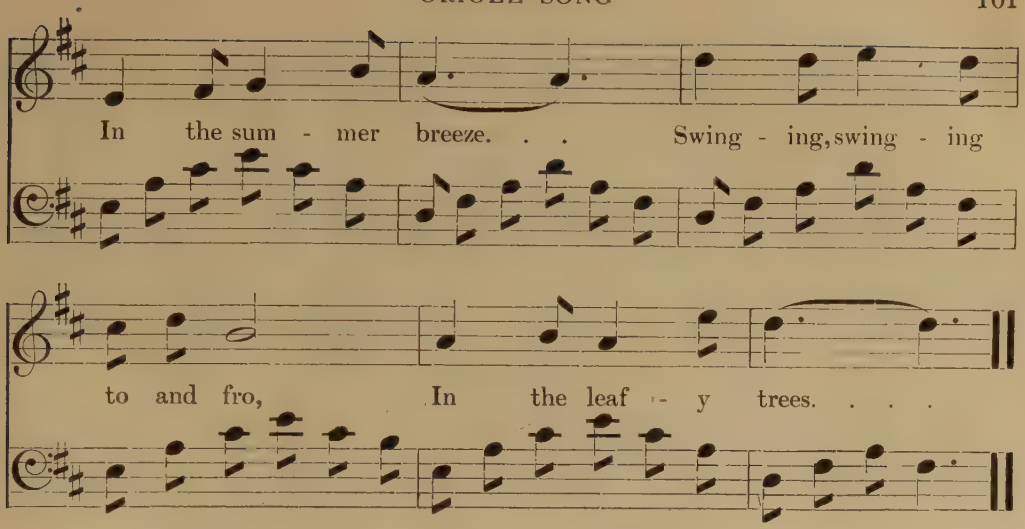


ORIOLE SONG

L. Rountree Smith L. R. S.

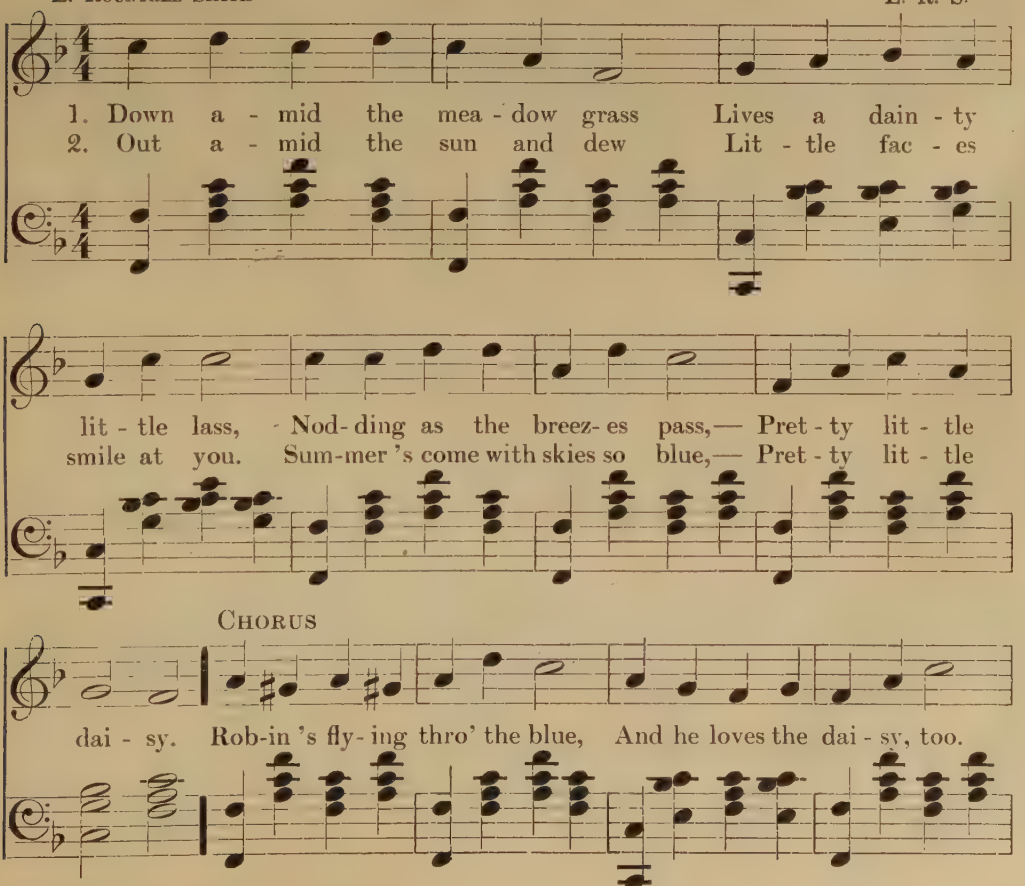

O - ri - ole's a jol - ly fel - low In his coat of
black and yel - low; In a ham - mock nest he's swing - ing,
Chorus
And so mer- ri - ly he's sing-ing. Swing-ing, swing- ing to and fro,

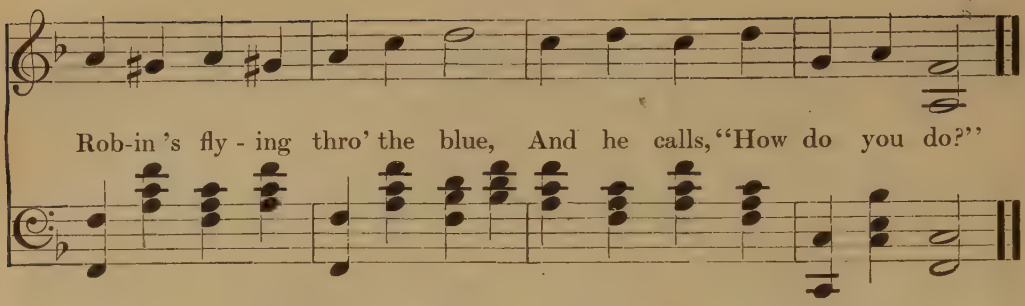
* Note: At No. 1 imitate with hands a bird's nest. At No. 2 imitate with hands the flying of birds — in each instance while the music continues as indicated.



THE DAISY

L. Rountree Smith L. R. S.

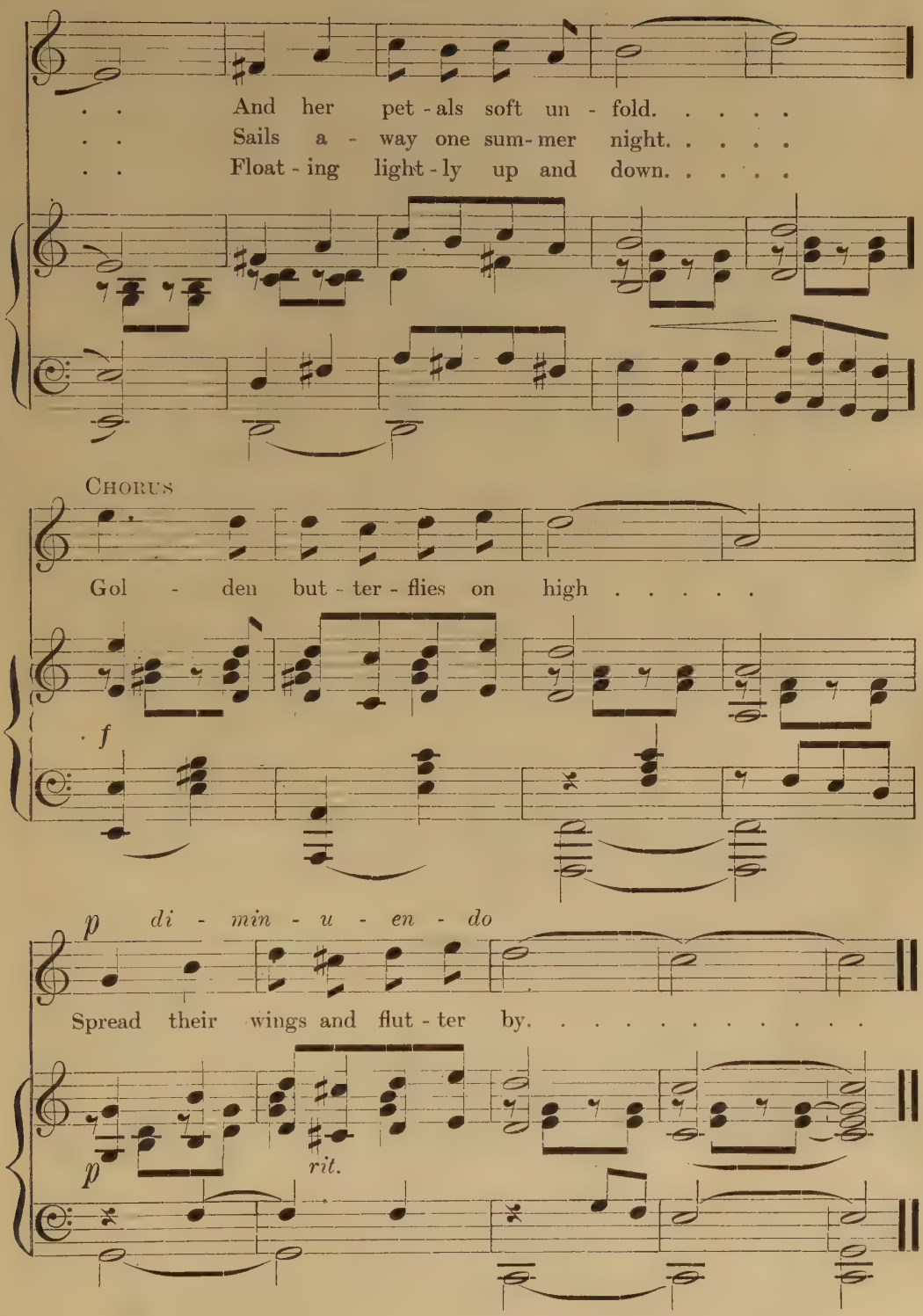

1. Down a - mid the mea - dow grass Lives a dain - ty
2. Out a - mid the sun and dew Lit - tle fac - es
lit - tle lass, Nod - ding as the breez - es pass,— Pret - ty lit - tle
smile at you. Sum - mer 's come with skies so blue,— Pret - ty lit - tle
Chorus
dai - sy. Rob-in 's fly - ing thro' the blue, And he loves the dai - sy, too.



THE DANDELION

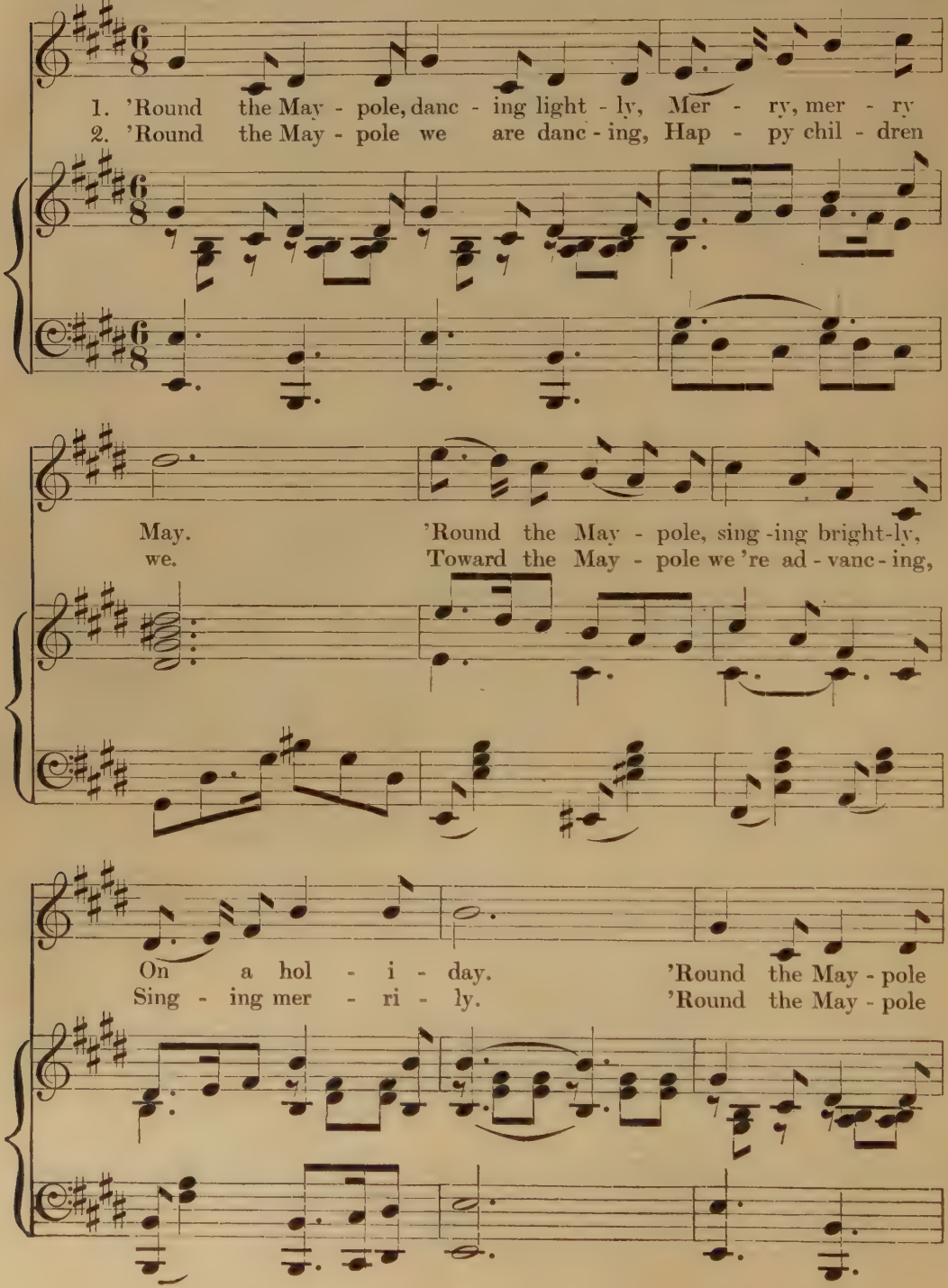
L. Rountree Smith — Arthur Schuckai

1. Grow - ing 'mid the grass to - day Lives a dan - de -
2. Trip - ping light - ly to and fro, While the mer - ry
3. Sail - ing, sail - ing toward the sky, We can catch her
li - on gay; See her lit - tle heart of gold, . .
breez - es blow, Dan - de - lion in gown of white, . .
if we try; In her air - y, fair - y gown, . .


. . And her pet - als soft un - fold. . . . .
. . Sails a - way one sum - mer night. . . . .
. . Float - ing light - ly up and down. . . . .
Chorus
Gol - den but - ter - flies on high . . . . .
f
p di - min - u - en - do
Spread their wings and flut - ter by. . . . . .
p
rit.

MAYPOLE DANCE

L. Rountree Smith — Arthur Schuckai


1. 'Round the May - pole, danc - ing light - ly, Mer - ry, mer - ry
2. 'Round the May - pole we are danc - ing, Hap - py chil - dren
May. 'Round the May - pole, sing - ing bright - ly,
we. Toward the May - pole we 're ad - vanc - ing,
On a hol - i - day. 'Round the May - pole
Sing - ing mer - ri - ly. 'Round the May - pole

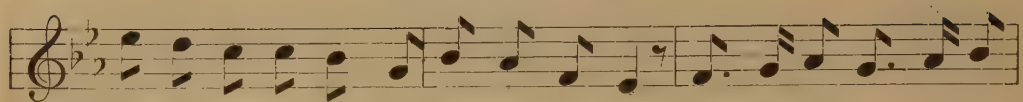
we are go - ing, Skip - ping all the way.
we are sing - ing, With our col - ors gay.
Slowly
a tempo
fz
See the stream - ers gay - ly float - ing In the mer-ry May.
Hear our hap - py voi - ces ring - ing In the mer-ry May.
fz
ff

MAYPOLE SONG

L. Rountree Smith L. R. S.

1. May-time is com-ing, oh, beau-ti - ful May! So, 'round the May-pole we 'll
2. May-time is com-ing, oh, beau-ti - ful May! And all the glad month we 'll

dance and we 'll play; We are light-hearted, we dance and we sing, "Hur-
sing and we 'll play. So then 'round the May-pole a-danc-ing we go, And



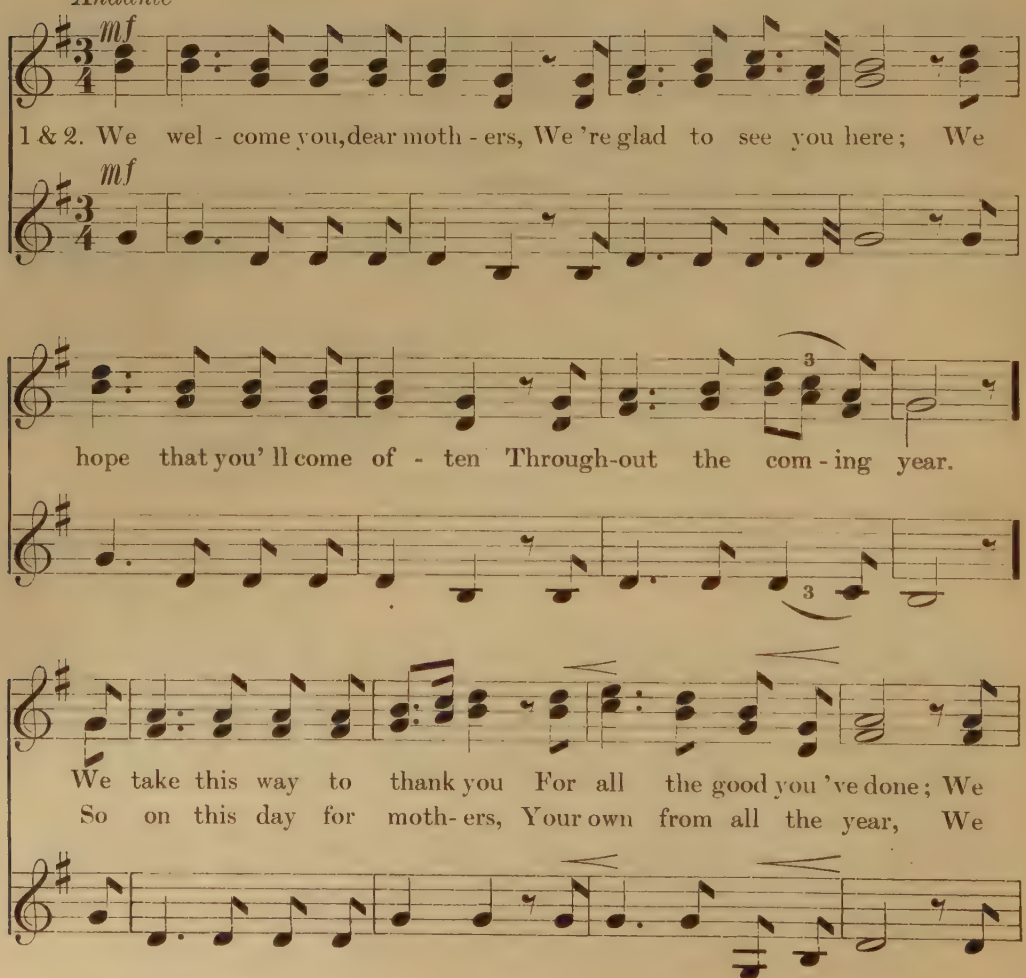
rah for the May-time and wel-come sweet spring." Maytime is com - ing, oh,
we 'll choose the May Queen and crown her, you know. Maytime is com - ing, oh,

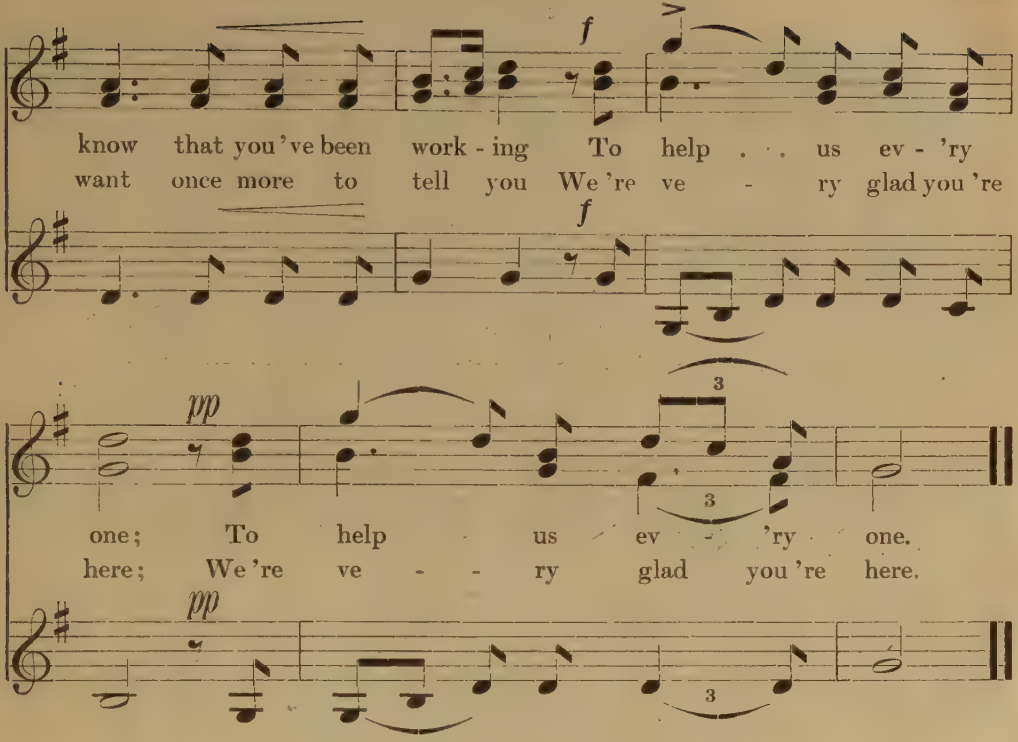
beau - ti - ful May! So 'round the May-pole we 'll dance and we 'll play.

WELCOME, MOTHERS

PEARL HOLLOWAY FRANZ SCHUBERT

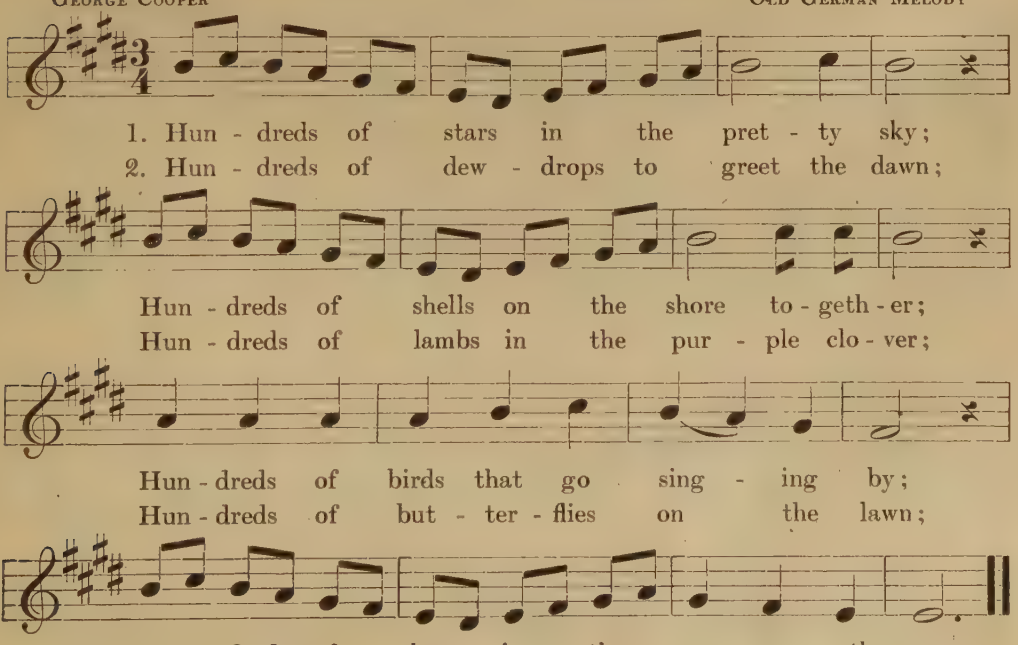
Andante


mf
1 & 2. We wel - come you, dear moth - ers, We 're glad to see you here; We
mf
hope that you' ll come of - ten Through-out the com - ing year.
We take this way to thank you For all the good you 've done; We
So on this day for moth - ers, Your own from all the year, We


know that you've been work - ing To help . . us ev - 'ry
want once more to tell you We're ve - ry glad you're
one; To help us ev - 'ry one.
here; We're ve - - ry glad you're here.

ONLY ONE MOTHER

GEORGE COOPER OLD GERMAN MELODY

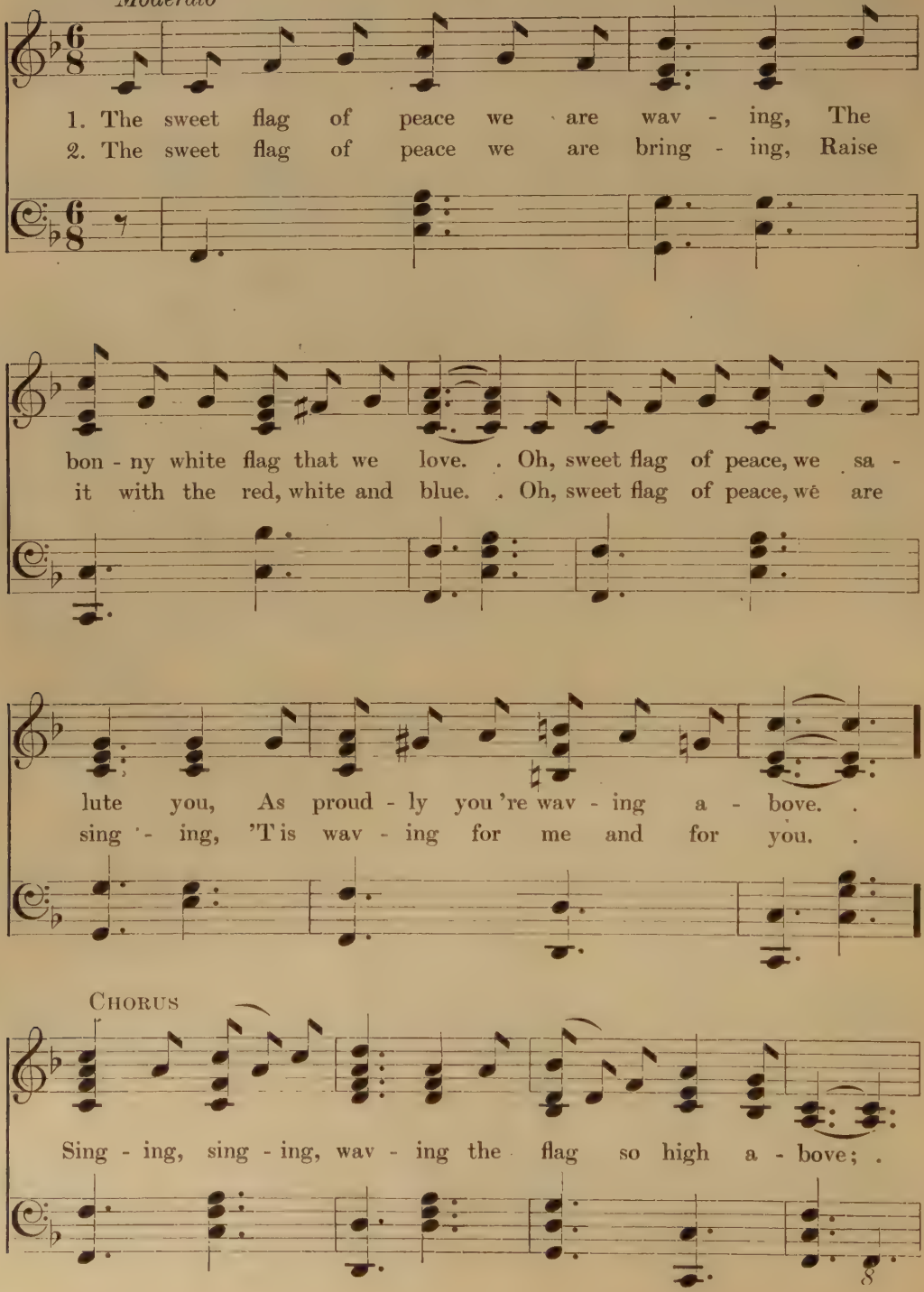

1. Hun - dreds of stars in the pret - ty sky;
2. Hun - dreds of dew - drops to greet the dawn;
Hun - dreds of shells on the shore to - geth - er;
Hun - dreds of lambs in the pur - ple clo - ver;
Hun - dreds of birds that go sing - ing by;
Hun - dreds of but - ter - flies on the lawn;
Hun - dreds of bees in the sun - ny weath - er.
But on - ly one moth - er the wide world over.

SWEET FLAG OF PEACE

L. Rountree Smith

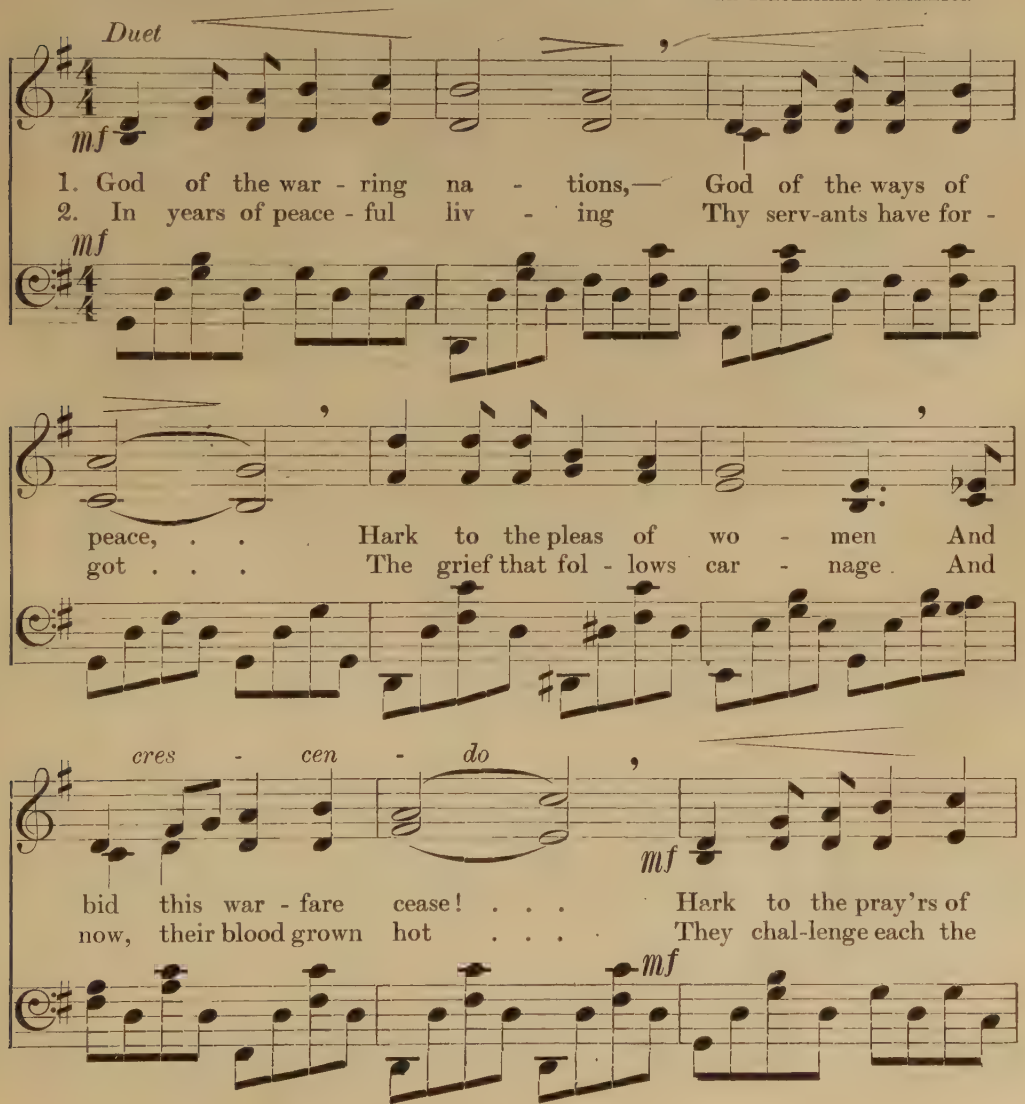
Clarence L. Riege

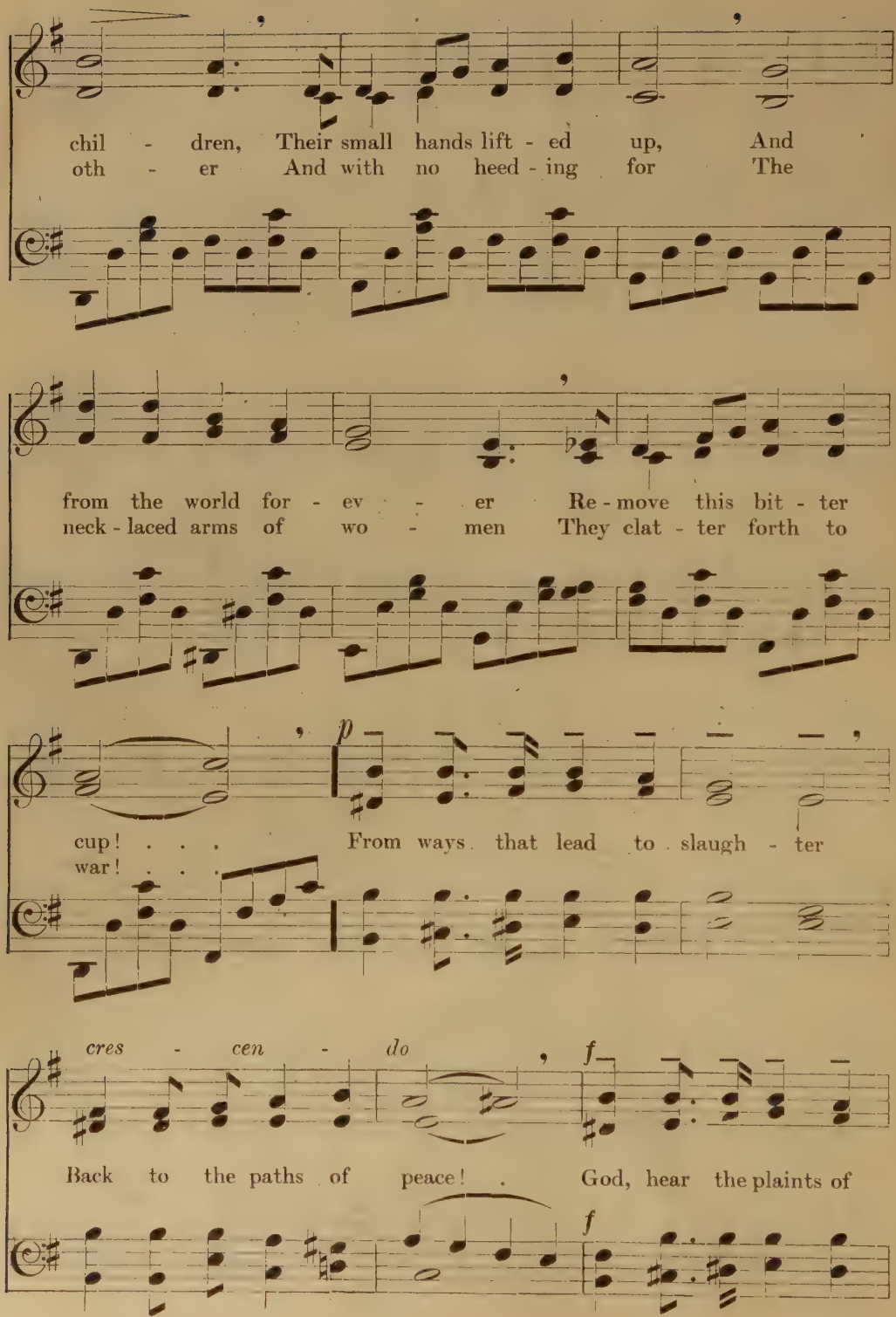
Moderato


1. The sweet flag of peace we are wav - ing, The
2. The sweet flag of peace we are bring - ing, Raise
bon - ny white flag that we love. . Oh, sweet flag of peace, we sa -
it with the red, white and blue. . Oh, sweet flag of peace, we are
lute you, As proud - ly you 're wav - ing a - bove. .
sing - ing, 'T is wav - ing for me and for you. .
Chorus
Sing - ing, sing - ing, wav - ing the flag so high a - bove; .

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

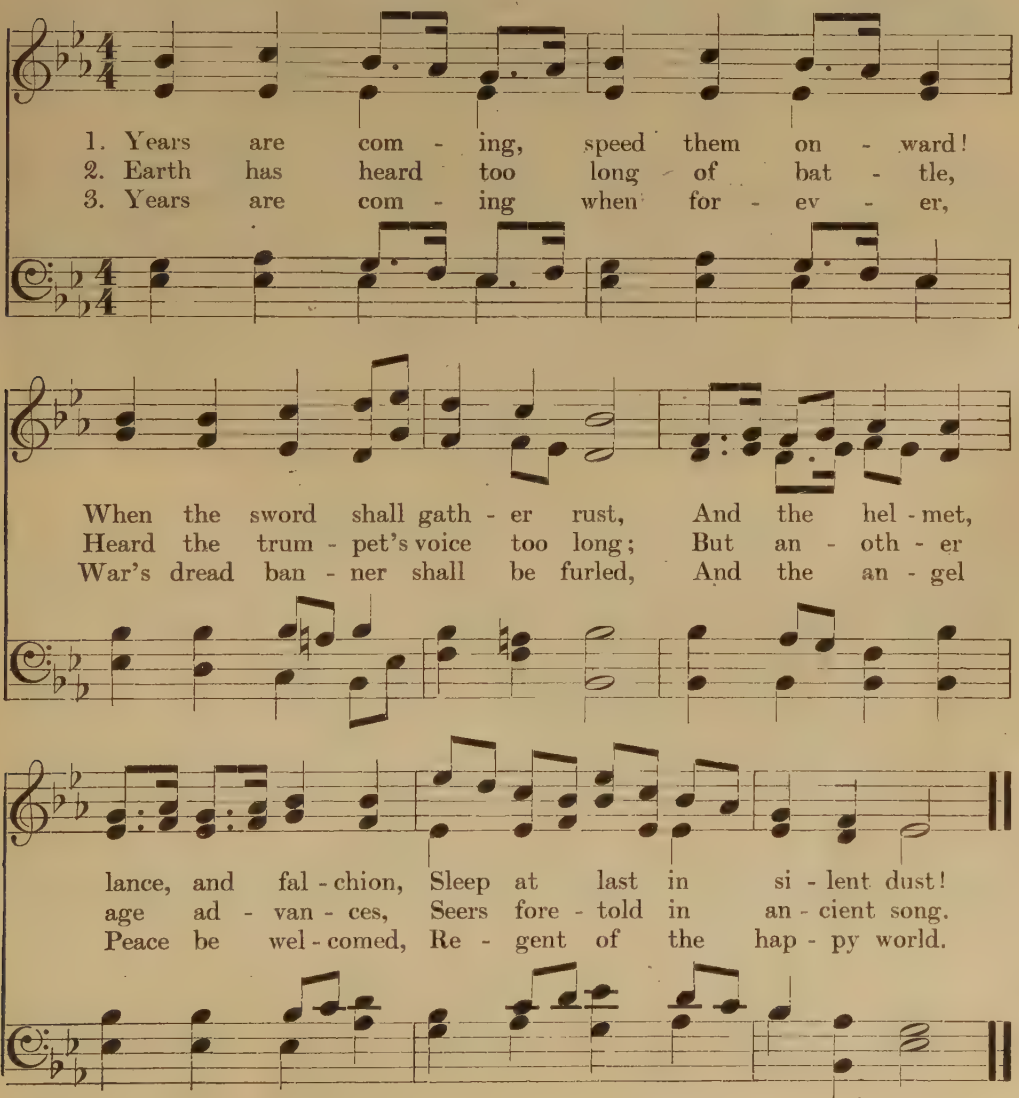
JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS ANNA HEUERMANN HAMILTON


Duet
mf
1. God of the war - ring na - tions,— God of the ways of
2. In years of peace - ful liv - ing Thy serv-ants have for -
mf
peace, . . Hark to the pleas of wo - men And
got . . . The grief that fol - lows car - nage And
cres - cen - do
mf
bid this war - fare cease! . . . Hark to the pray'rs of
now, their blood grown hot . . . They chal-lenge each the
mf


chil - dren, Their small hands lift - ed up, And
oth - er And with no heed - ing for The
from the world for - ev - er Re - move this bit - ter
neck - laced arms of wo - men They clat - ter forth to
p
cup! . . . From ways that lead to slaugh - ter
war! . . .
cres - cen - do
f
Back to the paths of peace! . God, hear the plaints of
f

YEARS OF PEACE

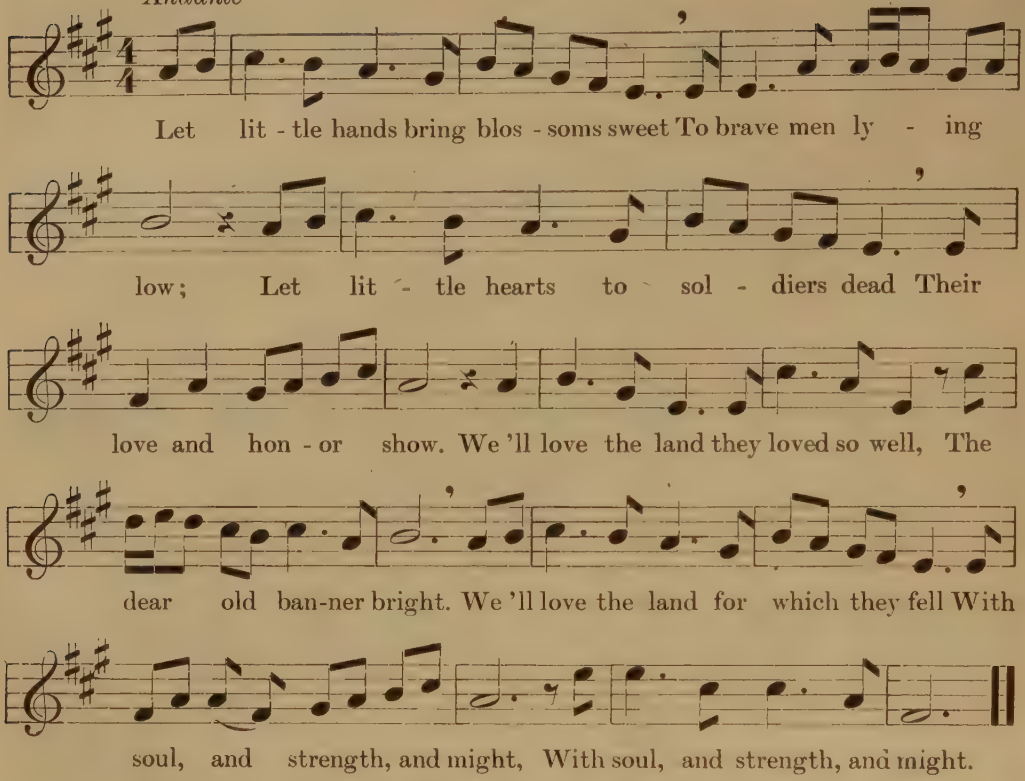
ANON. SICILIAN AIR


1. Years are com - ing, speed them on - ward!
2. Earth has heard too long of bat - tle,
3. Years are com - ing when for - ev - er,
When the sword shall gath - er rust, And the hel - met,
Heard the trum - pet's voice too long; But an - oth - er
War's dread ban - ner shall be furled, And the an - gel
lance, and fal - chion, Sleep at last in si - lent dust!
age ad - van - ces, Seers fore - told in an - cient song.
Peace be wel - comed, Re - gent of the hap - py world.

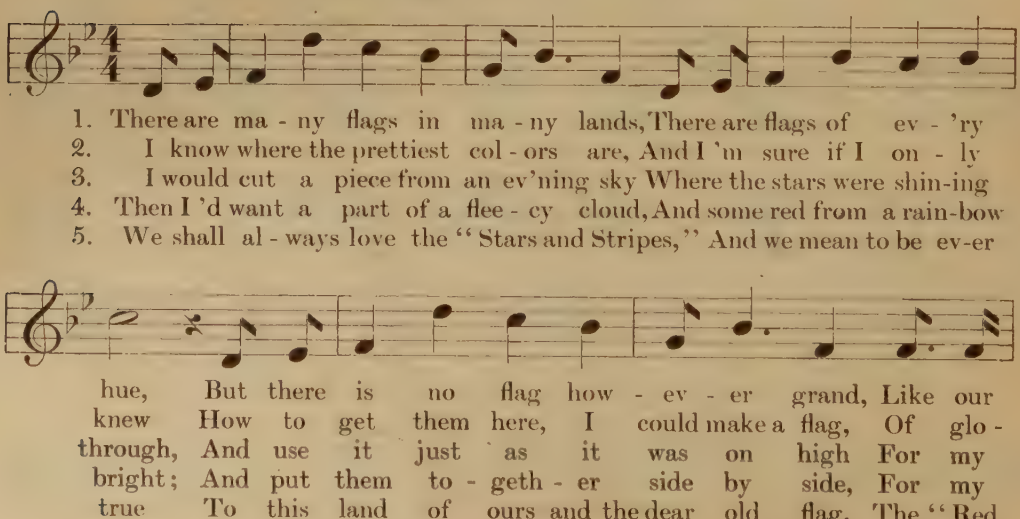
MEMORIAL DAY

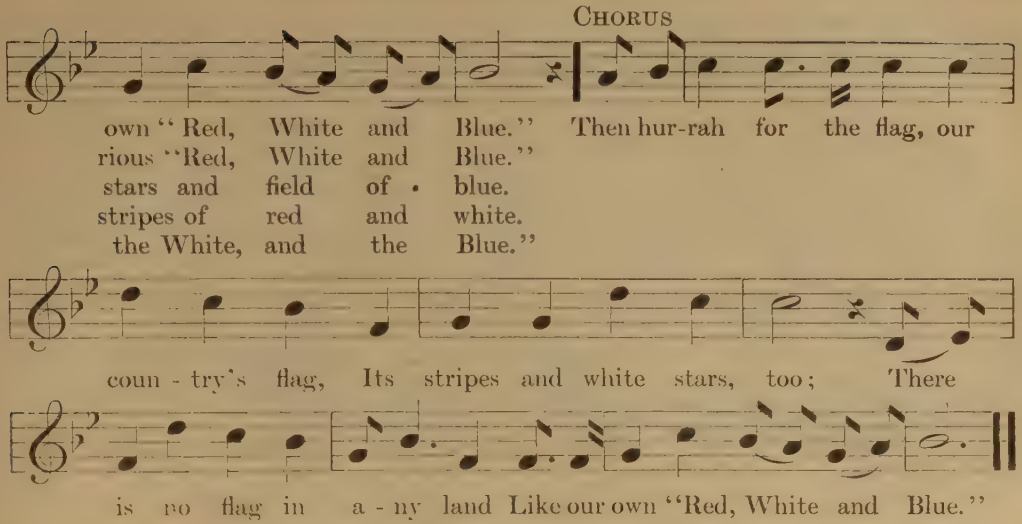
L. M. KNEIL — ENGLISH FOLK TUNE

Andante


Let lit - tle hands bring blos - soms sweet To brave men ly - ing
low; Let lit - tle hearts to sol - diers dead Their
love and hon - or show. We 'll love the land they loved so well, The
dear old ban-ner bright. We 'll love the land for which they fell With
soul, and strength, and might, With soul, and strength, and might.

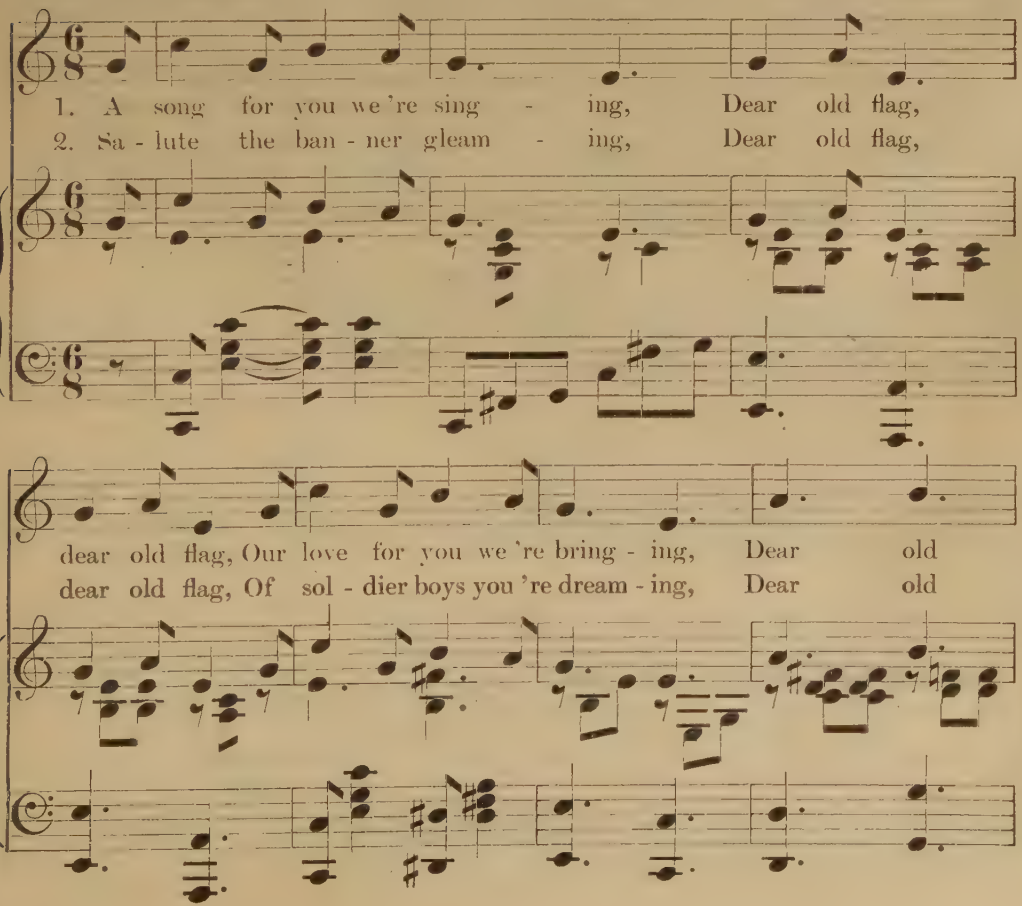
MANY FLAGS IN MANY LANDS

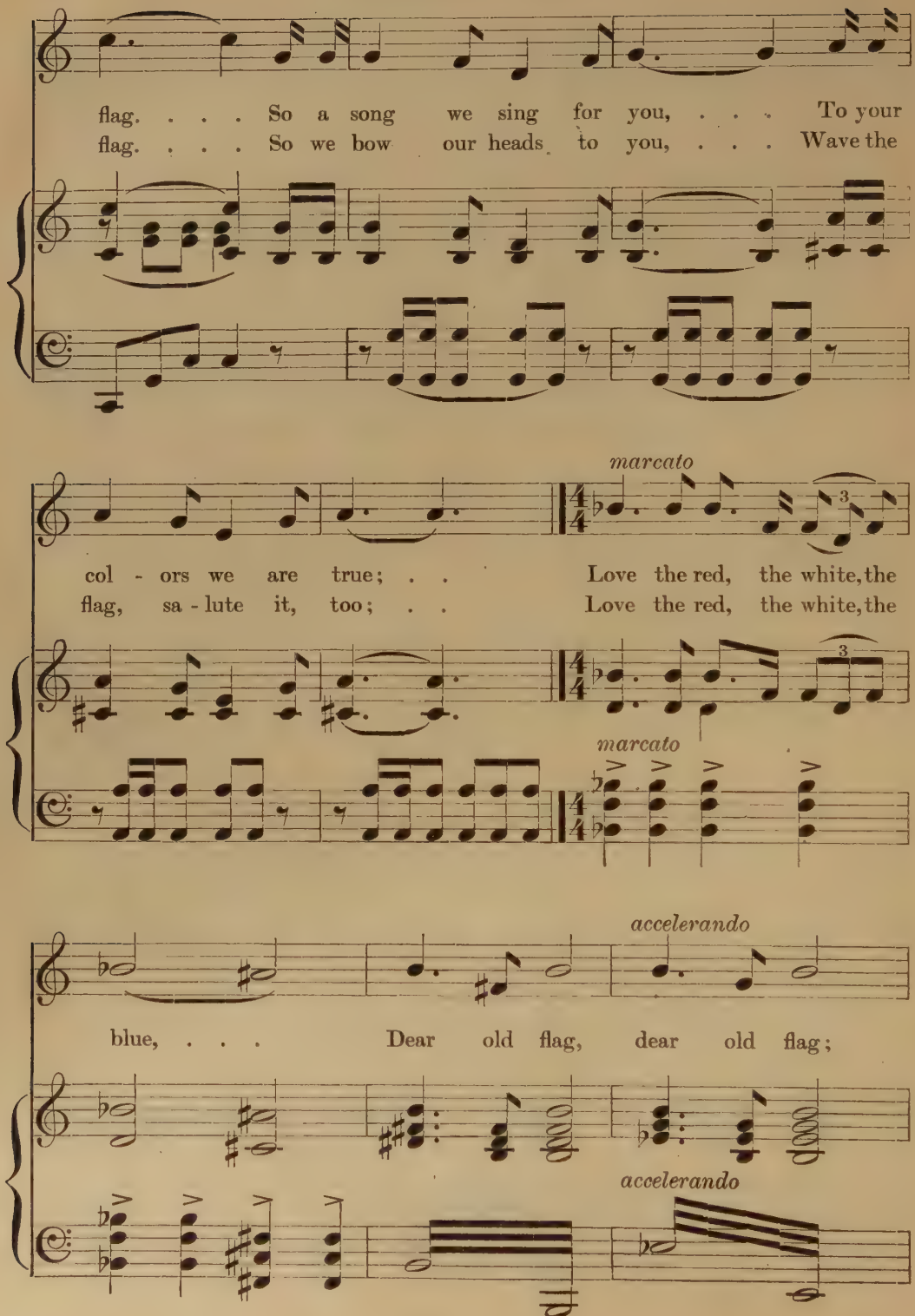

1. There are ma - ny flags in ma - ny lands, There are flags of ev - 'ry
2. I know where the prettiest col - ors are, And I 'm sure if I on - ly
3. I would cut a piece from an ev'ning sky Where the stars were shin-ing
4. Then I 'd want a part of a flee - cy cloud, And some red from a rain-bow
5. We shall al - ways love the "Stars and Stripes," And we mean to be ev-er
hue, But there is no flag how - ev - er grand, Like our
knew How to get them here, I could make a flag, Of glo -
through, And use it just as it was on high For my
bright; And put them to - geth - er side by side, For my
true To this land of ours and the dear old flag, The "Red

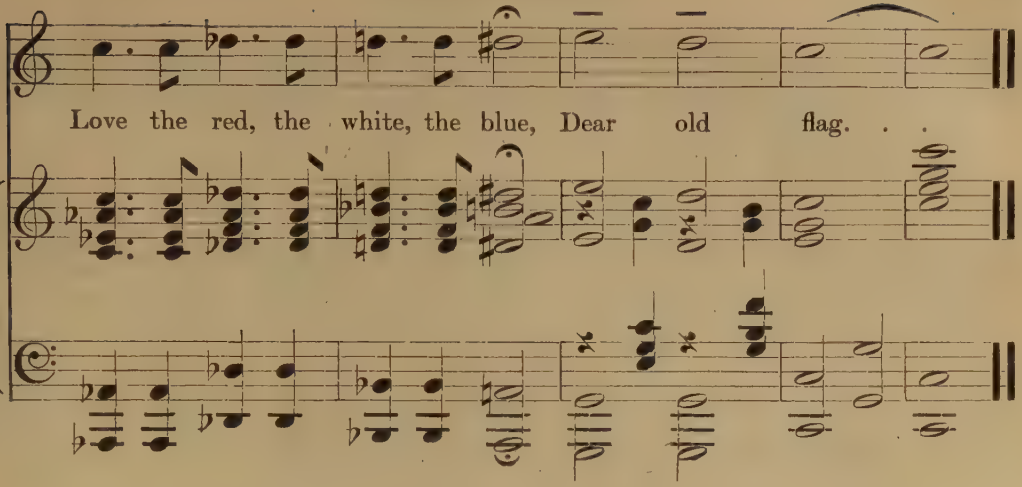

Chorus
own "Red, White and Blue." Then hur-rah for the flag, our
rious "Red, White and Blue."
stars and field of blue.
stripes of red and white.
the White, and the Blue."
coun - try's flag, Its stripes and white stars, too; There
is no flag in a - ny land Like our own "Red, White and Blue."

DEAR OLD FLAG

L. Rountree Smith — Arthur Schuckai

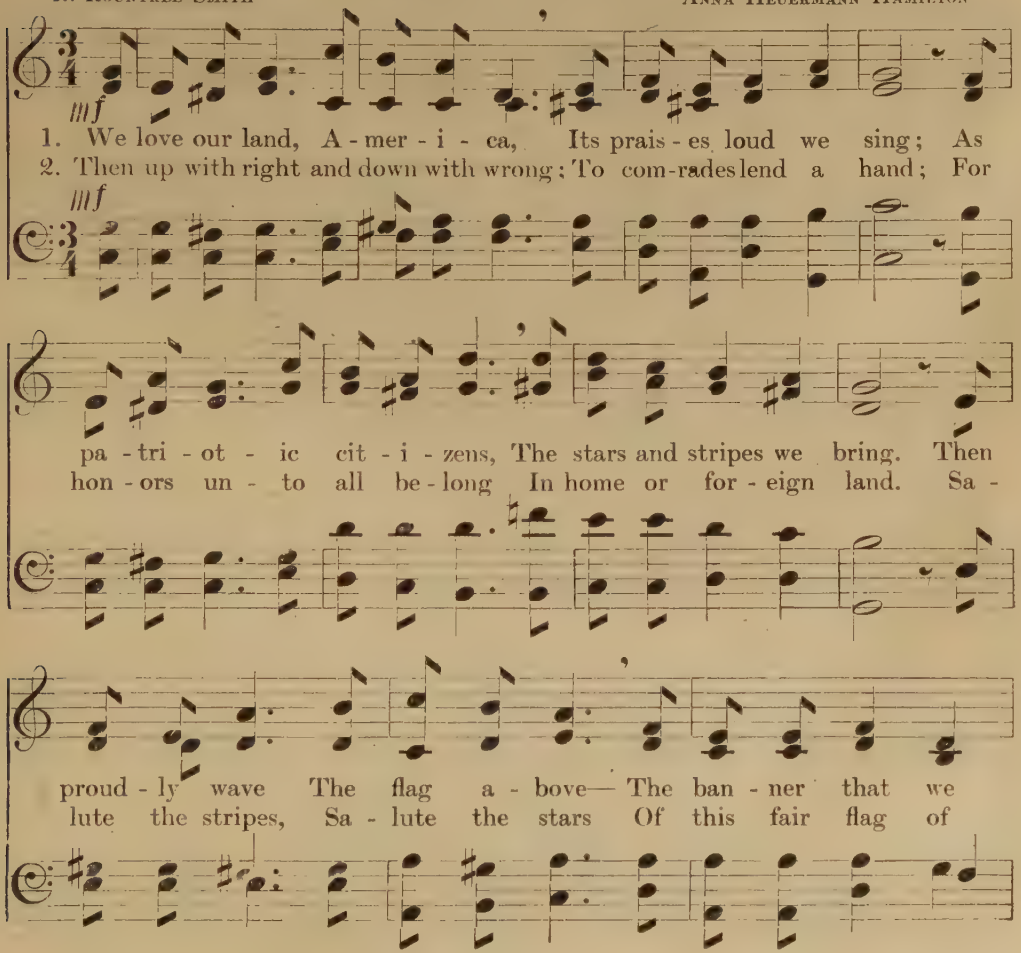

1. A song for you we're sing - ing, Dear old flag,
2. Sa - lute the ban - ner gleam - ing, Dear old flag,
dear old flag, Our love for you we're bring - ing, Dear old
dear old flag, Of sol - dier boys you're dream - ing, Dear old

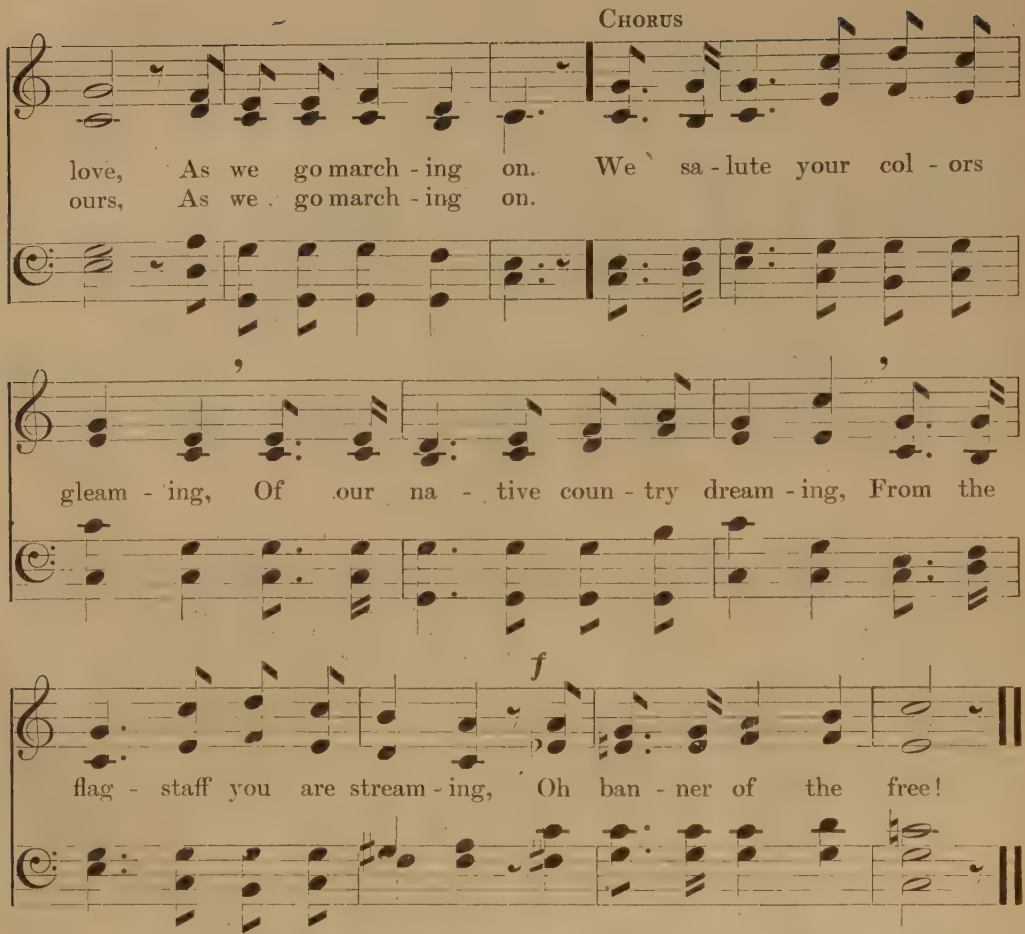

flag. . . . So a song we sing for you, . . . To your
flag. . . . So we bow our heads to you, . . . Wave the
marcato
col - ors we are true; . . Love the red, the white, the
flag, sa - lute it, too; . . Love the red, the white, the
marcato
accelerando
blue, . . . Dear old flag, dear old flag;
accelerando



FLAG SALUTE

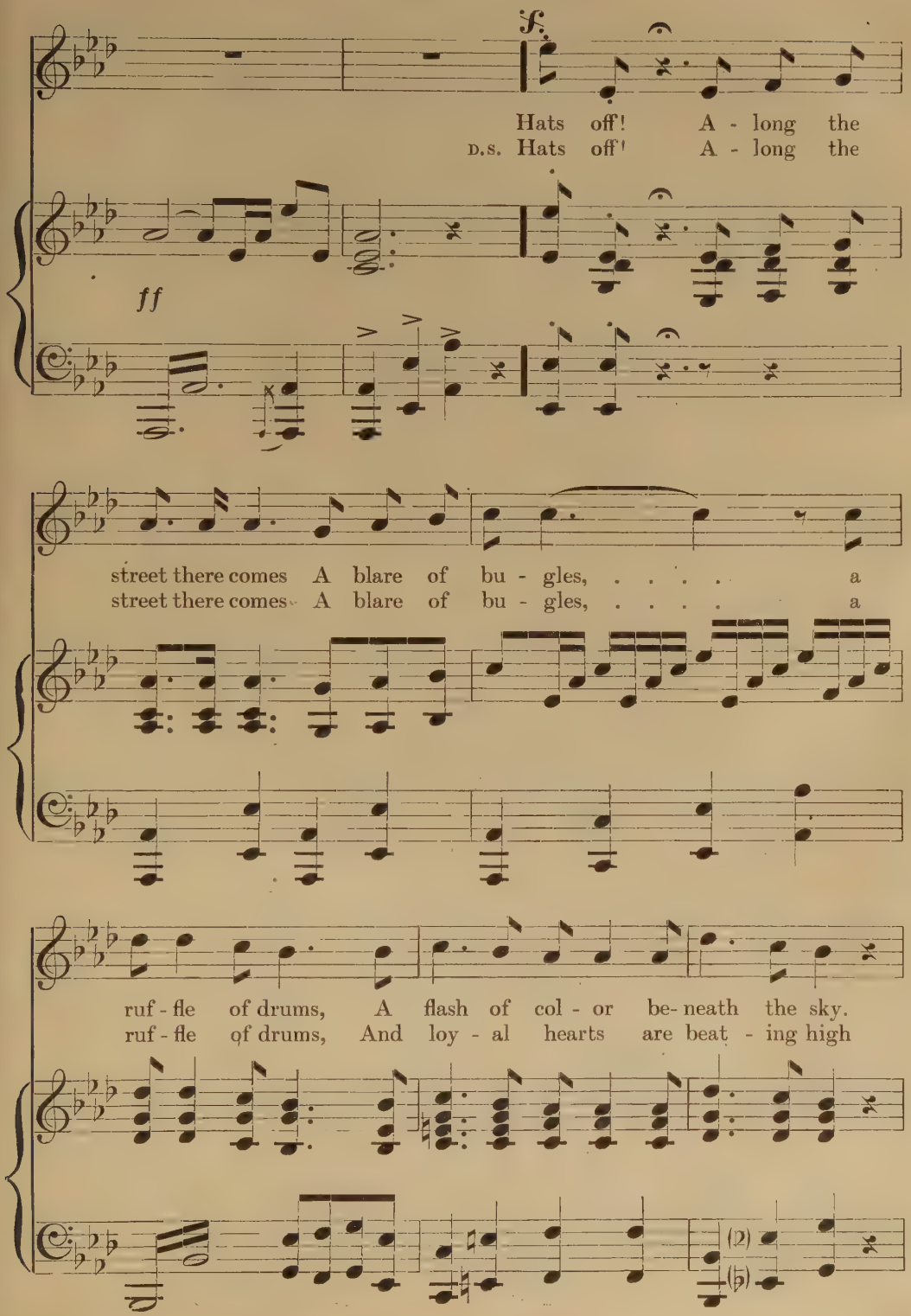
L. Rountree Smith — Anna Heuermann Hamilton

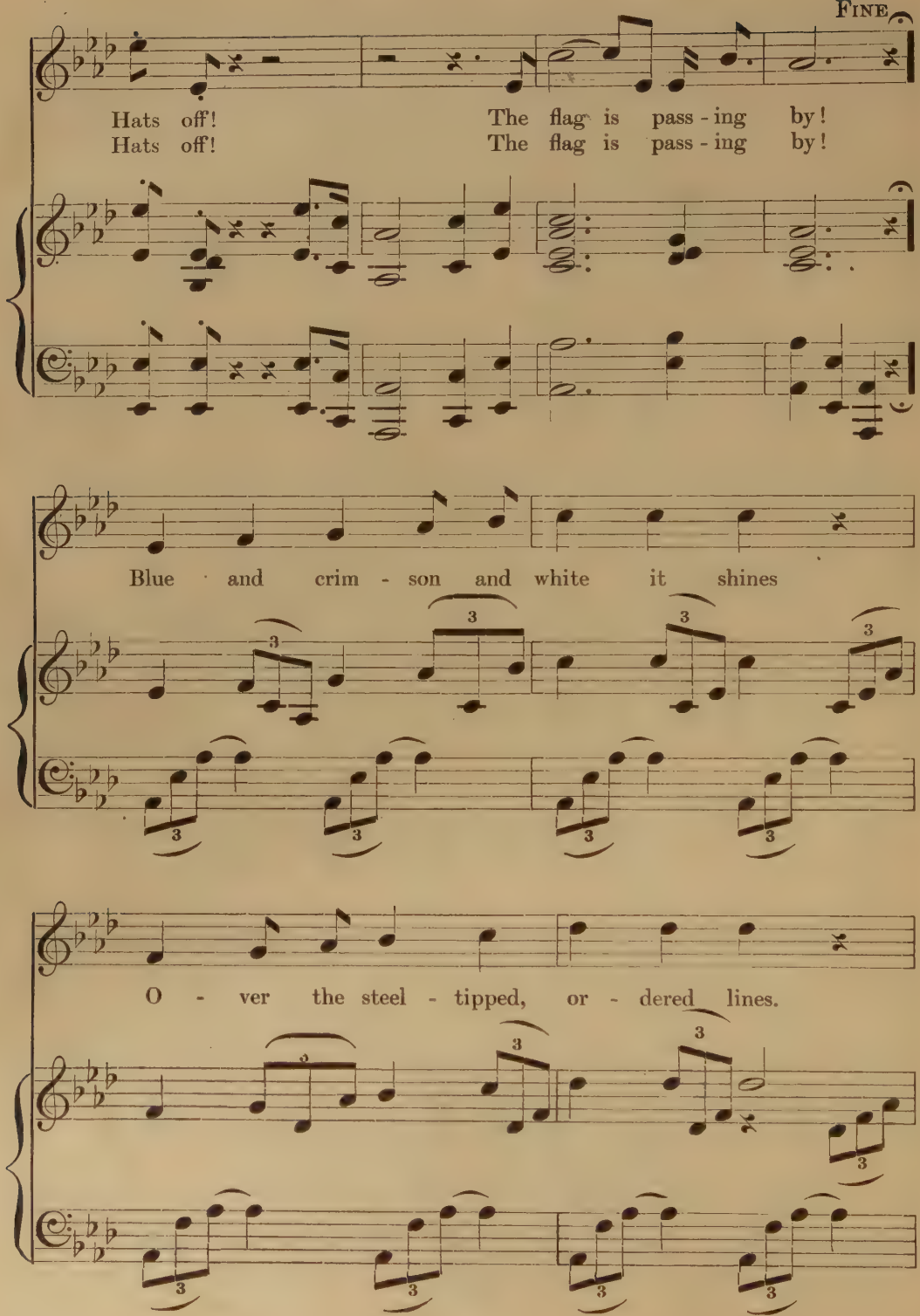

mf
1. We love our land, A - mer - i - ca, Its prais - es loud we sing; As
2. Then up with right and down with wrong; To com-rades lend a hand; For
mf
pa - tri - ot - ic cit - i - zens, The stars and stripes we bring. Then
hon - ors un - to all be - long In home or for - eign land. Sa -
proud - ly wave The flag a - bove— The ban - ner that we
lute the stripes, Sa - lute the stars Of this fair flag of

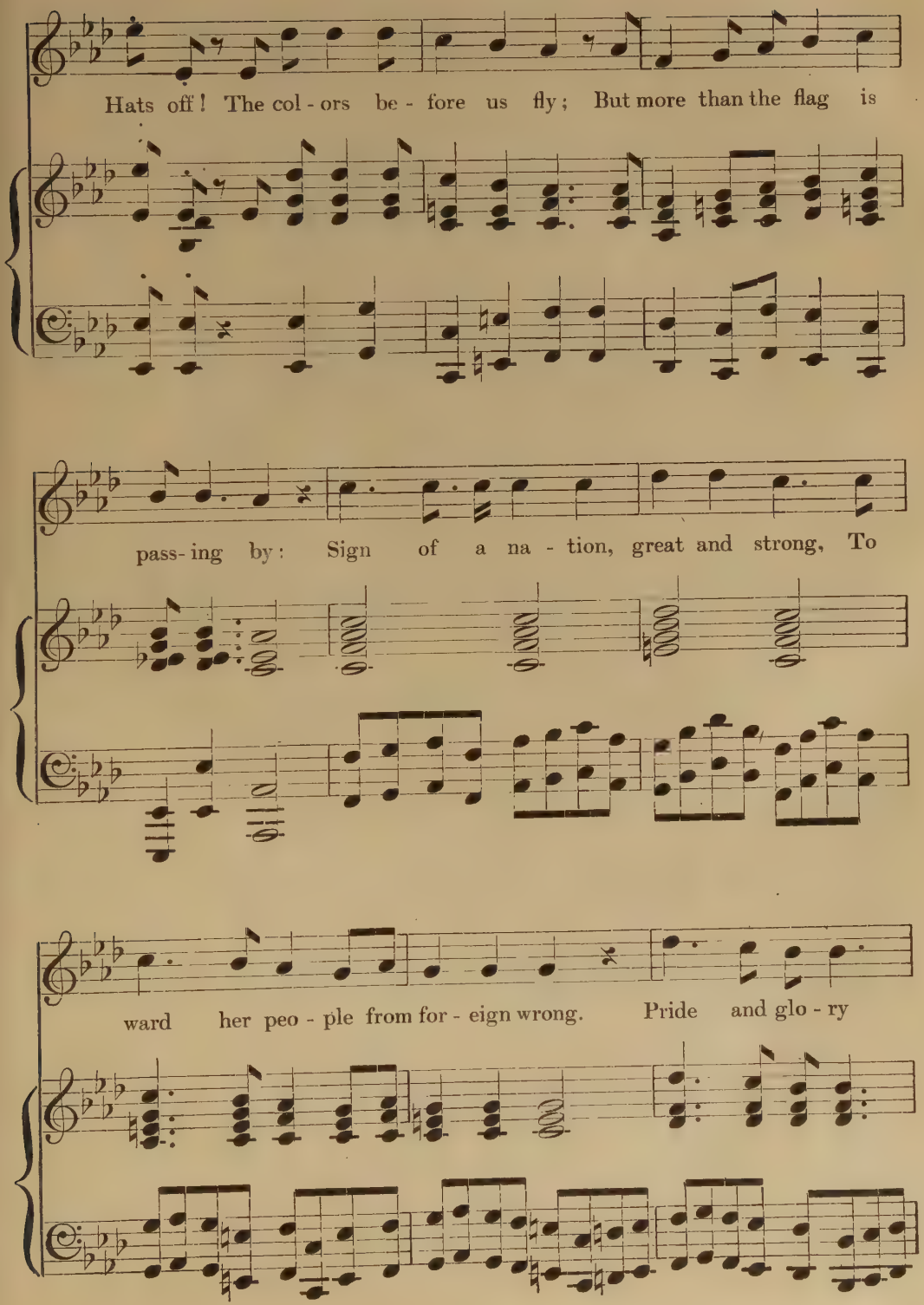

Chorus
love, As we go march - ing on. We sa - lute your col - ors
ours, As we go march - ing on.
gleam - ing, Of our na - tive coun - try dream - ing, From the
f
flag - staff you are stream - ing, Oh ban - ner of the free!

THE FLAG GOES BY

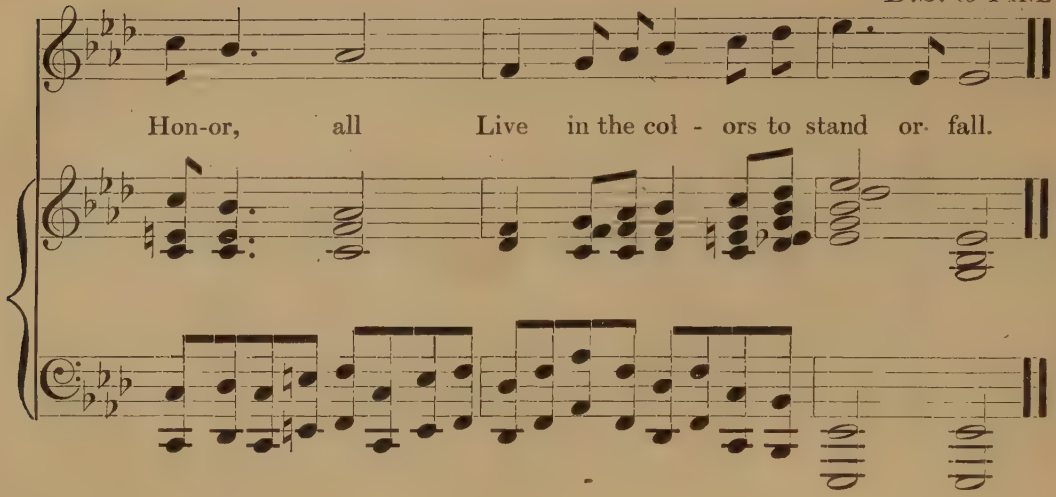
Henry Halcomb Bennett — Clark Leaming


Hats off! A - long the
D.S. Hats off! A - long the
ff
street there comes A blare of bu - gles, ... a
street there comes A blare of bu - gles, ... a
ruf - fle of drums, A flash of col - or be- neath the sky.
ruf - fle of drums, And loy - al hearts are beat - ing high
(2)


FINE
Hats off! The flag is pass - ing by!
Hats off! The flag is pass - ing by!
Blue and crim - son and white it shines
O - ver the steel - tipped, or - dered lines.

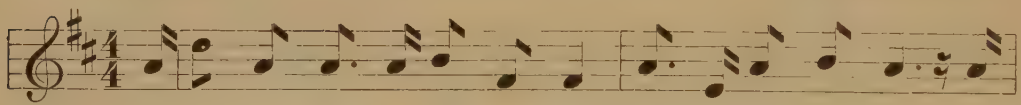

Hats off! The col - ors be - fore us fly; But more than the flag is
pass- ing by: Sign of a na - tion, great and strong, To
ward her peo - ple from for - eign wrong. Pride and glo - ry

D.S. to FINE

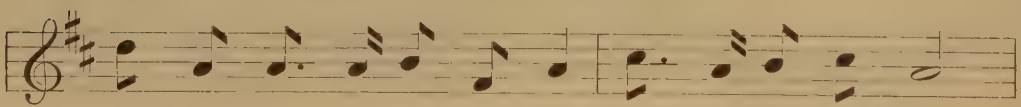


VACATION TIME

L. ROUNTREE SMITH CLARENCE L. RIEGE



1. Va - ca - tion time, Va - ca - tion time, June has come a - gain! Va -
2. Va - ca - tion 's come, Va - ca - tion 's come, Ros - es are a - bloom—Now



ca - tion time, Va - ca - tion time! In the wood - land glen.
school is done, Now school is done—Smell the sweet per - fume.

Sing a song for mer - ry June— All the world is then in tune.
Pret - ty birds up in the tree, Fra-grant flow - ers on the lea—

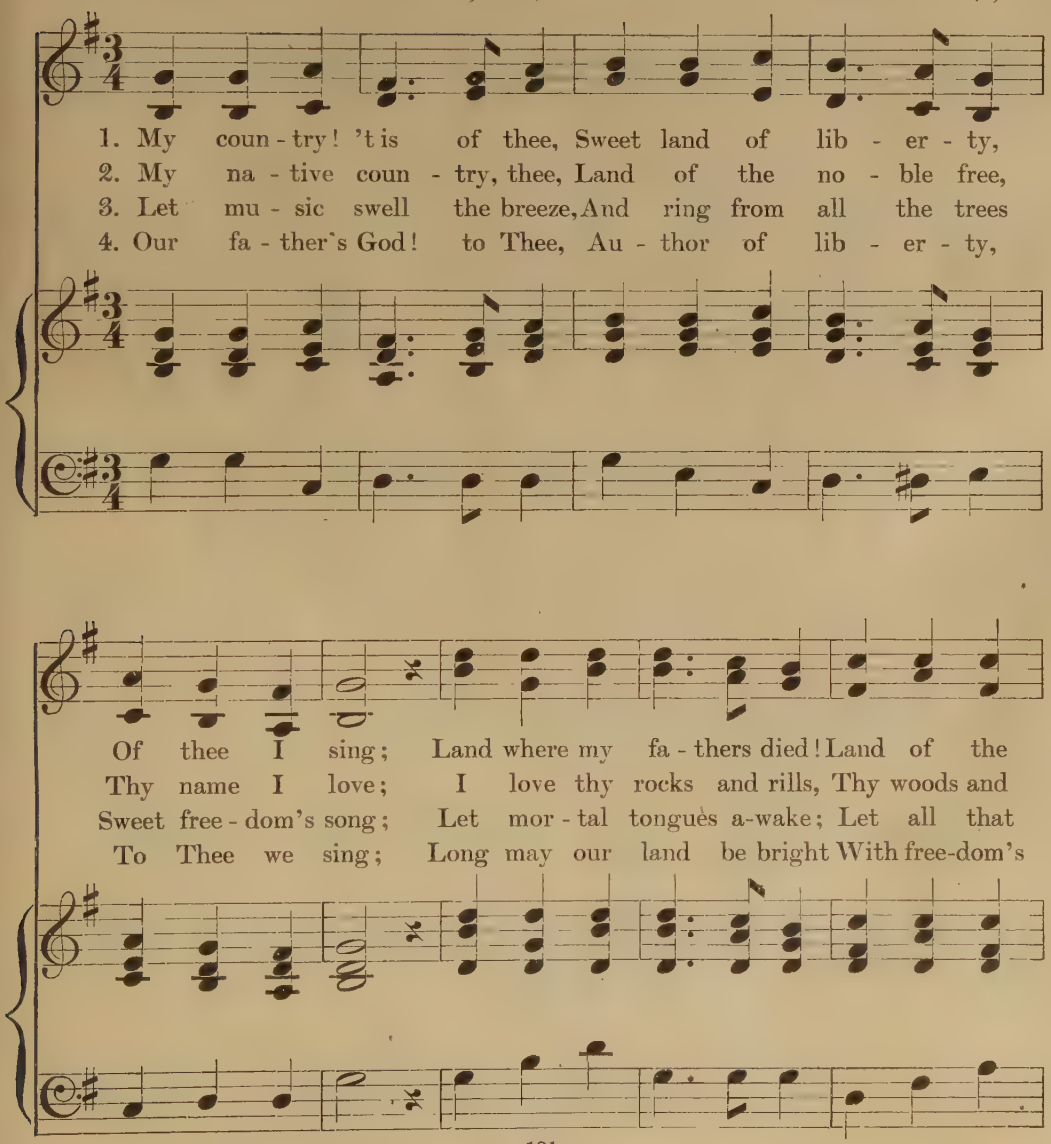
Glad va - ca - tion 's com - ing soon—June is here a - gain!
They 're no hap - pi - er than we— Mer - ry, mer - ry June!

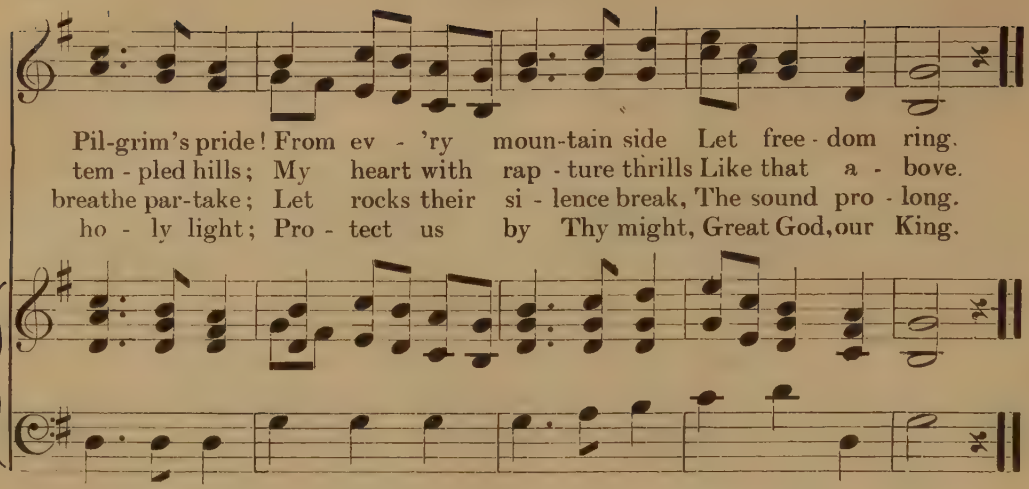
SECTION V

PATRIOTIC SONGS

AMERICA

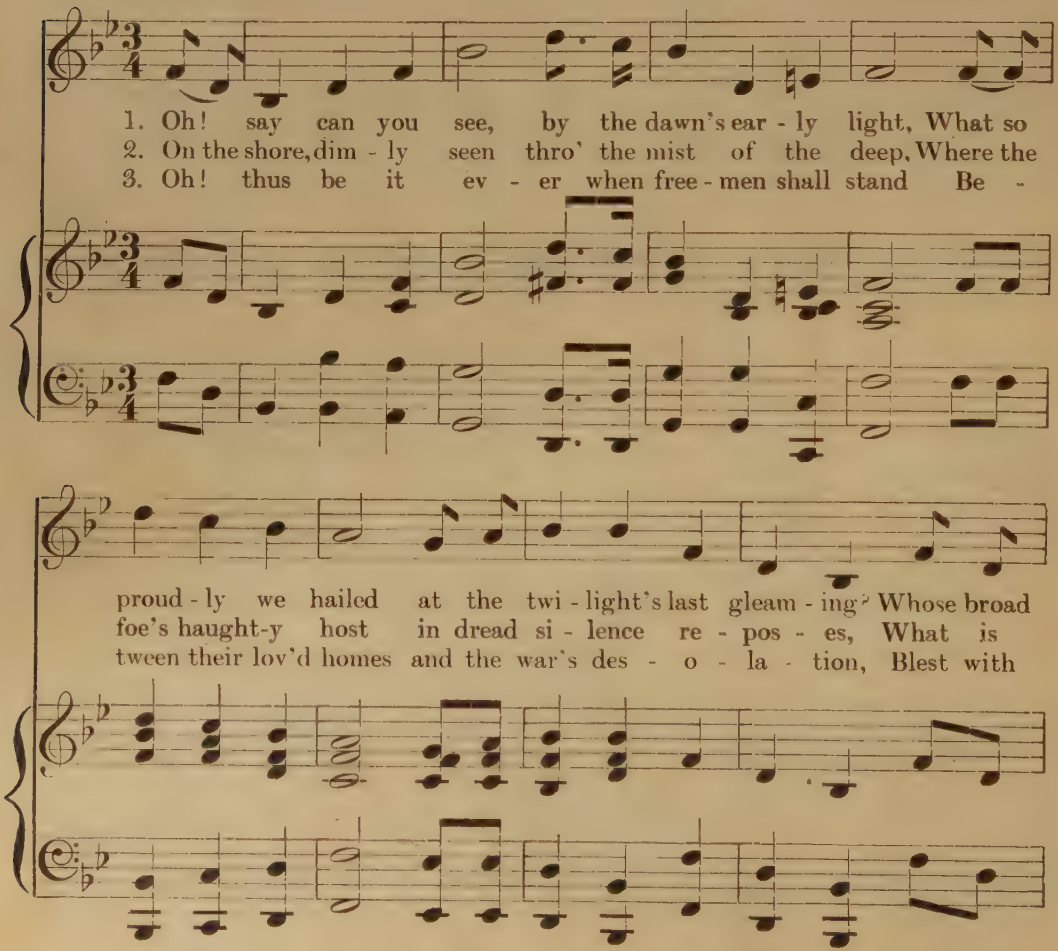
S. F. Smith — Henry Carey (?)

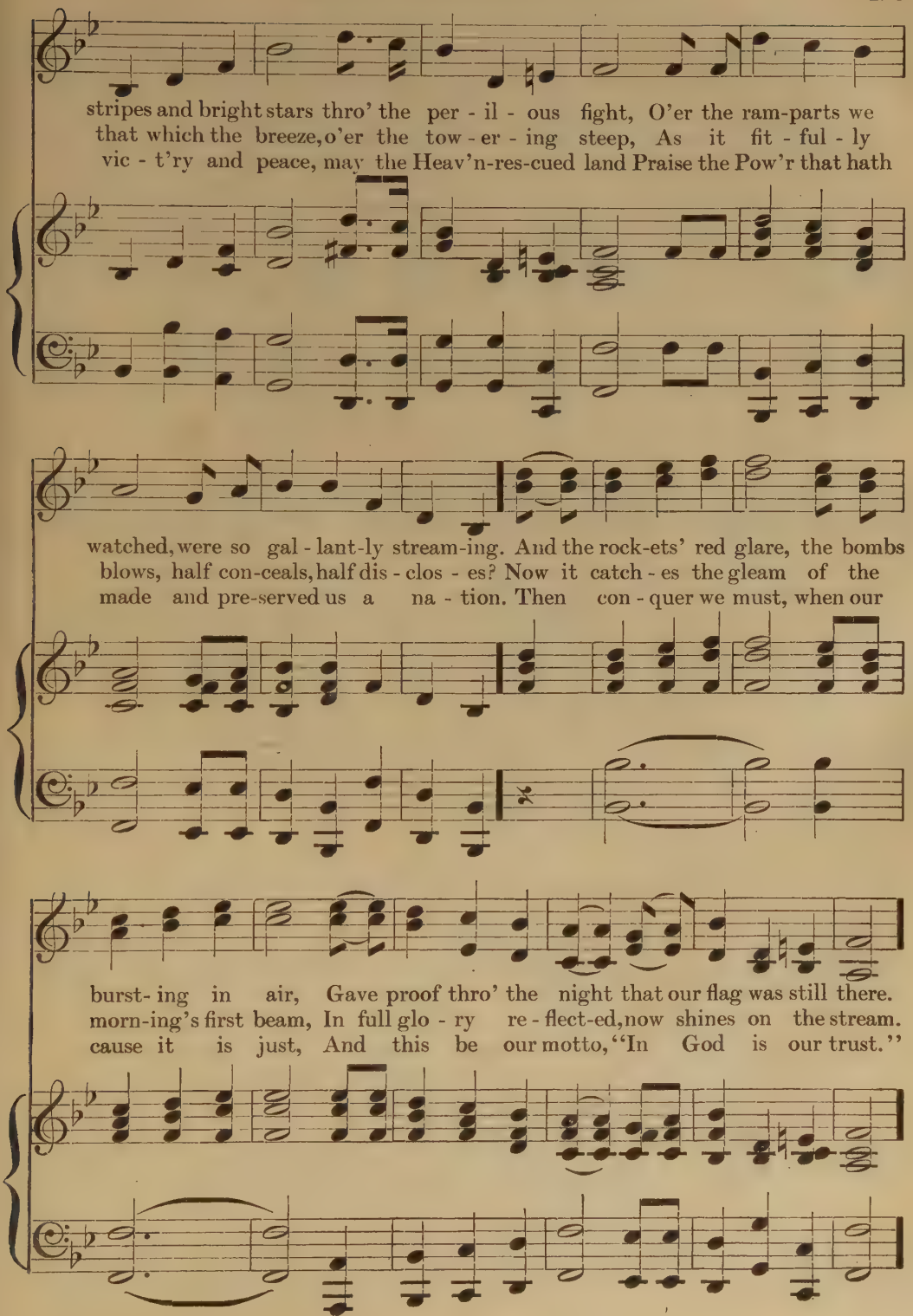

1. My coun - try! 't is of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a-wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

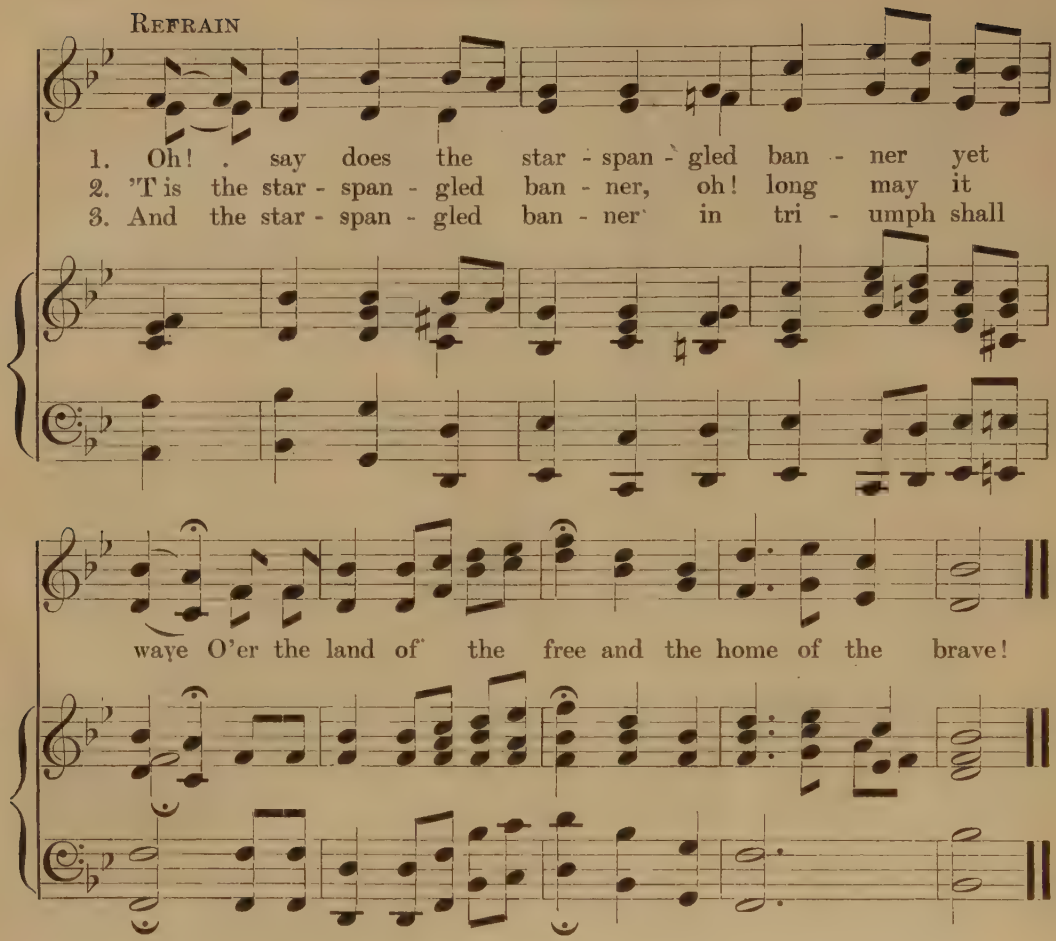

Pil-grim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY — DR. SAMUEL ARNOLD

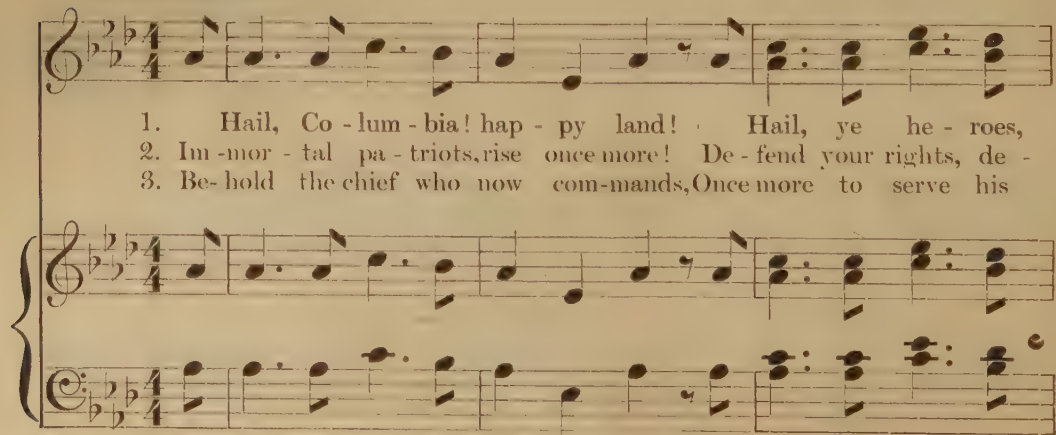

1. Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the
3. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be -
proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing? Whose broad
foe's haught-y host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
tween their lov'd homes and the war's des - o - la - tion, Blest with

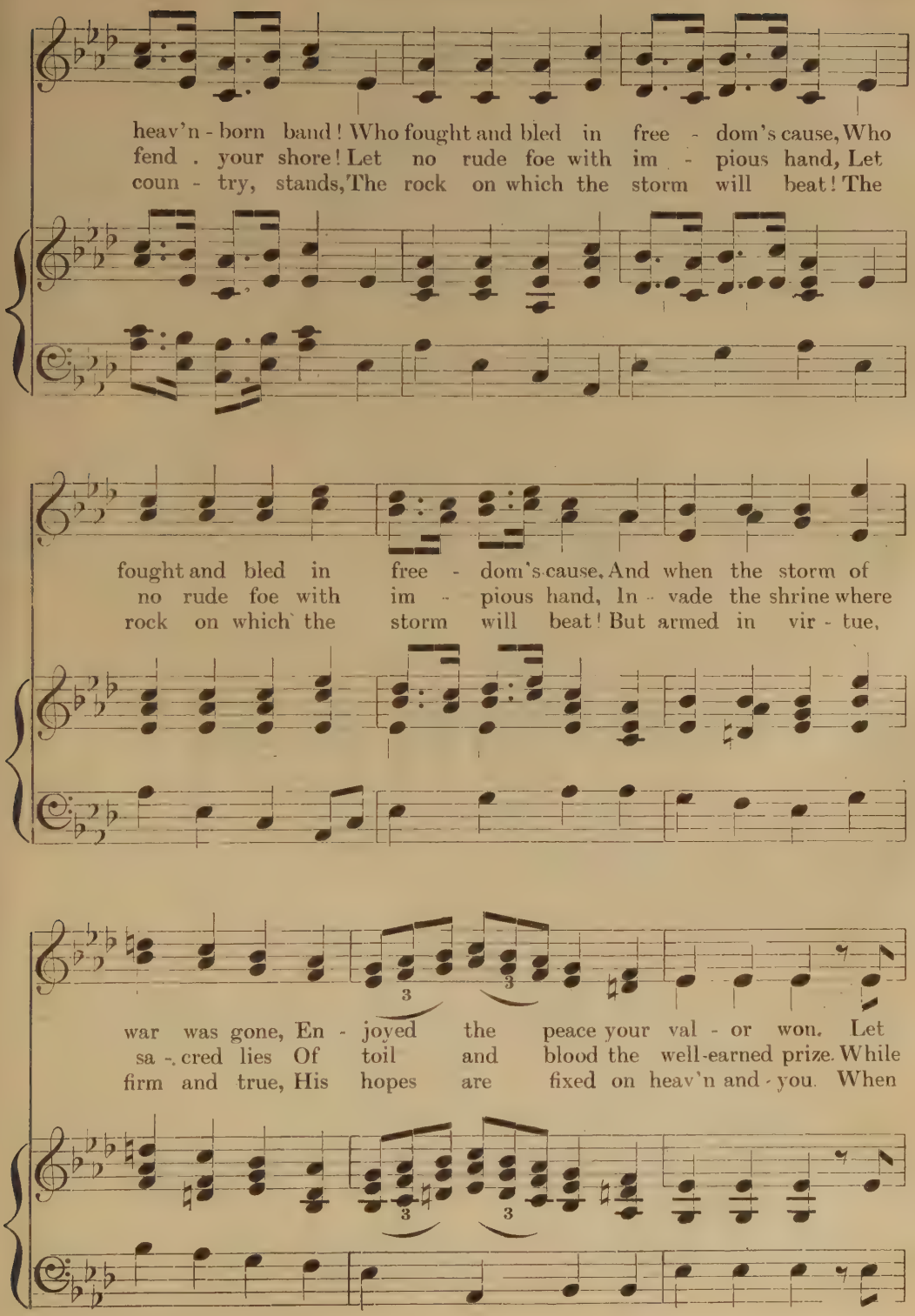

stripes and bright stars thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we
that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly
vic - t'ry and peace, may the Heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath
watched, were so gal - lant-ly stream-ing. And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs
blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the
made and pre-served us a na - tion. Then con - quer we must, when our
burst- ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect-ed, now shines on the stream.
cause it is just, And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

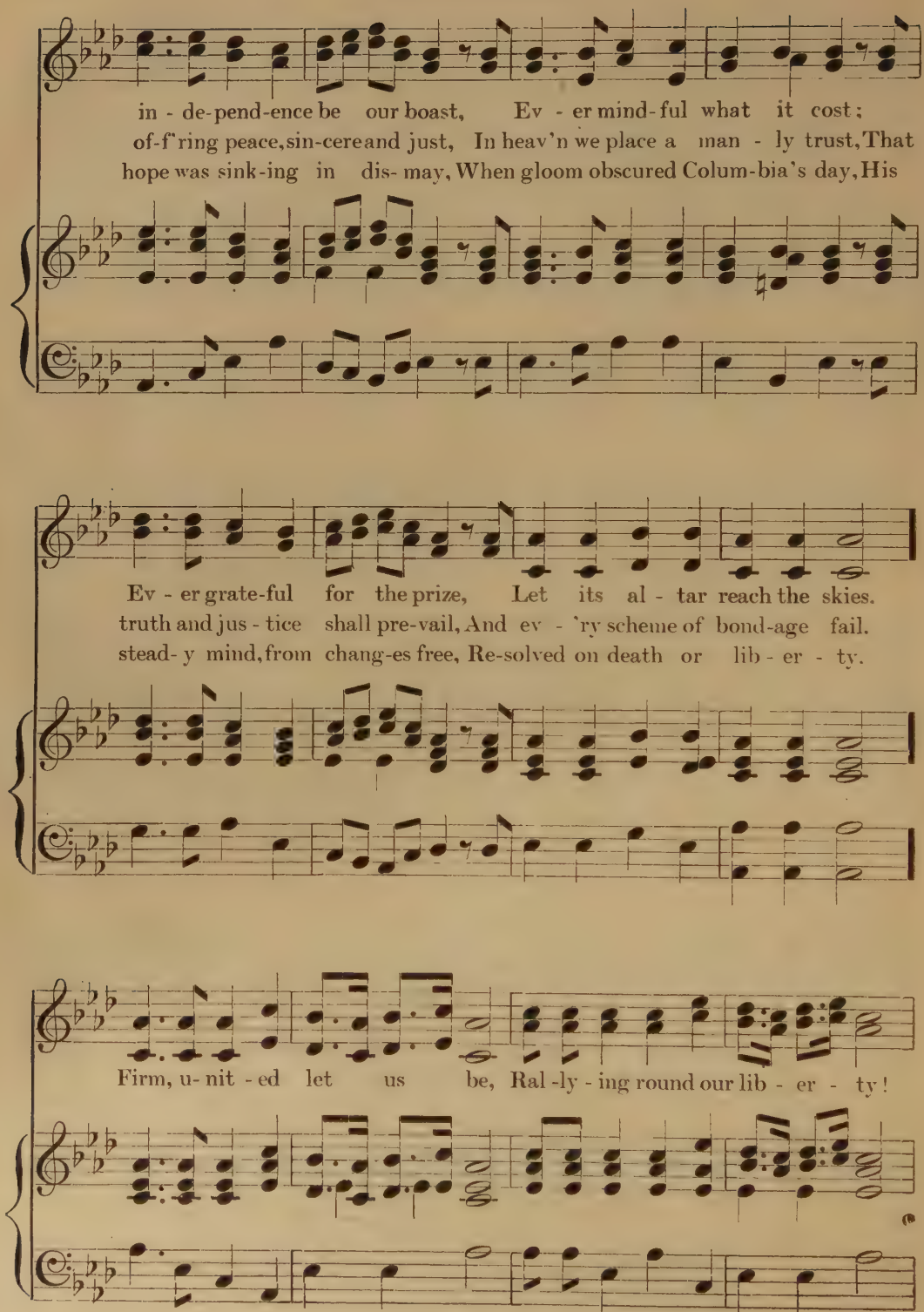

Refrain
1. Oh! . say does the star - span - gled ban - ner yet
2. 'T is the star - span - gled ban - ner, oh! long may it
3. And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall
wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

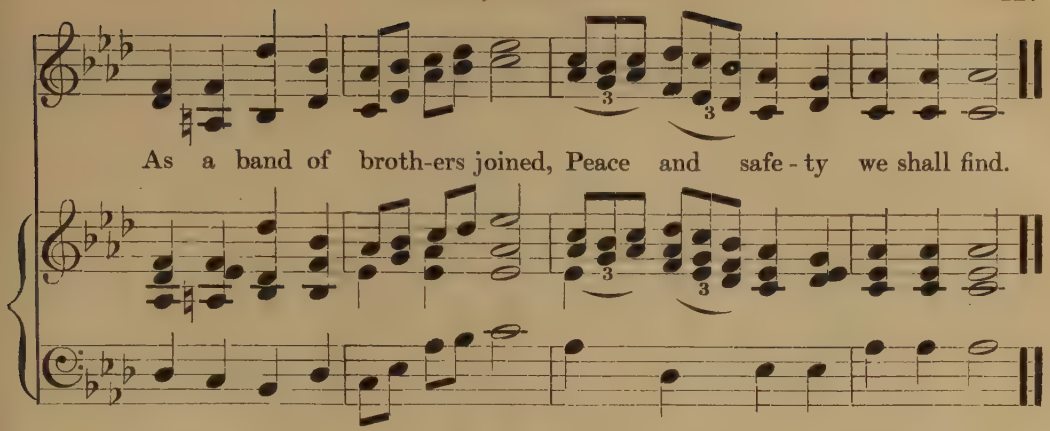
HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Joseph Hopkinson — Prof. Phyla


1. Hail, Co - lum - bia! hap - py land! Hail, ye he - roes,
2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de -
3. Be - hold the chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his


heav'n - born band! Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who
fend . your shore! Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let
coun - try, stands, The rock on which the storm will beat! The
fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And when the storm of
no rude foe with im - pious hand, In - vade the shrine where
rock on which the storm will beat! But armed in vir - tue,
war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won. Let
sa - cred lies Of toil and blood the well-earned prize. While
firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When

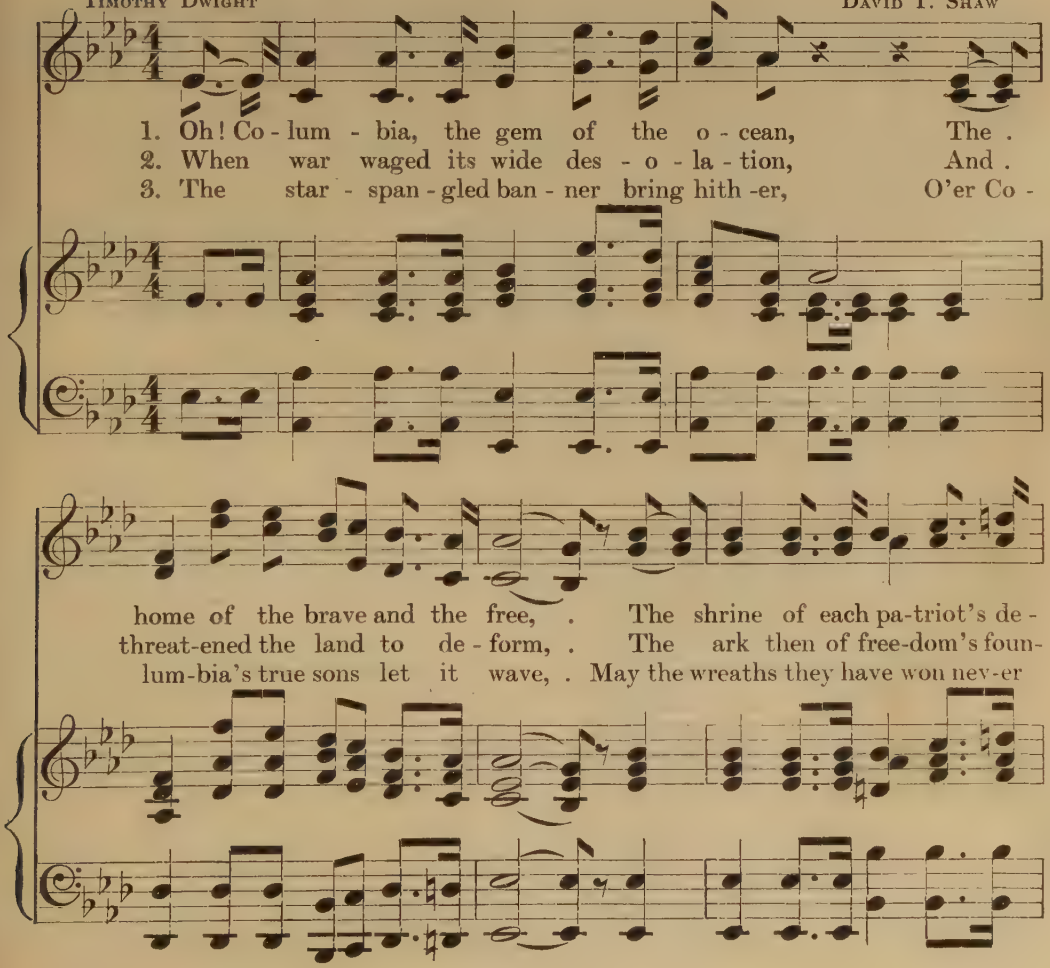

in - de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev - er mind-ful what it cost;
of-f'ring peace, sin-cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
hope was sink-ing in dis- may, When gloom obscured Colum-bia's day, His
Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
truth and jus - tice shall pre-vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond-age fail.
stead- y mind, from chang-es free, Re-solved on death or lib - er - ty.
Firm, u- nit - ed let us be, Ral -ly - ing round our lib - er - ty!

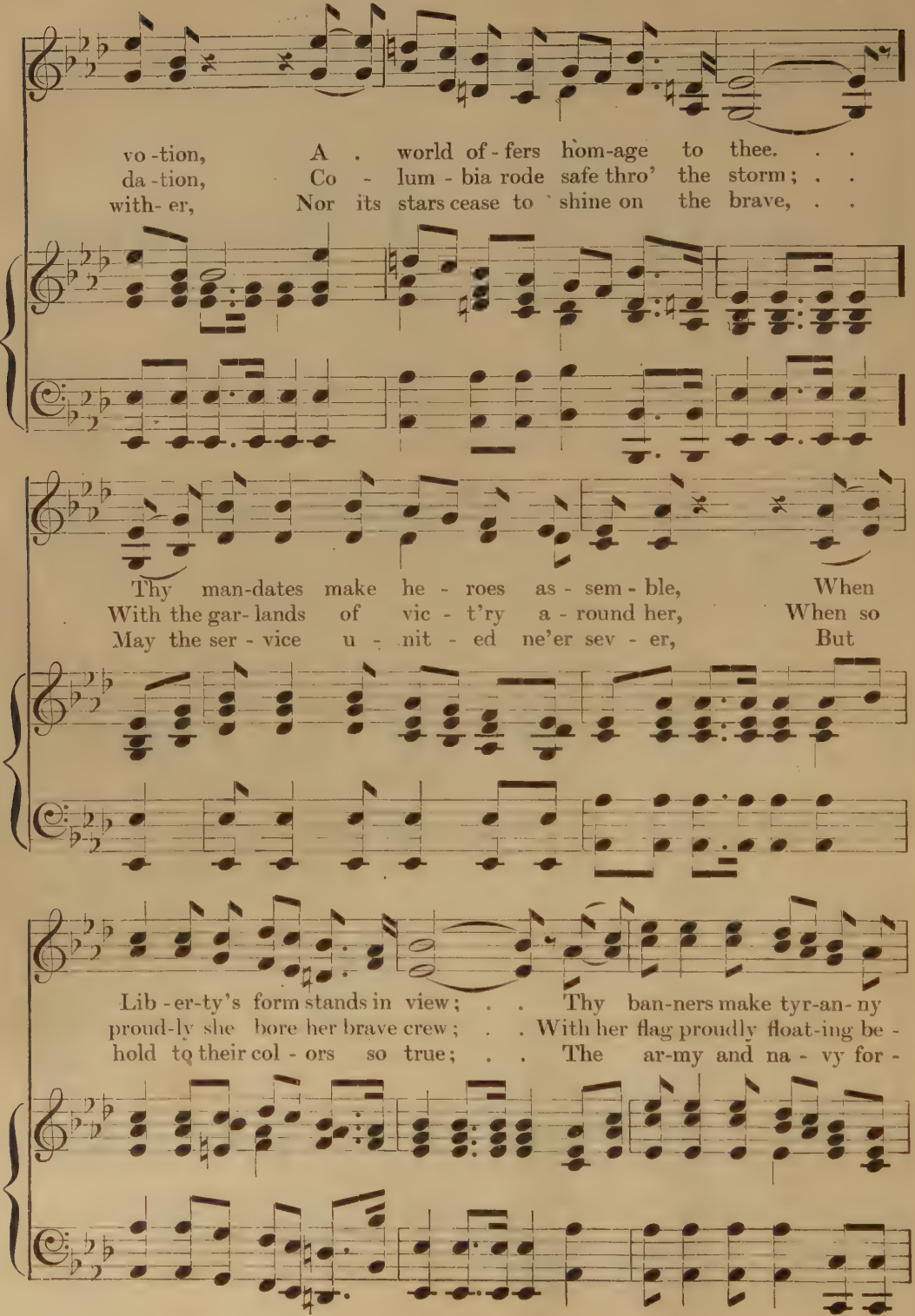


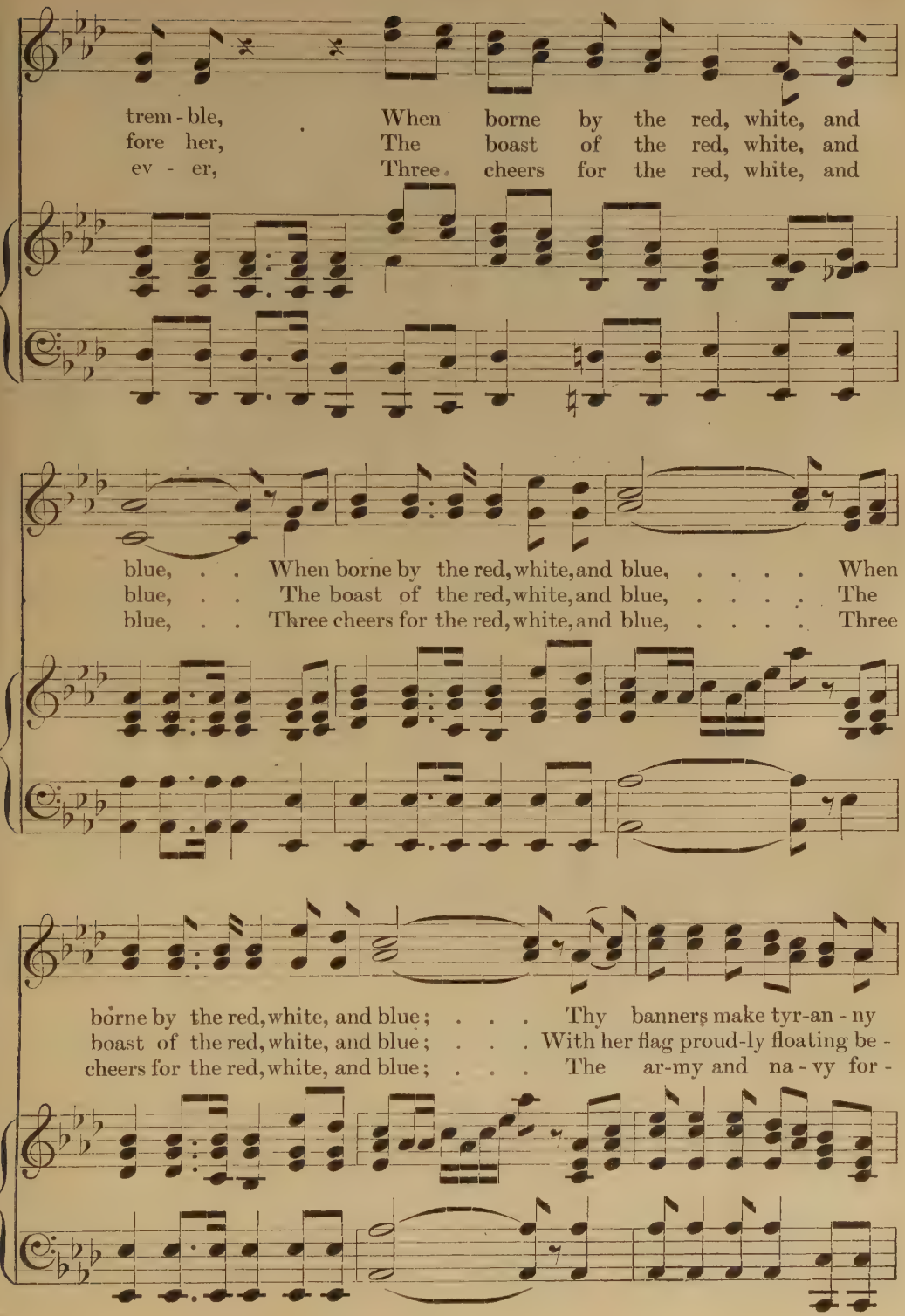
COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

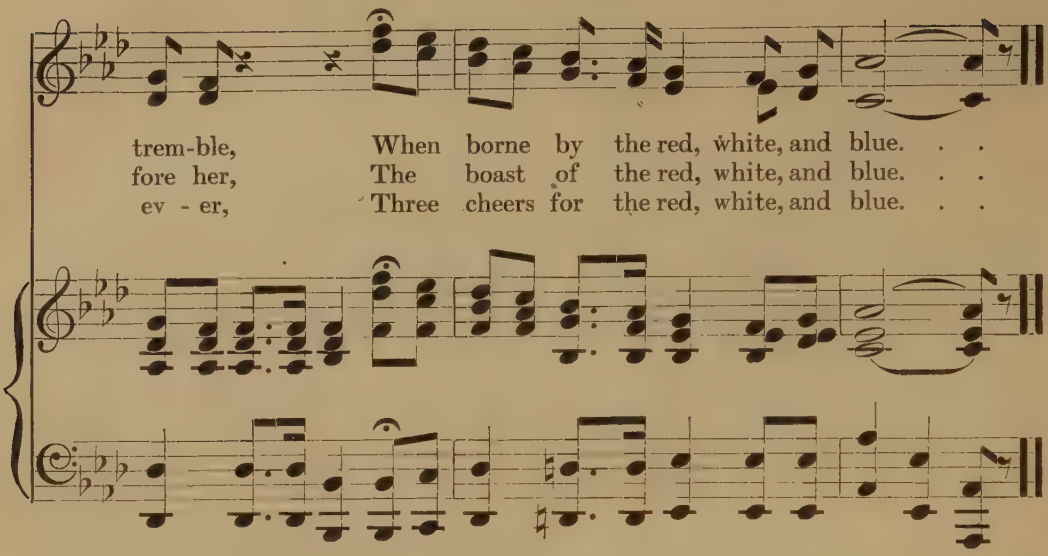
THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

TIMOTHY DWIGHT — DAVID T. SHAW

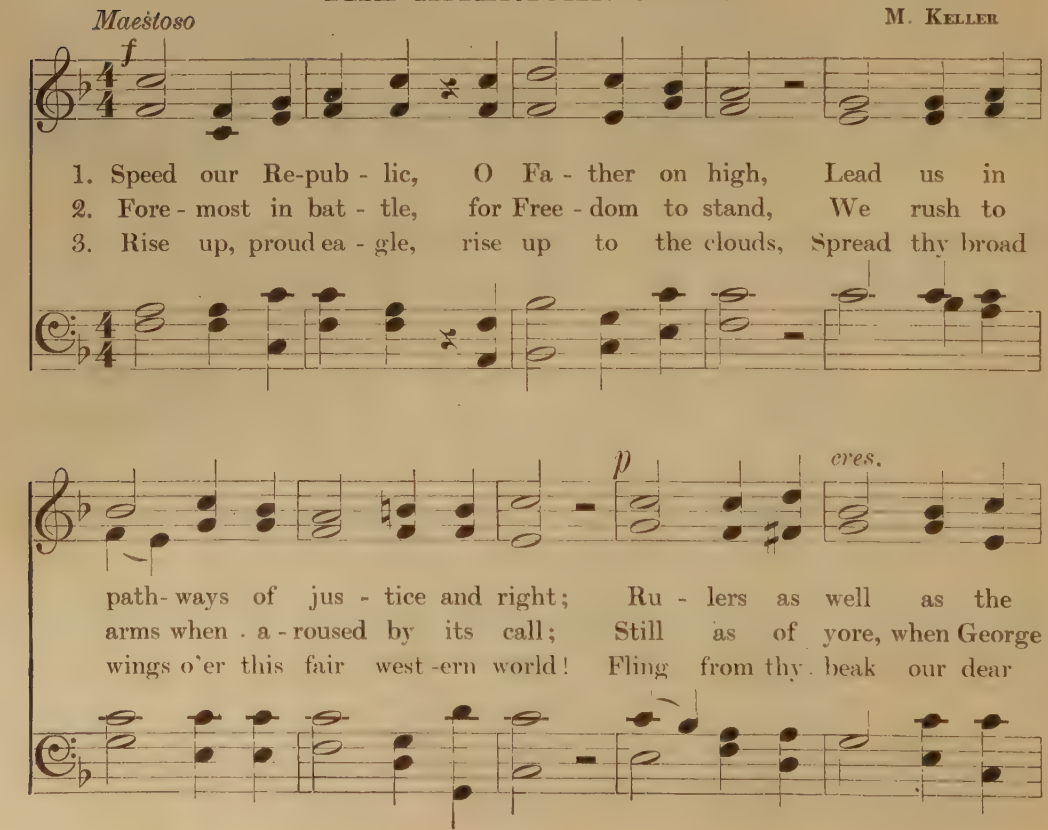

1. Oh! Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The .
2. When war waged its wide des-o-la-tion, And .
3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-
home of the brave and the free, . The shrine of each pa-triot's de-
threat-ened the land to de-form, . The ark then of free-dom's foun-
lum-bia's true sons let it wave, . May the wreaths they have won nev-er


vo - tion, A . world of - fers hom-age to thee. . .
da - tion, Co - lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm; . .
with- er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave, . .
Thy man-dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When
With the gar- lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so
May the ser - vice u - nit - ed ne'er sev - er, But
Lib - er-ty's form stands in view; . . Thy ban-ners make tyr-an- ny
proud-ly she bore her brave crew; . . With her flag proudly float-ing be -
hold to their col - ors so true; . . The ar-my and na - vy for -


trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and
fore her, The boast of the red, white, and
ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and
blue, . . When borne by the red, white, and blue, ... When
blue, . . The boast of the red, white, and blue, ... The
blue, . . Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, ... Three
borne by the red, white, and blue; . . . Thy banners make tyr-an - ny
boast of the red, white, and blue; . . . With her flag proud-ly floating be -
cheers for the red, white, and blue; . . . The ar-my and na - vy for -


trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue. . .
fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue. . .
ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue. . .

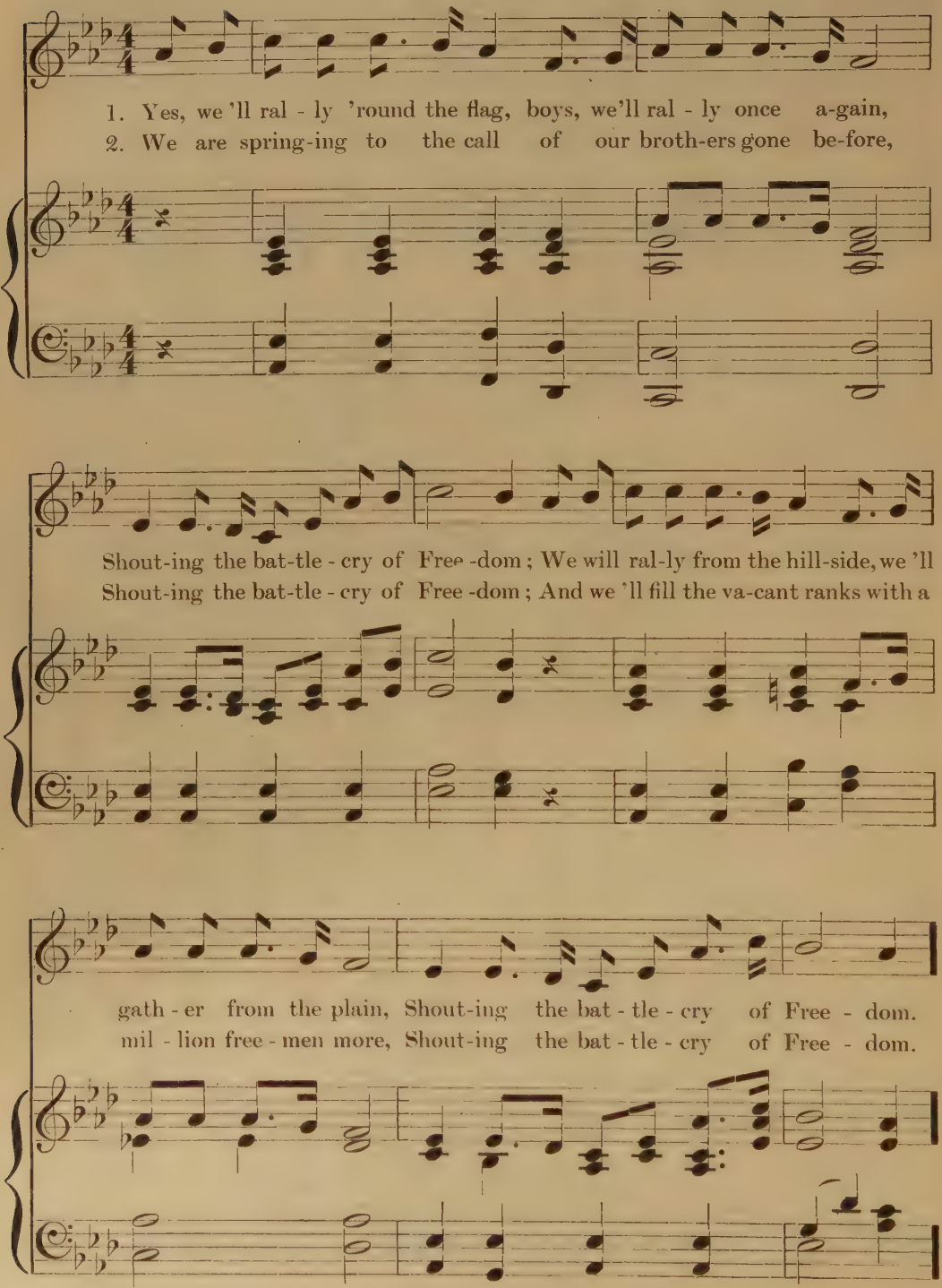
THE AMERICAN HYMN

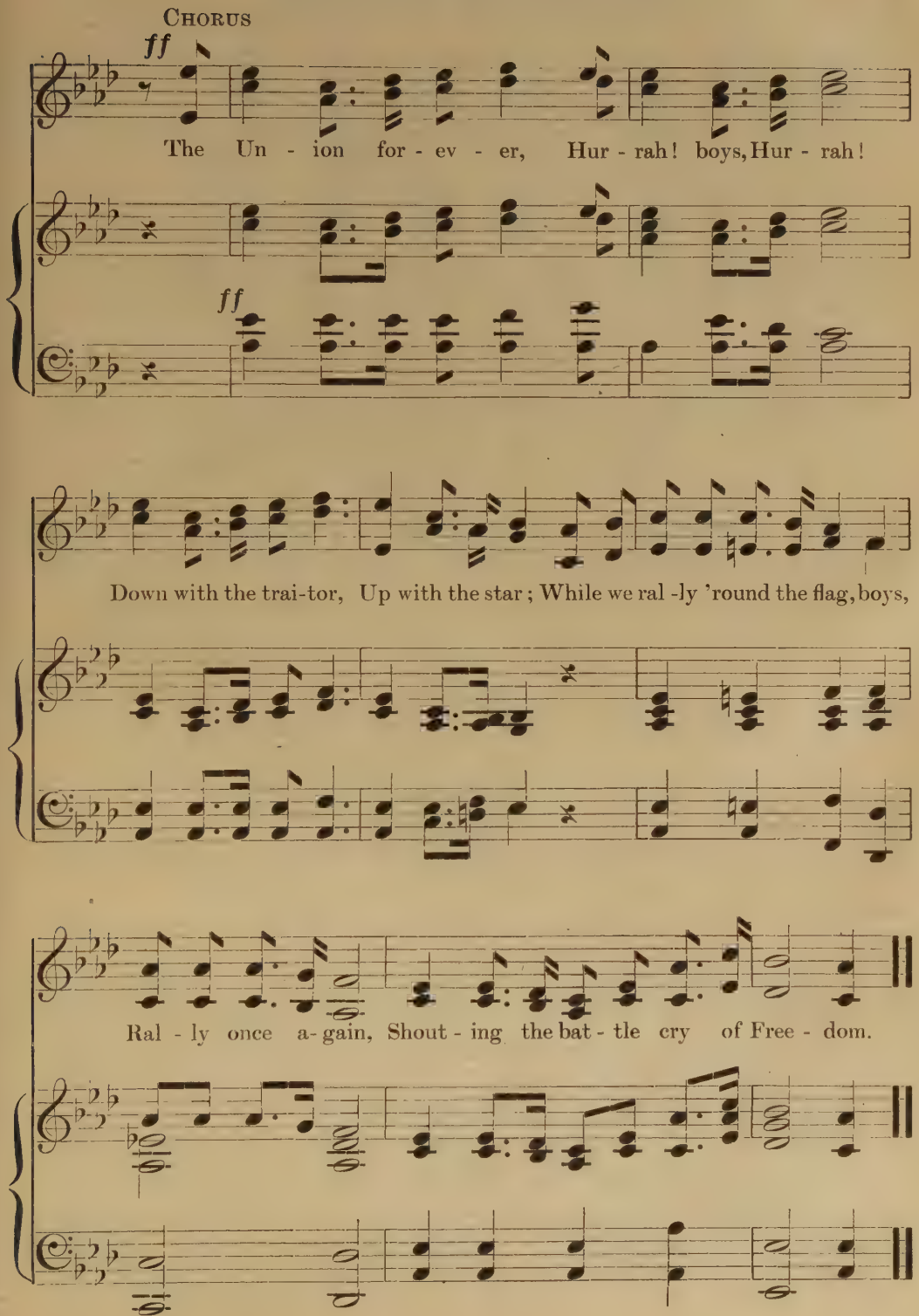

Maestoso
f
M. Keller
1. Speed our Re-pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high, Lead us in
2. Fore - most in bat - tle, for Free - dom to stand, We rush to
3. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad
p
cres.
path- ways of jus - tice and right; Ru - lers as well as the
arms when . a - roused by its call; Still as of yore, when George
wings o'er this fair west - ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear

mf
ruled, one and all, Gir - dle with vir - tue, the ar - mor of might!
Wash - ing-ton led, Thun-ders our war - cry, we con - quer or fall!
ban - ner of old! Show that it still is for Free - dom un-furled!
f
mf
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Ru - lers as
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Still as of
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Fling from thy
f
well as the ruled, one and all, Gir - dle with vir - tue, the
yore, when George Wash-ing-ton led, Thun-ders our war - cry, we
beak our dear ban - ner of old! Show that it still is for
ff
ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag!
con - quer or fall! Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag!
Free - dom un-furled! Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag!

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM

GEO. F. ROOT G. F. R.

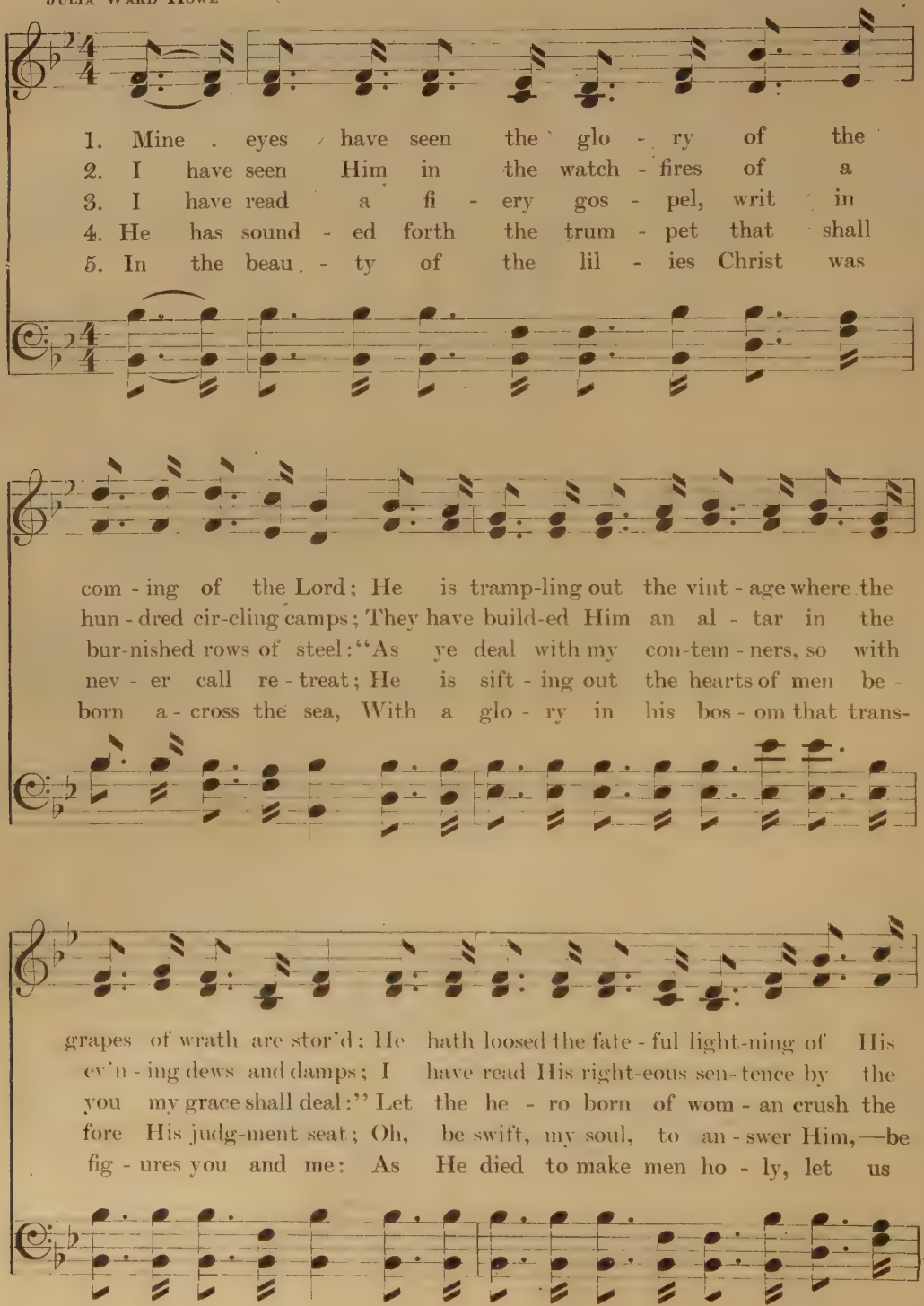

1. Yes, we 'll ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a-gain,
2. We are spring-ing to the call of our broth-ers gone be-fore,
Shout-ing the bat-tle - cry of Free -dom; We will ral-ly from the hill-side, we 'll
Shout-ing the bat-tle - cry of Free -dom; And we 'll fill the va-cant ranks with a
gath - er from the plain, Shout-ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.
mil - lion free - men more, Shout-ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.


Chorus
ff
The Un - ion for - ev - er, Hur - rah! boys, Hur - rah!
ff
Down with the trai-tor, Up with the star; While we ral -ly 'round the flag, boys,
Ral - ly once a- gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

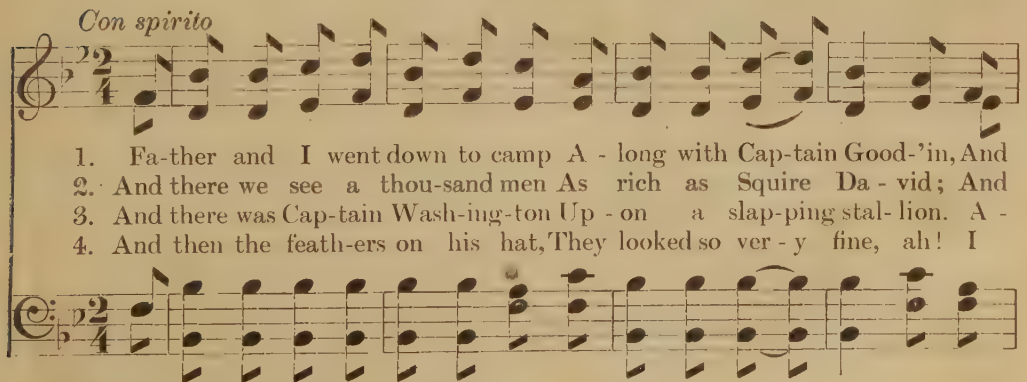
JULIA WARD HOWE

ANON.

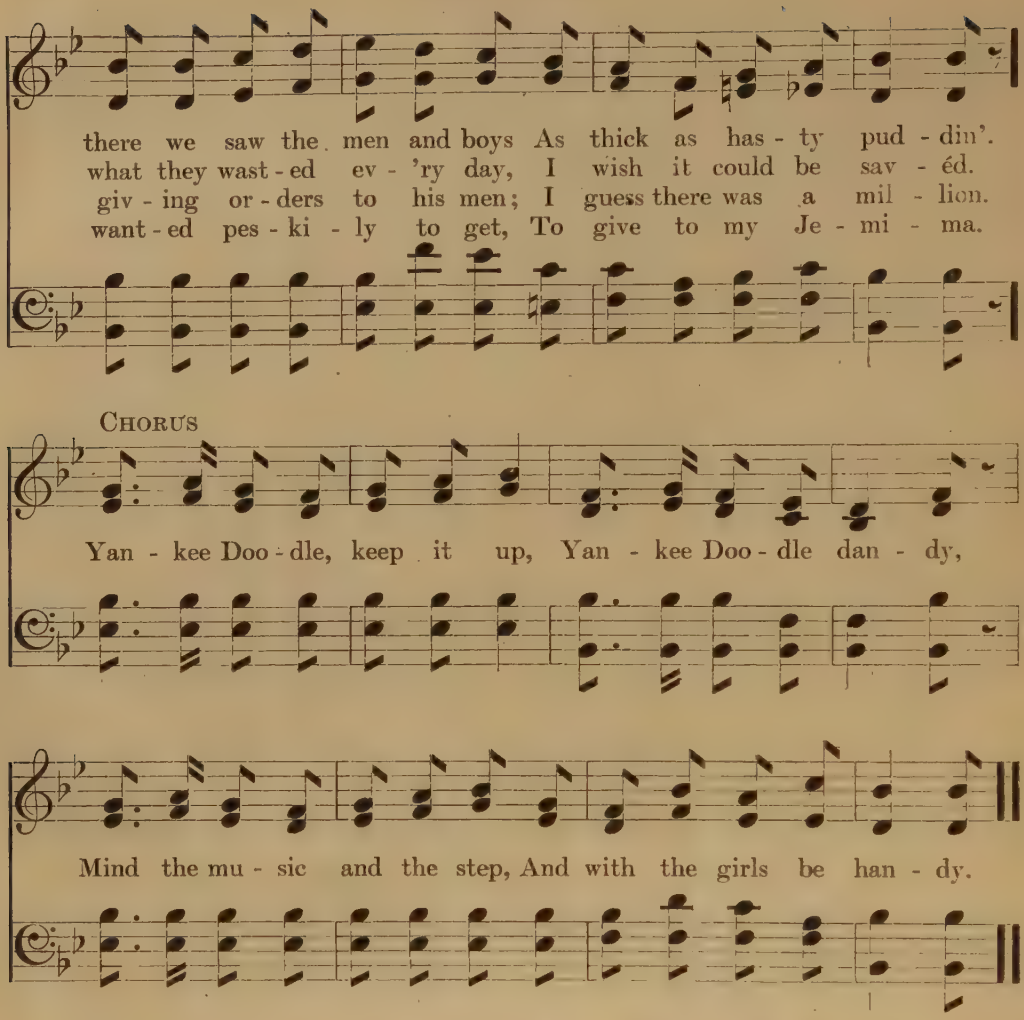

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the
com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the vint - age where the
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a
hun - dred cir-cling camps; They have build-ed Him an al - tar in the
3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel, writ in
bur-nished rows of steel: "As ye deal with my con-tem - ners, so with
4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall
nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be -
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was
born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in his bos - om that trans-
grapes of wrath are stor'd; He hath loosed the fate - ful light-ning of His
ev'n - ing dews and damps; I have read His right-eous sen-tence by the
you my grace shall deal:" Let the he - ro born of wom - an crush the
fore His judg-ment seat; Oh, be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him,—be
fig - ures you and me: As He died to make men ho - ly, let us

ter - ri - ble swift sword; *His truth is march - ing on.
dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march - ing on.
ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on.
ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.
Refrain
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal-le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal-le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

YANKEE DOODLE


Con spirito
1. Fa-ther and I went down to camp A - long with Cap-tain Good-'in, And
2. And there we see a thou-sand men As rich as Squire Da - vid; And
3. And there was Cap-tain Wash-ing-ton Up - on a slap-ping stal- lion. A -
4. And then the feath-ers on his hat, They looked so ver - y fine, ah! I

*The last line of each verse becomes the last line of the Refrain.


there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.
what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - éd.
giv - ing or - ders to his men; I guess there was a mil - lion.
want - ed pes - ki - ly to get, To give to my Je - mi - ma.
Chorus
Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,
Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

5. And there I see a swamping gun
   Large as a log of maple,
   Upon a mighty little cart;
   A load for father's cattle.

6. And every time they fired it off,
   It took a horn of powder;
   It made a noise like father's gun,
   Only a nation louder.

7. And there I see a little keg,
   Its heads all made of leather,
   They knocked upon 't with little sticks,
   To call the folks together.

8. And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
   He kind o' clapt his hand on 't
   And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
   Upon the little end on 't.

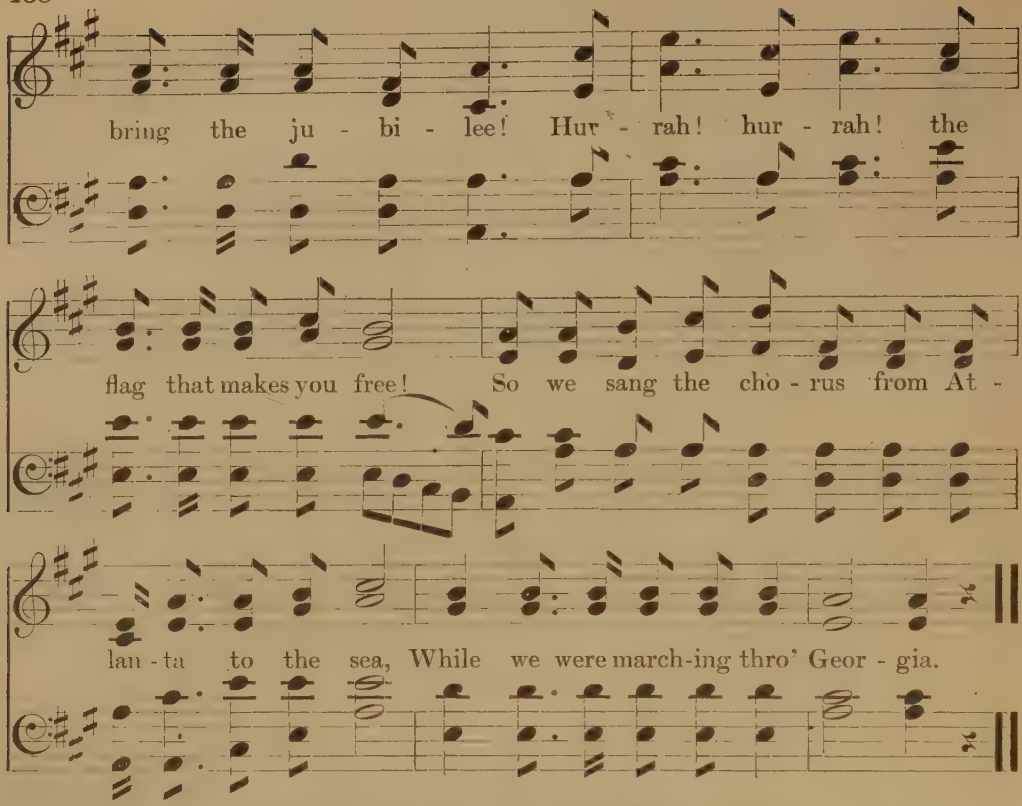
9. The troopers, too, would gallop up,
   And fire right in our faces;
   It scared me almost half to death
   To see them run such races.

10. It scared me so I hooked it off,
    Nor stopped, as I remember,
    Nor turned about till I got home,
    Locked up in mother's chamber.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

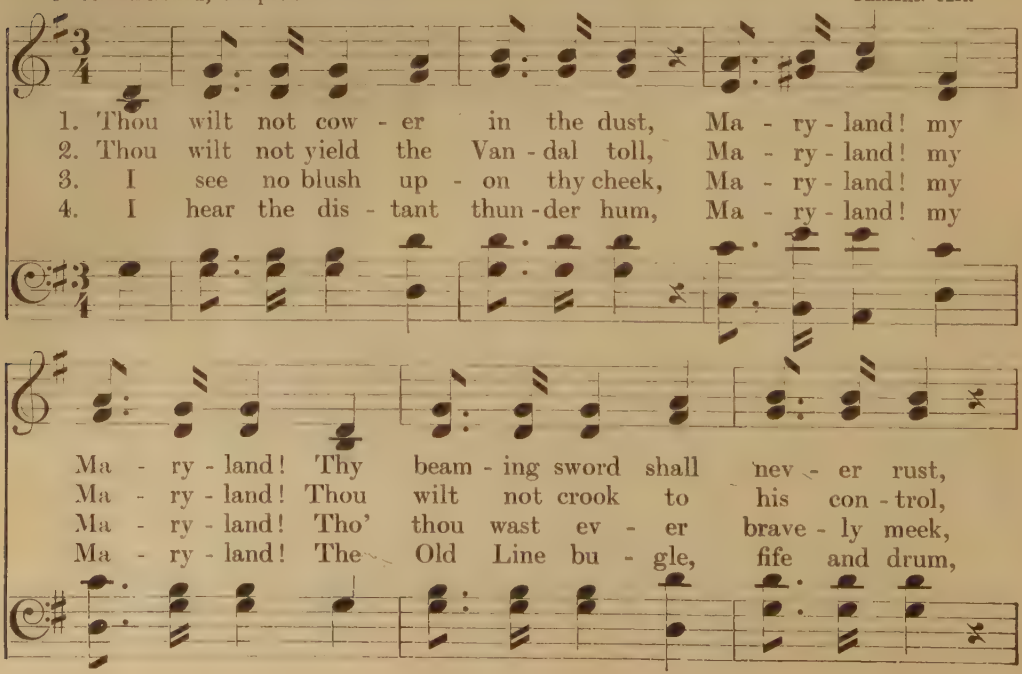
HENRY C. WORK H. C. W.

1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we 'll sing an - oth - er song—
2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound!
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears,
4. "Sherman's dash-ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!"
5. So we made a thor-ough-fare for Free - dom and her train,
Sing it with a spir - it that will start the world a - long— .
How the tur - keys gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! .
When they saw the hon - ored flag they had not seen for years; .
So the sau - cy reb - els said, and 't was a hand-some boast, .
Six - ty miles in lat - i - tude, three hun - dred to the main; .
Sing it as you used to sing it, fif - ty thou-sand strong,
How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven start - ed from the ground,
Hard - ly could they be re-strained from break-ing forth in cheers,
Had they not for - got, a - las! to reck - on with the host,
Trea - son fled be - fore us, for re - sist - ance was in vain,
CHORUS
While we were march-ing thro' Geor - gia. Hur - rah! hur-rah! we


bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the
flag that makes you free! So we sang the cho - rus from At -
lan - ta to the sea, While we were march-ing thro' Geor - gia.

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

J. R. Randall, adapted — German Air

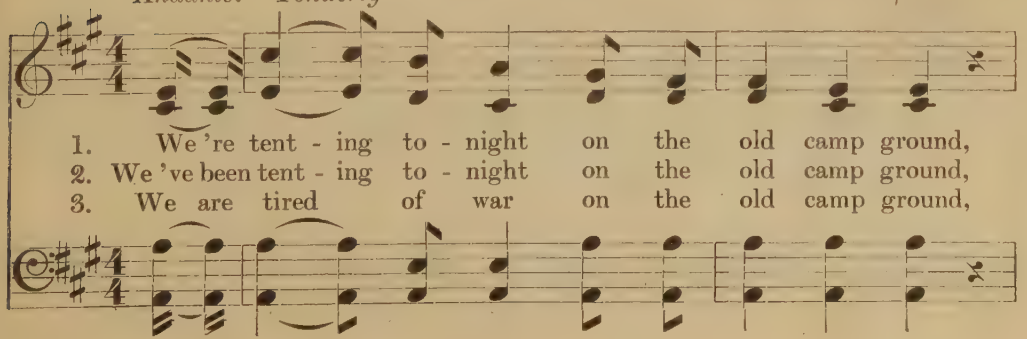

1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my
2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry - land! my
3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! my
4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma - ry - land! my
Ma - ry - land! Thy beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust,
Ma - ry - land! Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol,
Ma - ry - land! Tho' thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek,
Ma - ry - land! The Old Line bu - gle, fife and drum,

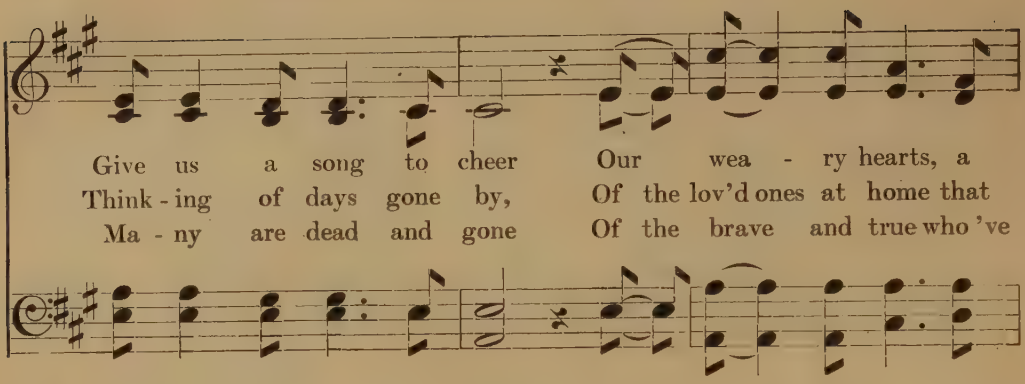
Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Re - mem - ber Car - roll's
Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Bet - ter the fire up -
Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! For life and death, for
Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Come! to thine own he -
sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust, And
on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl, Than
woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal, And
ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long, And
all thy slumb'rers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land.
cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land.
gird thy beau-teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land.
ring thy daunt-less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land.

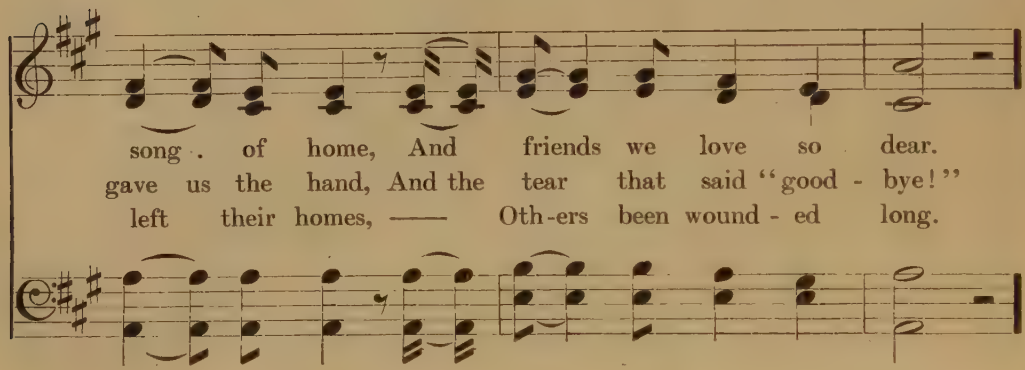
TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

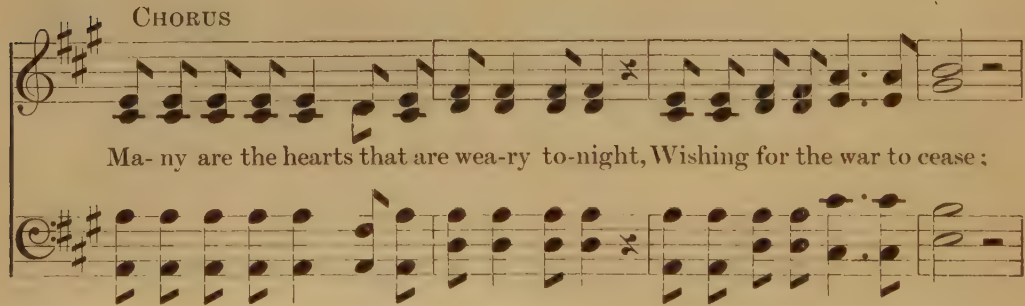
Andante. Tenderly

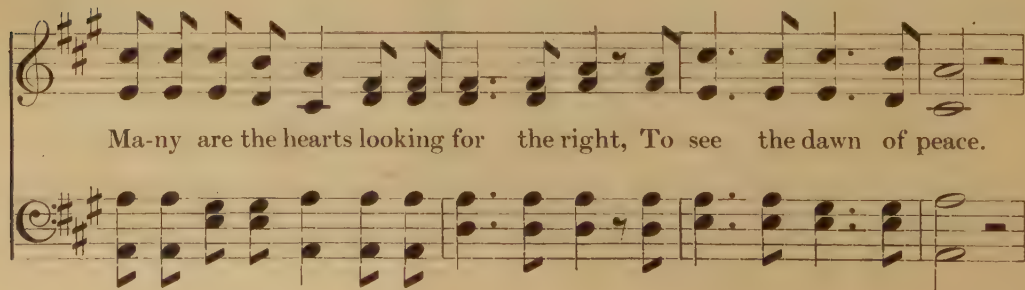
WALTER KITTREDGE

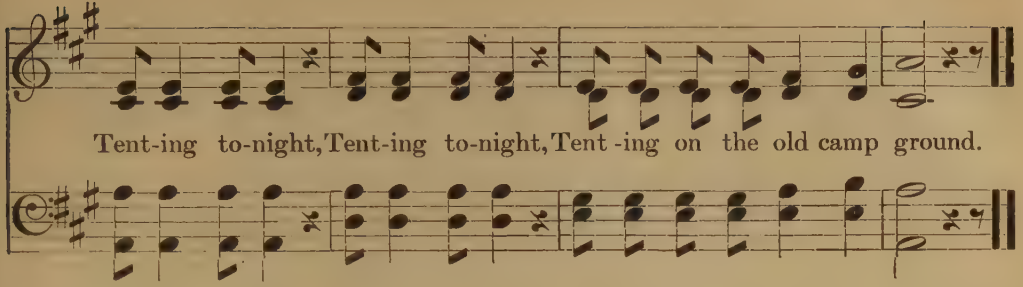

1. We 're tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground,
2. We 've been tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground,
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground,


Give us a song to cheer Our wea - ry hearts, a
Think - ing of days gone by, Of the lov'd ones at home that
Ma - ny are dead and gone Of the brave and true who 've


song . of home, And friends we love so dear.
gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good - bye!"
left their homes, —— Oth-ers been wound - ed long.


CHORUS
Ma- ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wishing for the war to cease;


Ma-ny are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace.

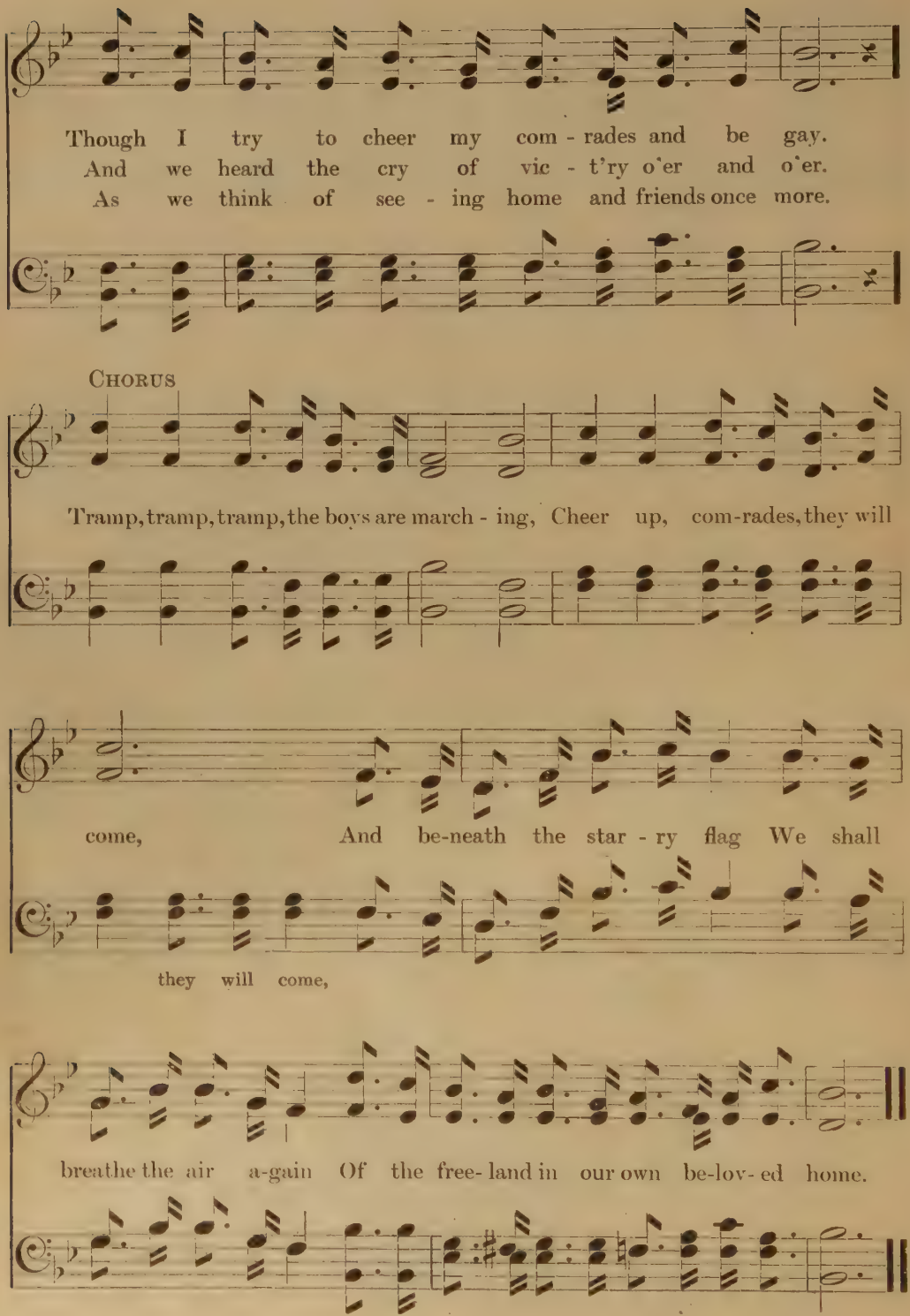


TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP!

GEORGE F. ROOT G. F. R.

March tempo

1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think- ing, mother dear, of you,
2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fier-cest charge they made,
3. So with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait- ing for the day
And our bright and hap - py home so far a - way, And the
And they swept us off, a hun - dred men or more, But be -
That shall come to o - pen wide the i - ron door, And the
tears, they fill my eyes, 'Spite of all that I can do,
fore we reached their lines, They were beat - en back dis-mayed,
hol - low eye grows bright, And the poor heart al - most gay,


Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.
CHORUS
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, com-rades, they will
come, And be-neath the star - ry flag We shall
they will come,
breathe the air a-gain Of the free- land in our own be-lov- ed home.

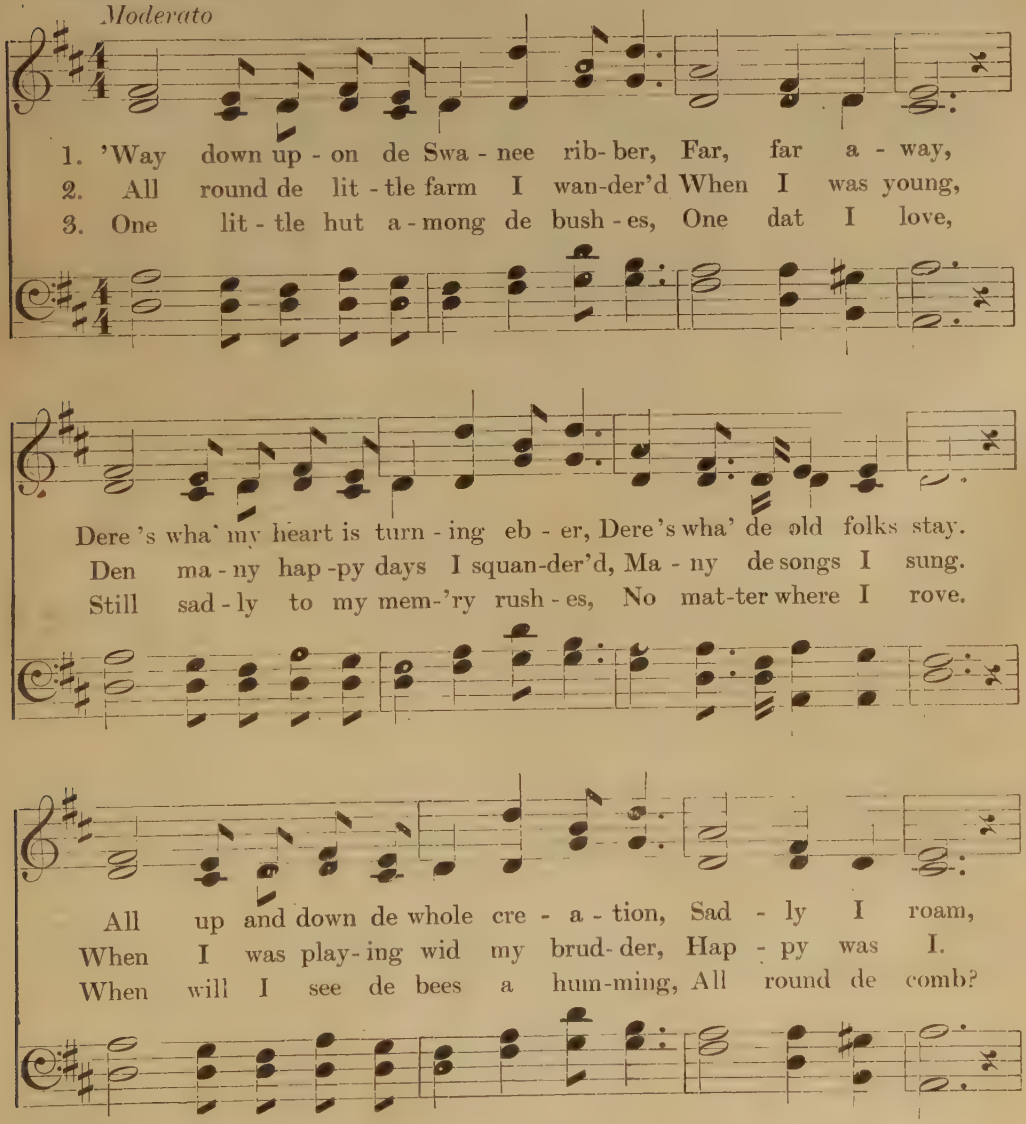
SECTION VI

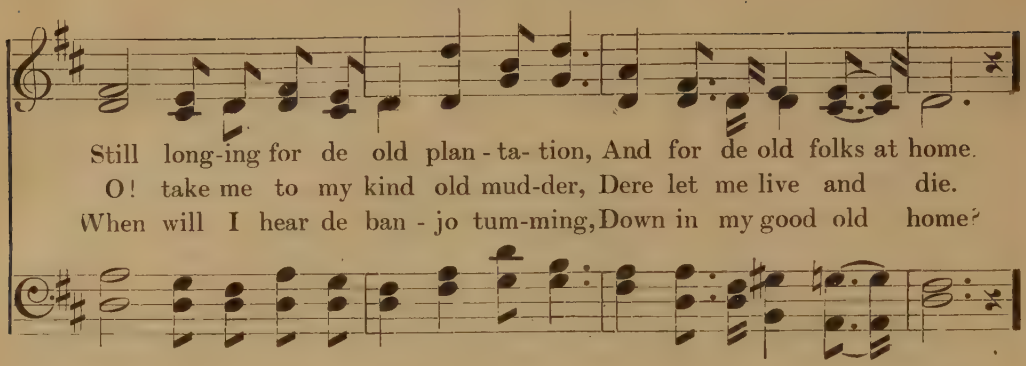
FOLK SONGS

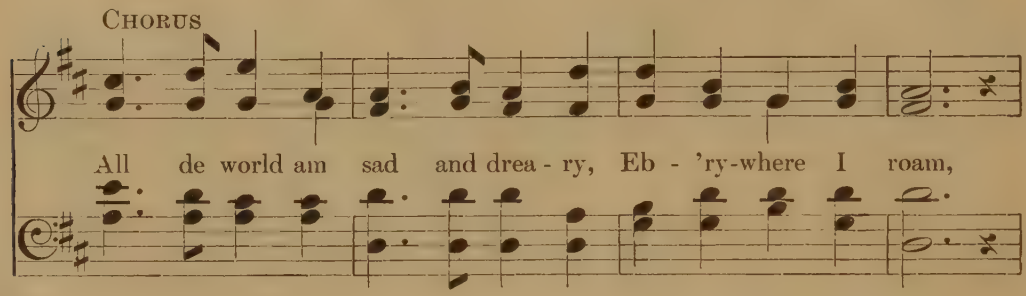
OLD FOLKS AT HOME

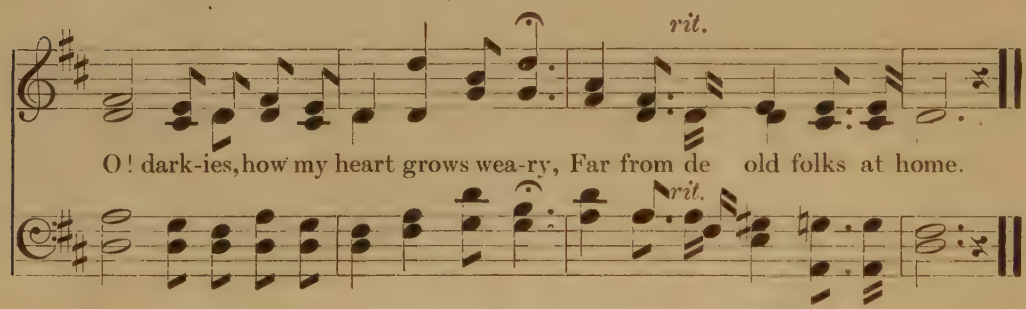
STEPHEN C. FOSTER S. C. F.

Moderato


1. 'Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib- ber, Far, far a - way,
2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan-der'd When I was young,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,
Dere 's wha' my heart is turn - ing eb - er, Dere 's wha' de old folks stay.
Den ma - ny hap -py days I squan-der'd, Ma - ny de songs I sung.
Still sad - ly to my mem-'ry rush - es, No mat-ter where I rove.
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play- ing wid my brud- der, Hap - py was I.
When will I see de bees a hum-ming, All round de comb?

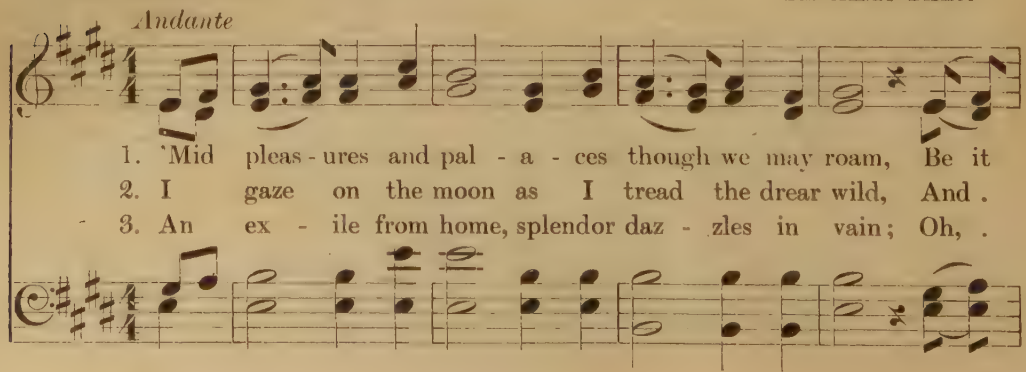

Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
O! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.
When will I hear de ban-jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?

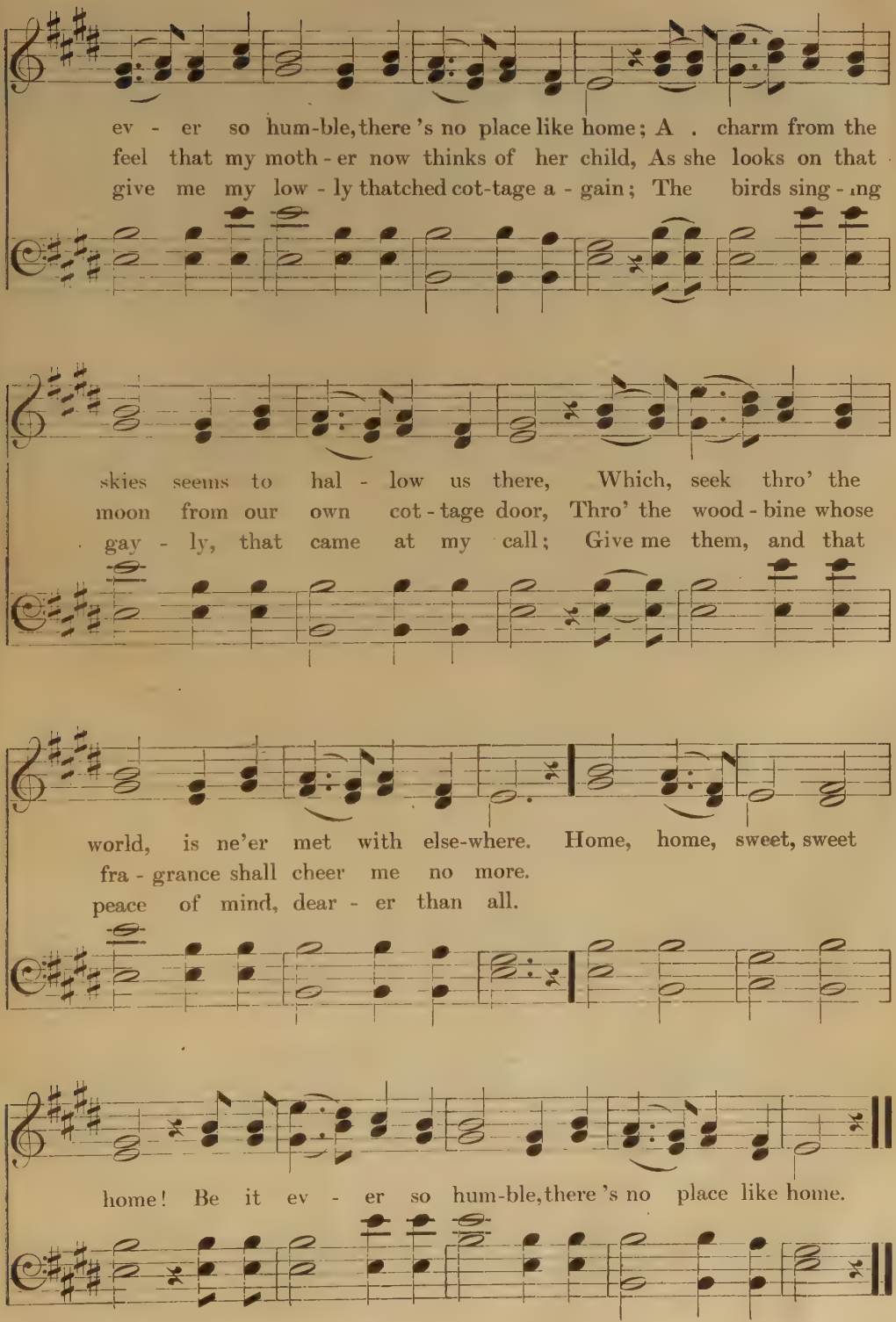




HOME, SWEET HOME

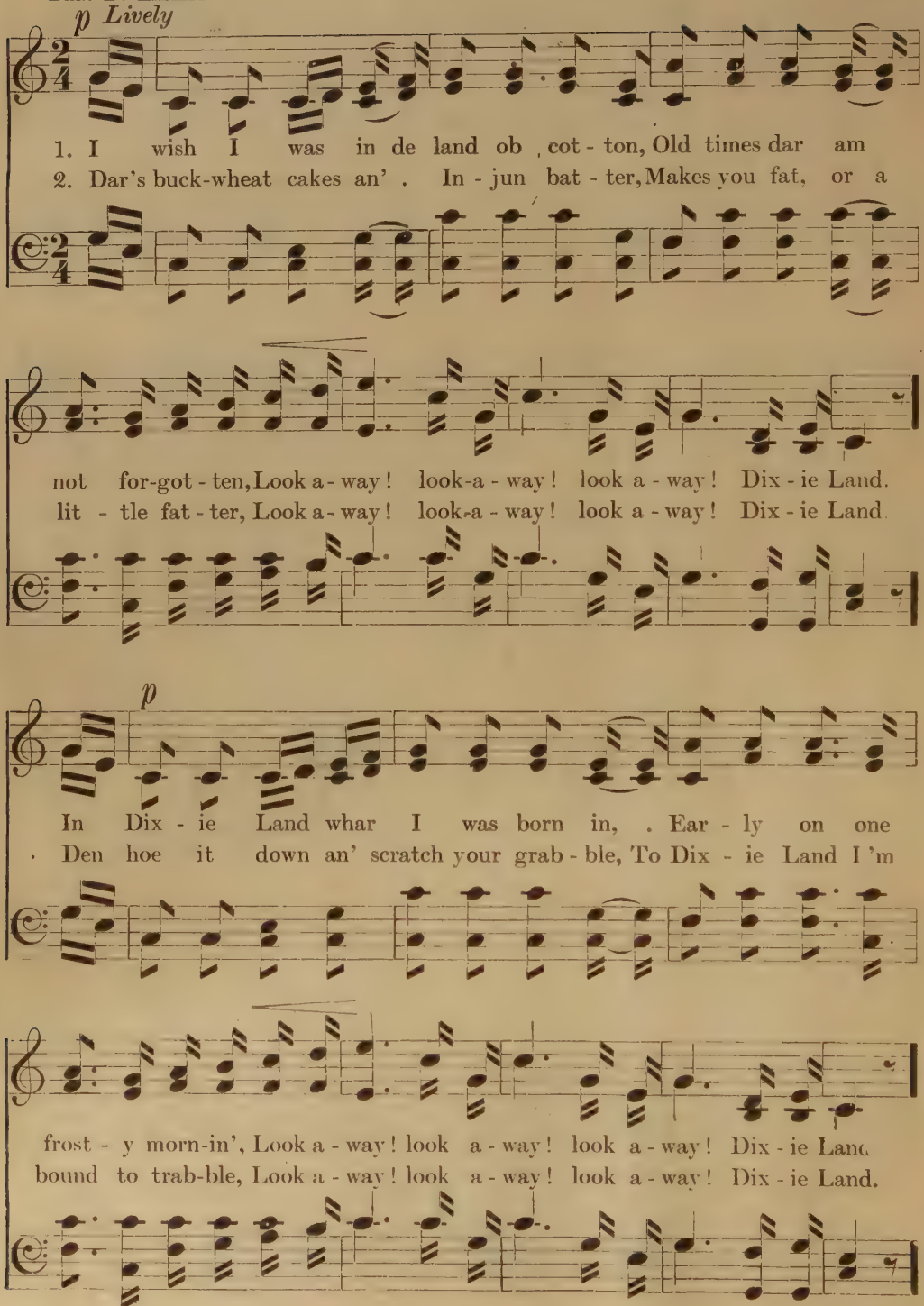
John Howard Payne — Sir Henry Bishop

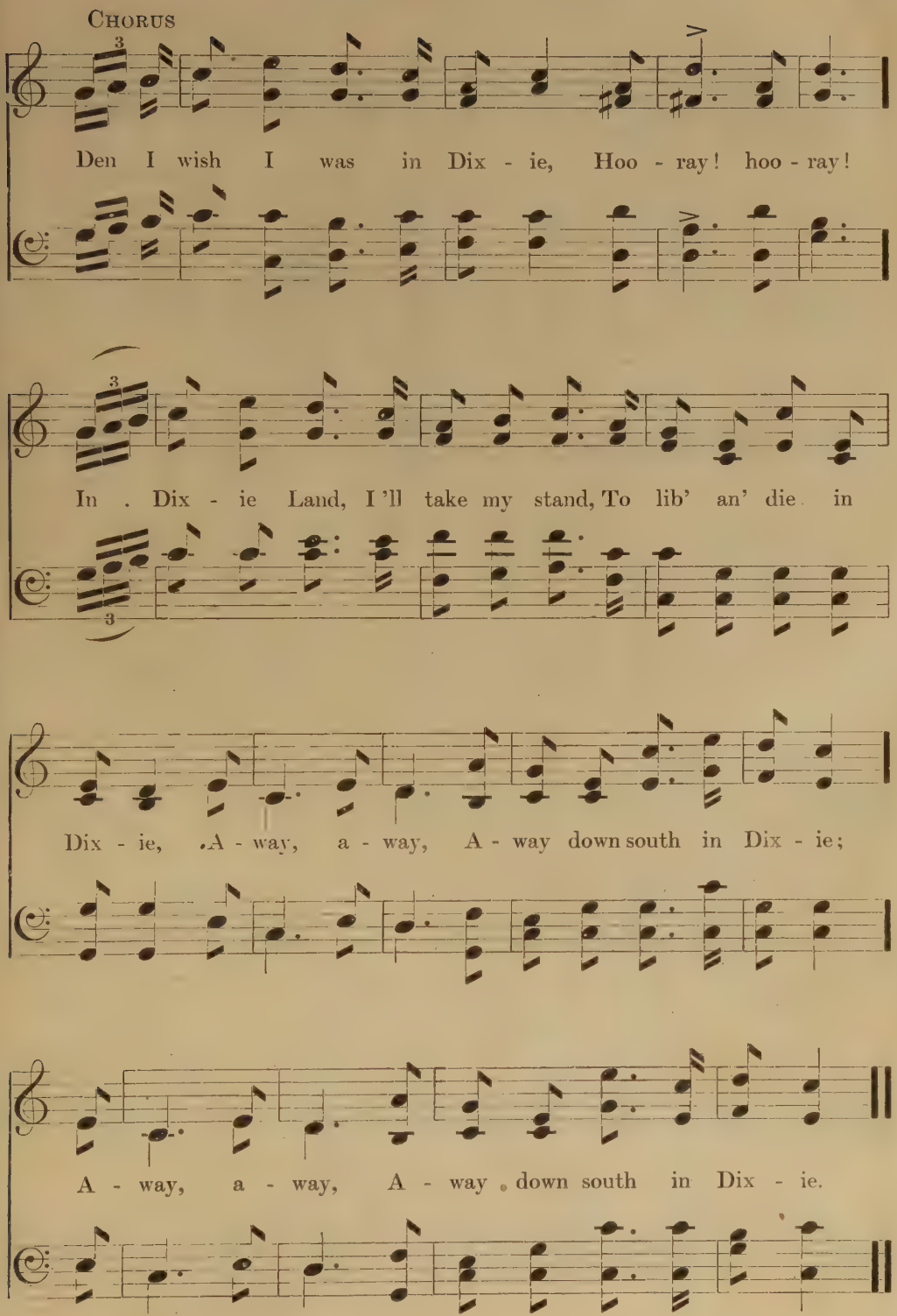

Andante
1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal-a-ces though we may roam, Be it
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And .
3. An ex-ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain; Oh, .


ev - er so hum-ble, there 's no place like home; A . charm from the
feel that my moth - er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that
give me my low - ly thatched cot-tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing
skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the
moon from our own cot - tage door, Thro' the wood - bine whose
gay - ly, that came at my call; Give me them, and that
world, is ne'er met with else-where. Home, home, sweet, sweet
fra - grance shall cheer me no more.
peace of mind, dear - er than all.
home! Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there 's no place like home.

DIXIE

DAN. D. EMMETT D. D. E.

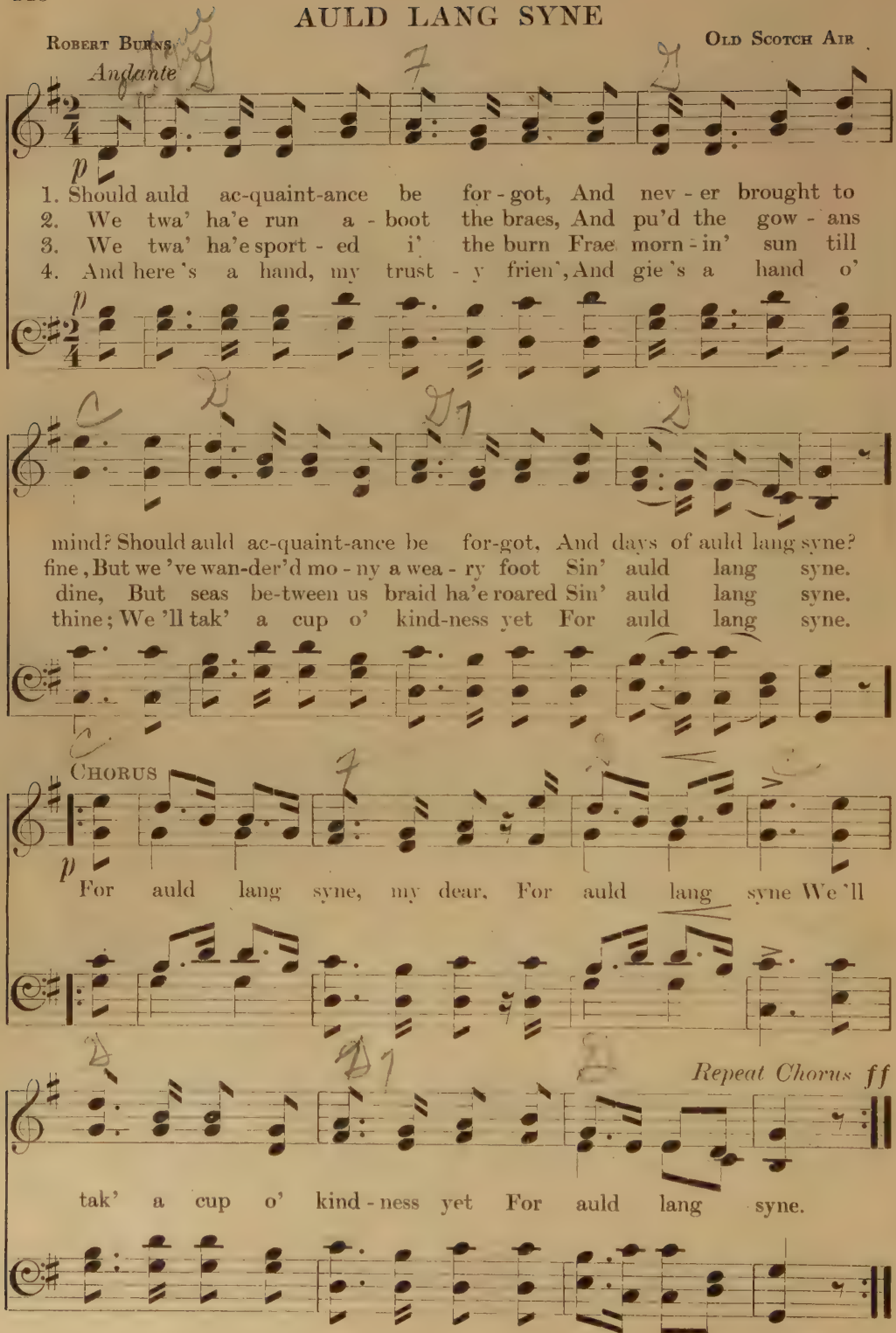

p Lively
1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
2. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' In - jun bat - ter, Makes you fat, or a
not for-got - ten, Look a - way! look-a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
lit - tle fat - ter, Look a - way! look-a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
p
In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grab - ble, To Dix - ie Land I 'm
frost - y morn-in', Look a - way! look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land
bound to trab-ble, Look a - way! look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land.


Chorus
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! hoo - ray!
In . Dix - ie Land, I 'll take my stand, To lib' an' die in
Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie;
A - way, a - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

AULD LANG SYNE

ROBERT BURNS. OLD SCOTCH AIR.

Andante


p
1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to
2. We twa' ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans
3. We twa' ha'e sport-ed i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till
4. And here 's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie 's a hand o'
p
mind? Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
fine, But we 've wan-der'd mo-ny a wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
dine, But seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
thine; We 'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.
CHORUS
p
For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne We 'll
Repeat Chorus ff
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

SANTA LUCIA

Translated from the Italian

NEAPOLITAN BOAT SONG

Moderato

mf

1. Moonlight, so sweet and pale, From heaven falling ; Wavelets that murmur low
2. Soft winds that come and go, Coolness are bringing, Bearing on gen- tle wings
3. O joy ! to lie at rest, Drift-ing and dreaming On ocean's peaceful breast,

Moderato

mf

To us are call - ing. White is the summer night ; Sum-mer sea,
Ech - oes of sing- ing. Waits the light boat for thee, Float o'er the
'Neath moon-light gleaming ! Bride of the sum-mer sea, Na - ples, thy

f

rall.

sil-ver bright. San - ta Lu - ci - a ! San - ta Lu - ci - a !
waves with me. San - ta Lu - ci - a ! San - ta Lu - ci - a !
child to be ! San - ta Lu - ci - a ! San - ta Lu - ci - a !

p

rall.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

STEPHEN C. FOSTER S. C. F.

Moderato

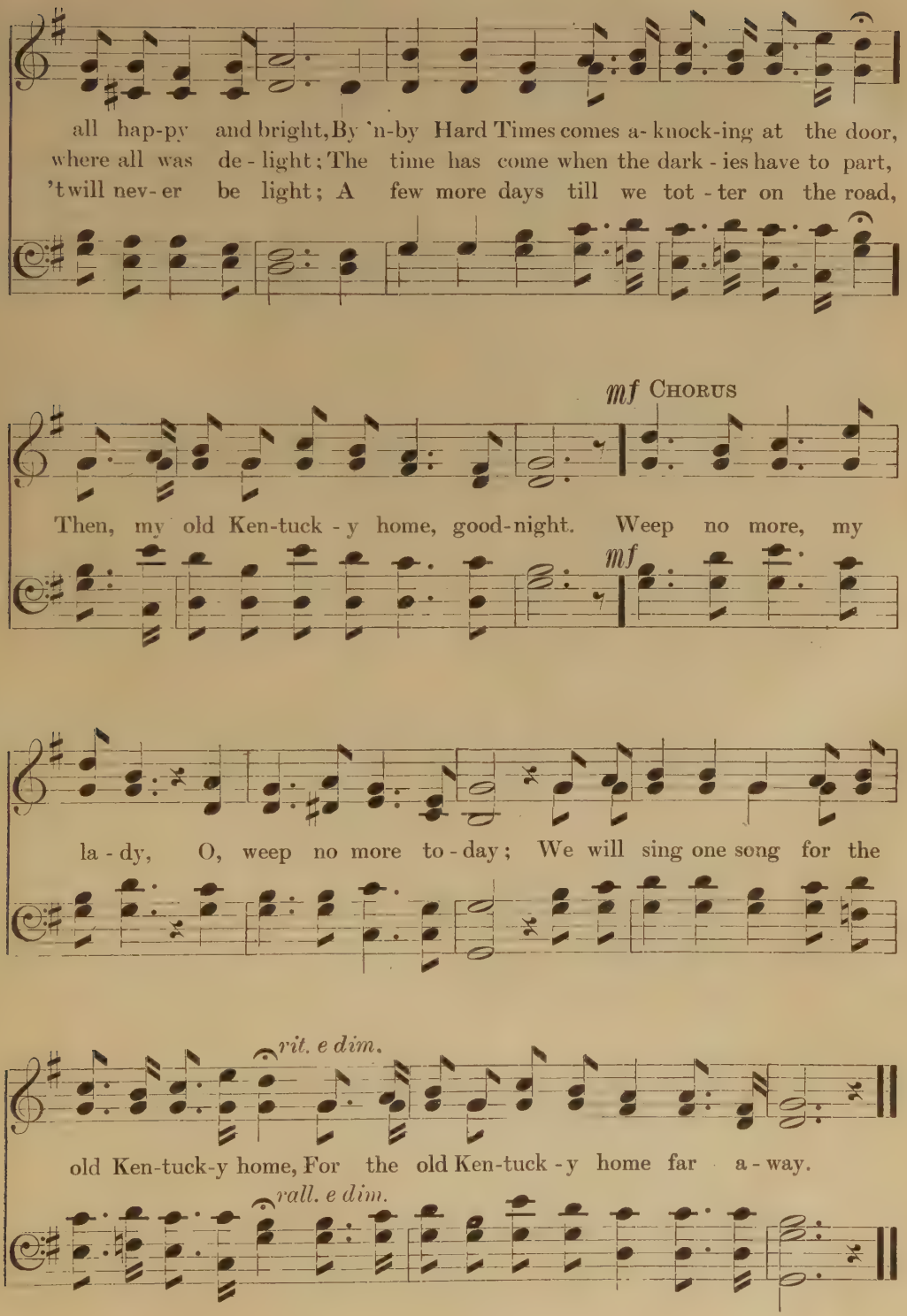
p

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken - tuck - y home, 'T is
2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher -

sum-mer, the dark - ies are gay, The corn - top 's ripe and the
mea-dow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the
ev - er the dark - y may go; A few more days and the

mea-dow 's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the day;
glim - mer of the moon, On the beach by the old . cab - in door;
trou - ble all will end In the field where the su - gar canes grow;

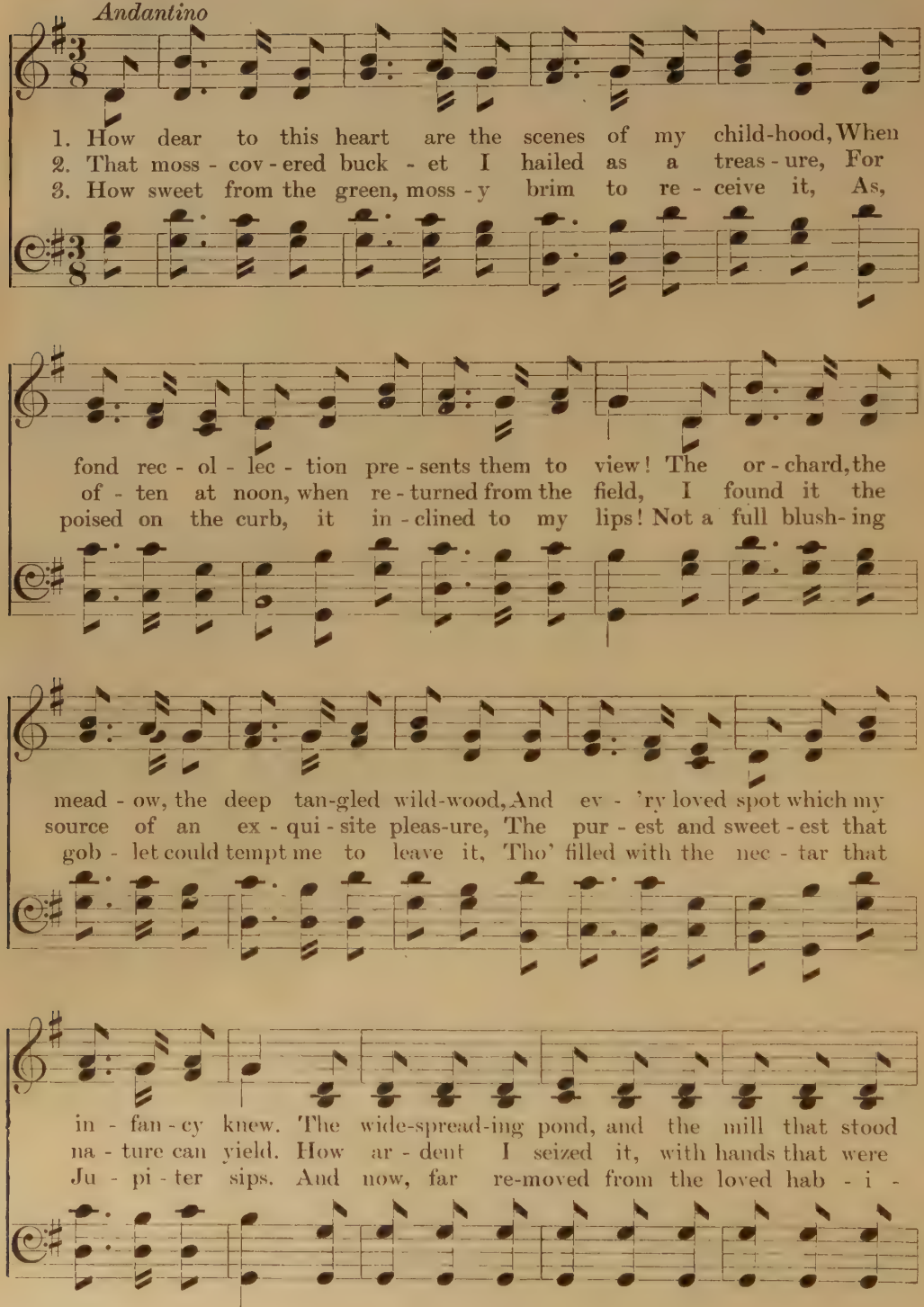
The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer - ry,
The day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With sor - row
A few more days for to tote the wea - ry load,—No mat - ter,

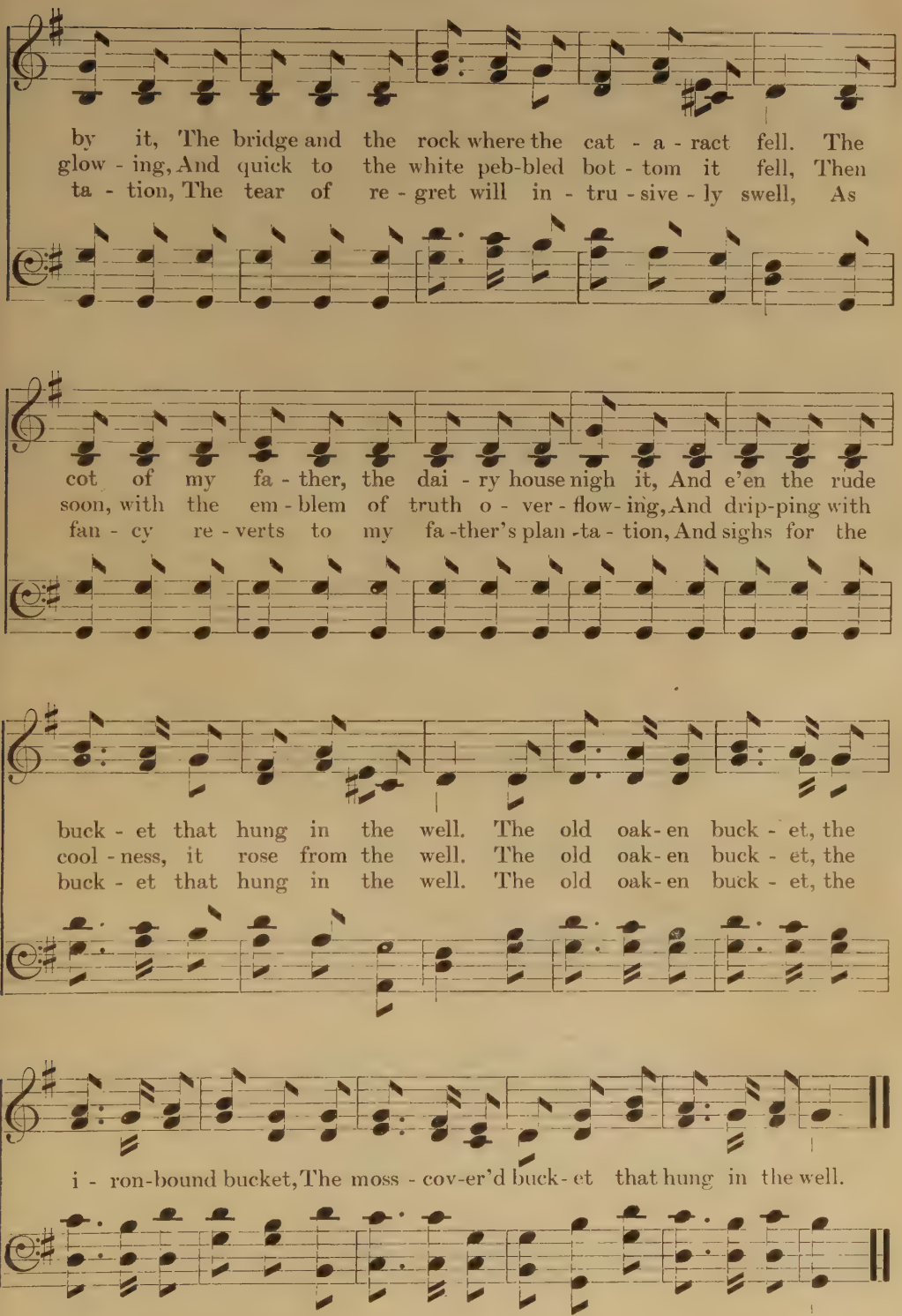

all hap-py and bright, By 'n-by Hard Times comes a-knock-ing at the door,
where all was de-light; The time has come when the dark-ies have to part,
'twill nev-er be light; A few more days till we tot-ter on the road,
mf CHORUS
Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night. Weep no more, my
mf
la-dy, O, weep no more to-day; We will sing one song for the
rit. e dim.
old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a-way.
rall. e dim.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

SAMUEL WOODWORTH — GEORGE KAILLMARK

Andantino

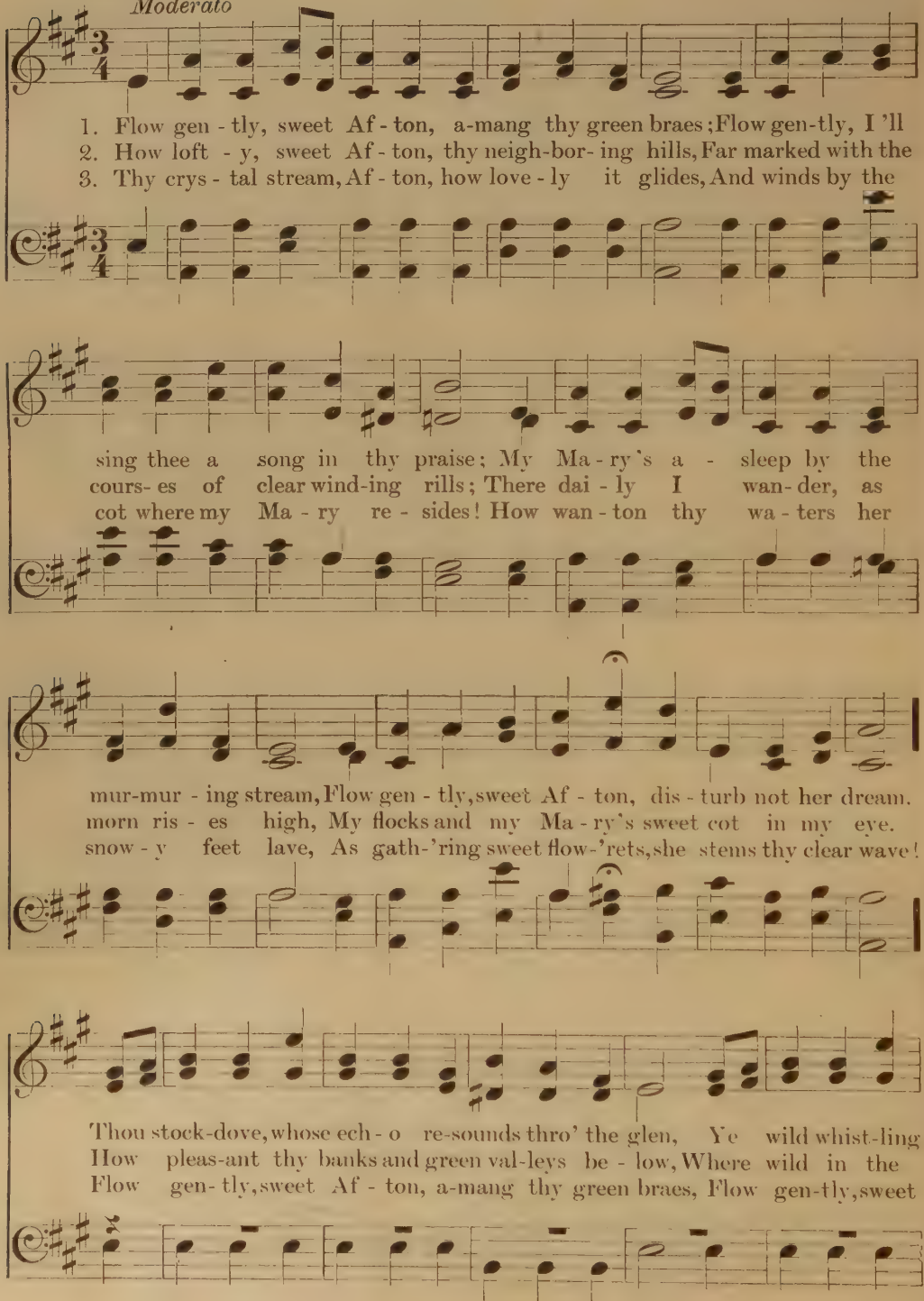

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When
2. That moss - cov - ered buck - et I hailed as a treas - ure, For
3. How sweet from the green, moss - y brim to re - ceive it, As,
fond rec - ol - lec - tion pre - sents them to view! The or - chard, the
of - ten at noon, when re - turned from the field, I found it the
poised on the curb, it in - clined to my lips! Not a full blush - ing
mead - ow, the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved spot which my
source of an ex - qui - site pleas-ure, The pur - est and sweet - est that
gob - let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the nec - tar that
in - fan - cy knew. The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood
na - ture can yield. How ar - dent I seized it, with hands that were
Ju - pi - ter sips. And now, far re-moved from the loved hab - i -

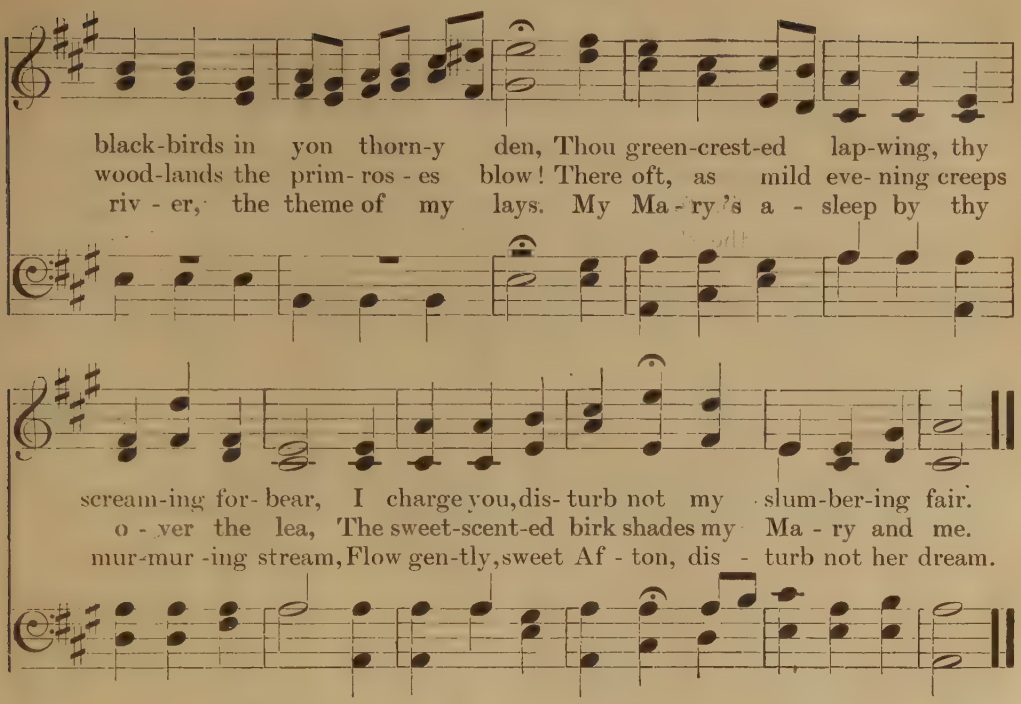

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell. The
glow - ing, And quick to the white peb-bled bot - tom it fell, Then
ta - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell, As
cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude
soon, with the em - blem of truth o - ver - flow - ing, And drip-ping with
fan - cy re - verts to my fa -ther's plan -ta - tion, And sighs for the
buck - et that hung in the well. The old oak - en buck - et, the
cool - ness, it rose from the well. The old oak - en buck - et, the
buck - et that hung in the well. The old oak - en buck - et, the
i - ron-bound bucket, The moss - cov-er'd buck - et that hung in the well.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

ROBERT BURNS — J. E. SPILMAN

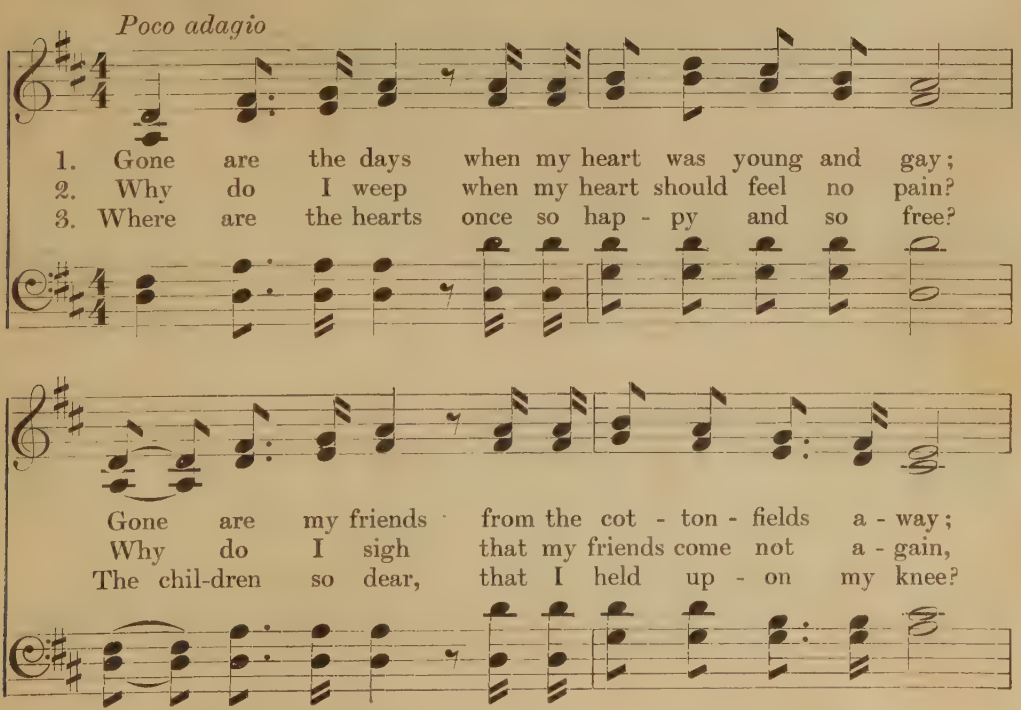
Moderato

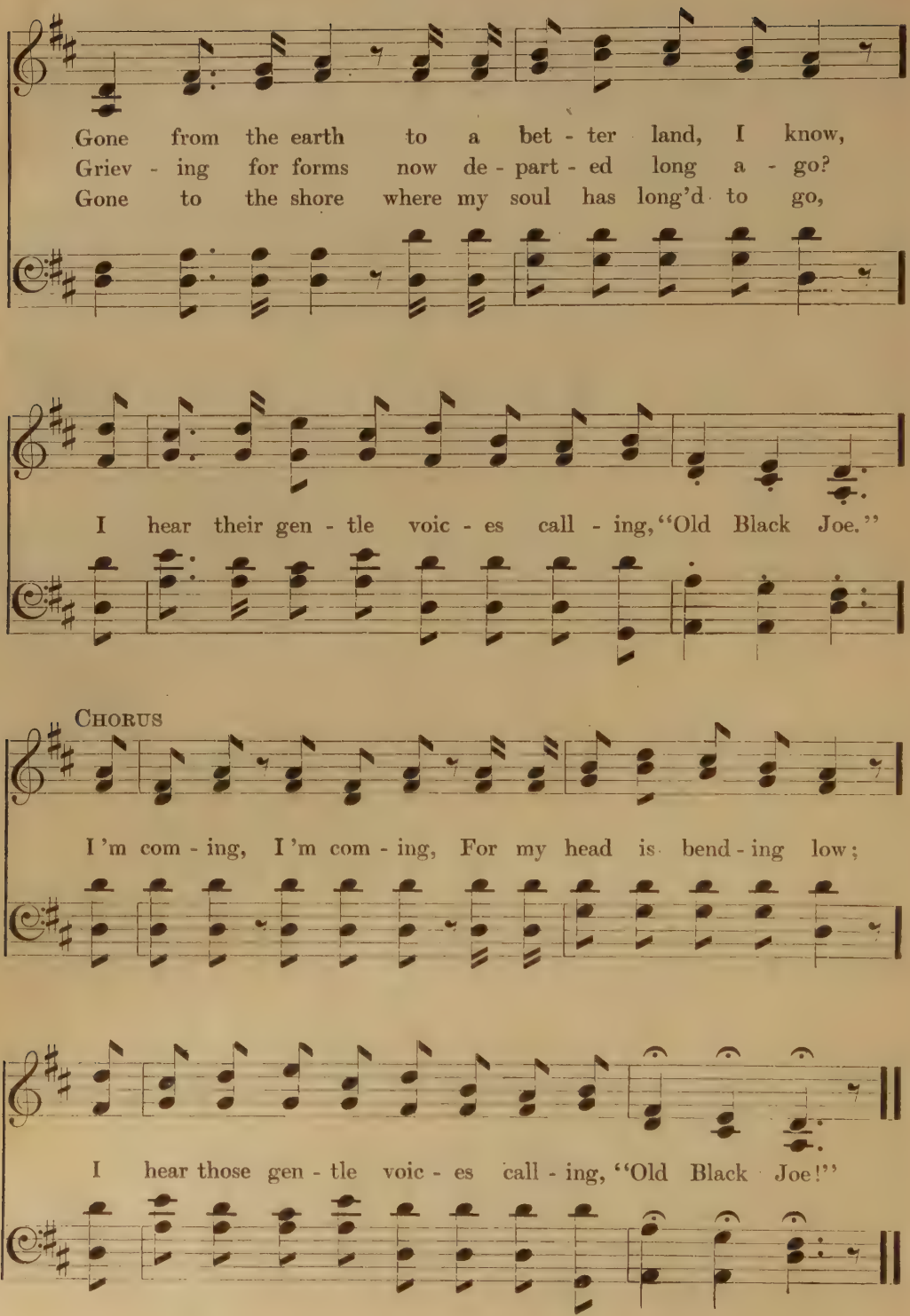

1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gen-tly, I 'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry 's a - sleep by the mur-mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.
2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh-bor- ing hills, Far marked with the cours- es of clear wind-ing rills; There dai - ly I wan- der, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye.
3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my Ma - ry re - sides! How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave, As gath-'ring sweet flow-'rets, she stems thy clear wave!
Thou stock-dove, whose ech - o re-sounds thro' the glen, Ye wild whist-ling
How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be - low, Where wild in the
Flow gen- tly, sweet Af - ton, a-mang thy green braes, Flow gen-tly, sweet


black-birds in yon thorn-y den, Thou green-crest-ed lap-wing, thy
wood-lands the prim-ros-es blow! There oft, as mild eve-ning creeps
riv-er, the theme of my lays. My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy
scream-ing for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
o-ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma-ry and me.
mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

OLD BLACK JOE

STEPHEN C. FOSTER S. C. F.


Poco adagio
1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free?
Gone are my friends from the cot-ton-fields a-way;
Why do I sigh that my friends come not a-gain,
The chil-dren so dear, that I held up-on my knee?

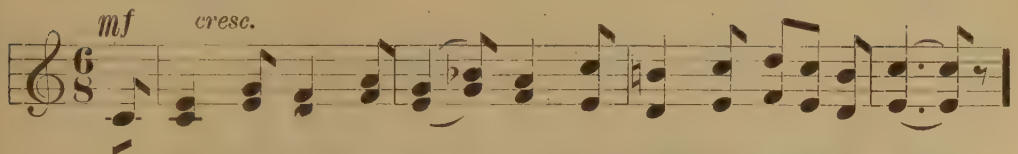

Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know,
Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go?
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go,
I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe."
Chorus
I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low;
I hear those gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

SECTION VII

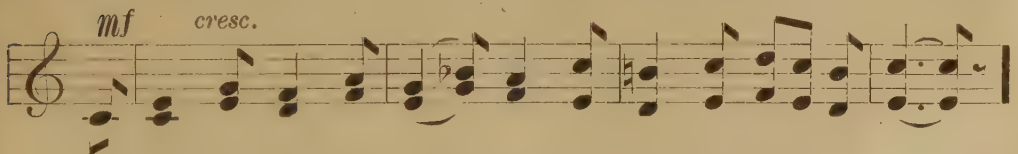
SACRED SONGS

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER — NAEGELI



1. All things bright and beau-ti-ful, All creat-ures great and small,
2. The pur-ple-head-ed moun-tain, The riv-er run-ning by,
3. The tall trees in the green-wood, The mead-ows where we play,

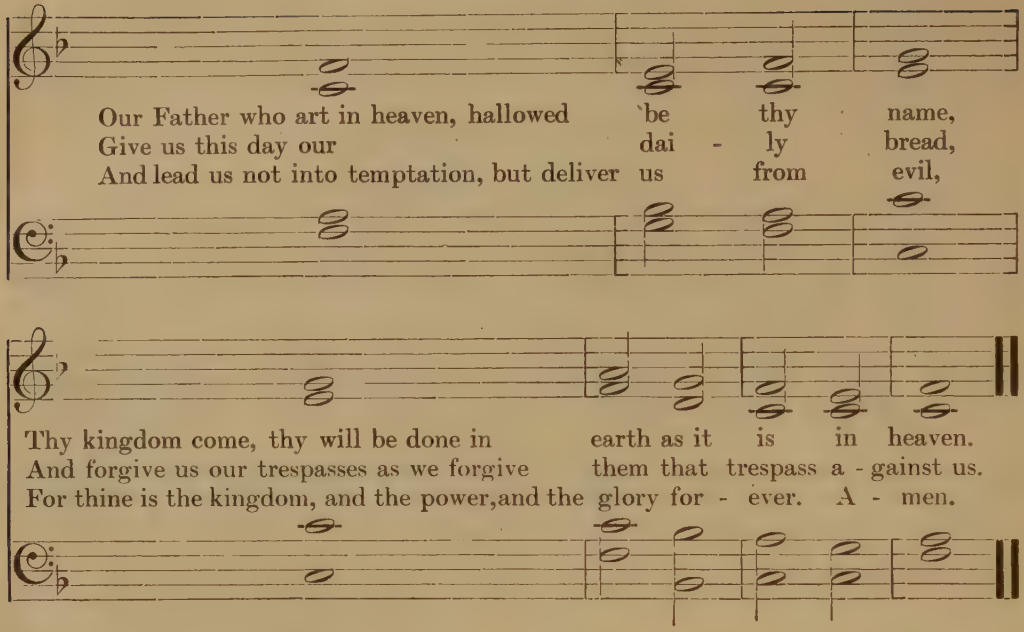


All things wise and won-der-ful, The Lord God made them all.
The sun-set and the morn-ing That bright-en up the sky,
The rush-es by the wa-ter We gath-er ev-'ry day,

Each lit-tle flow'r that o-pens, Each lit-tle bird that sings,
The cold wind in the win-ter, The pleas-ant sum-mer sun,
He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell

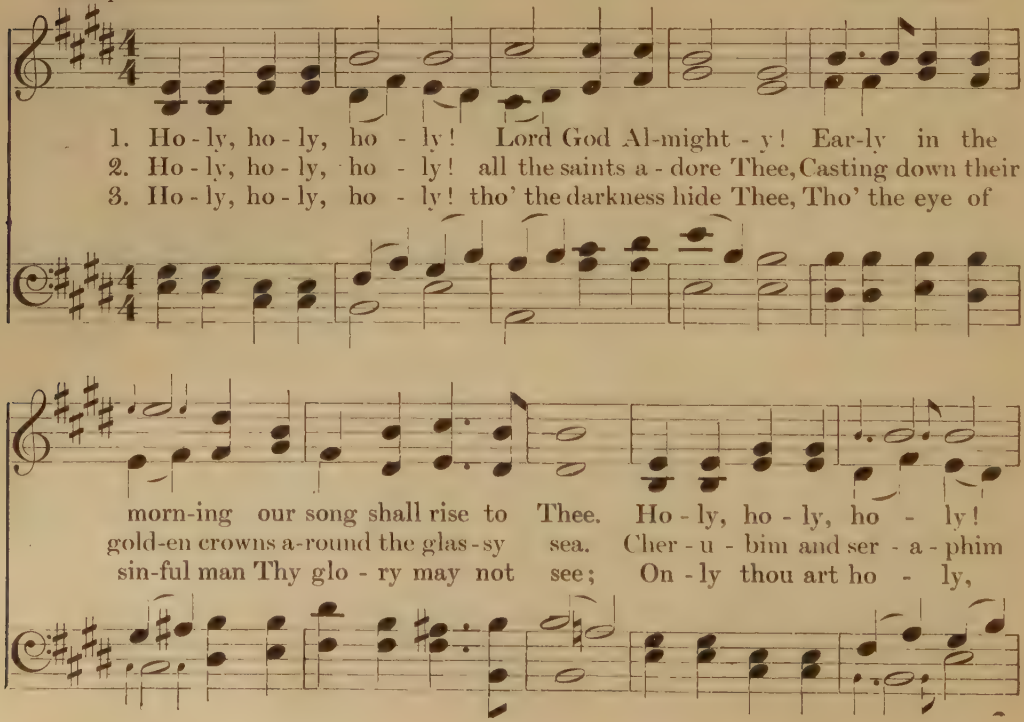
He made their glow-ing col-ors, He made their ti-ny wings.
The ripe fruits in the gar-den, He made them ev-'ry one.
How great is God Al-might-y, Who hath made all things well.

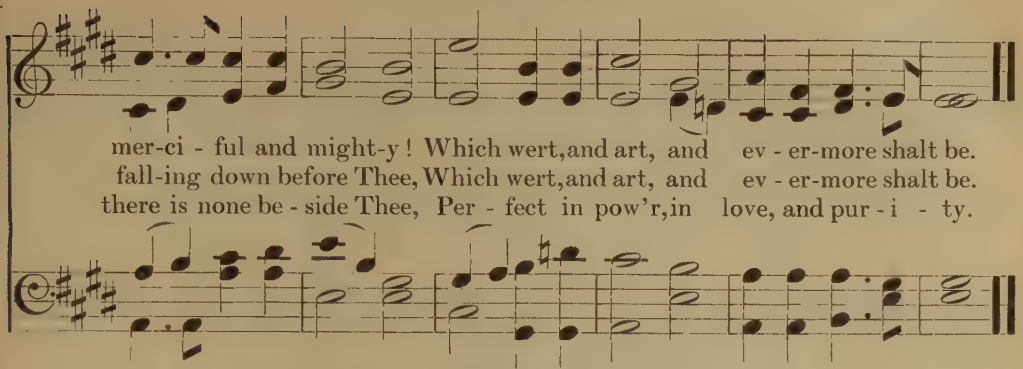
THE LORD'S PRAYER


Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,
Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for - ever. A - men.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

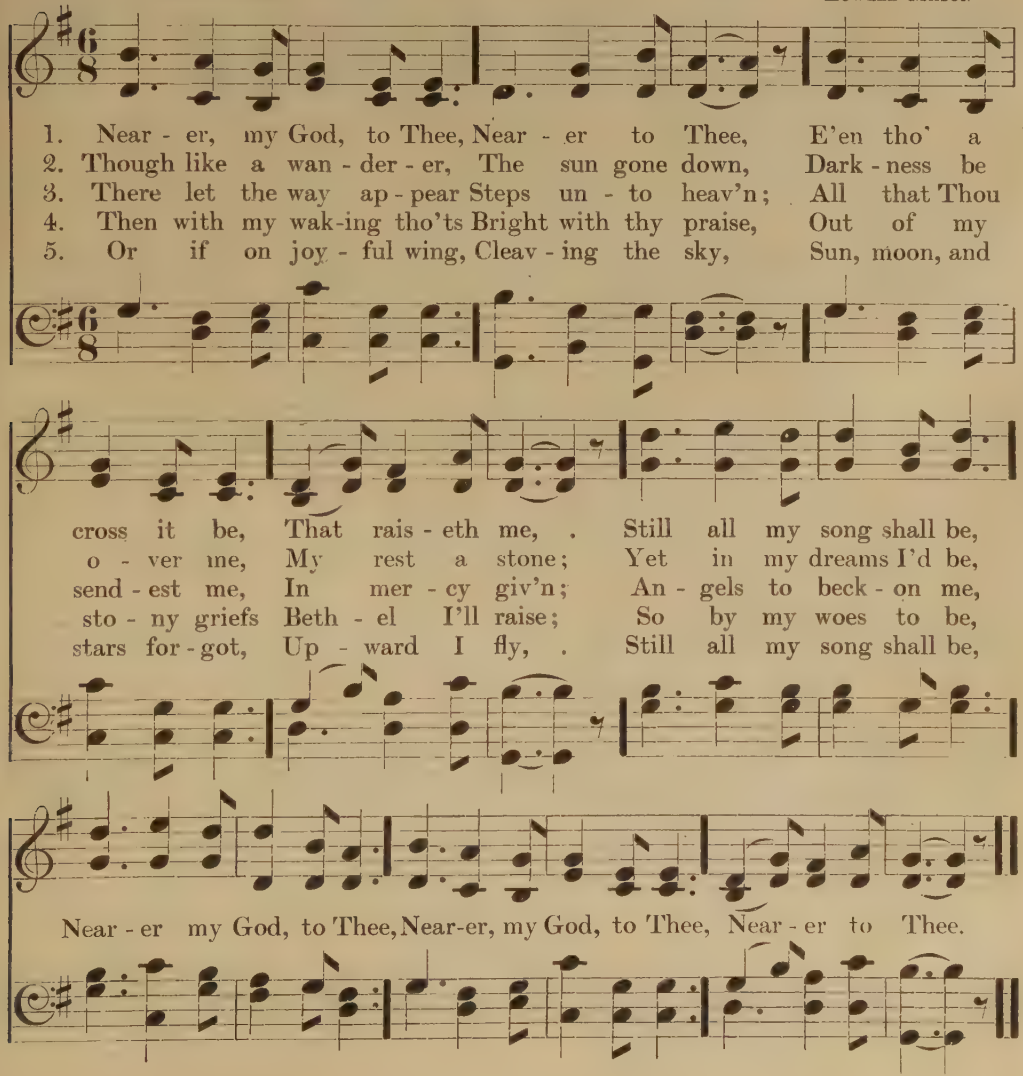
Bishop Reginald Heber — J. B. Dykes


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glas - sy sea. Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly thou art ho - ly,


mer-ci - ful and might-y! Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
fall-ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.

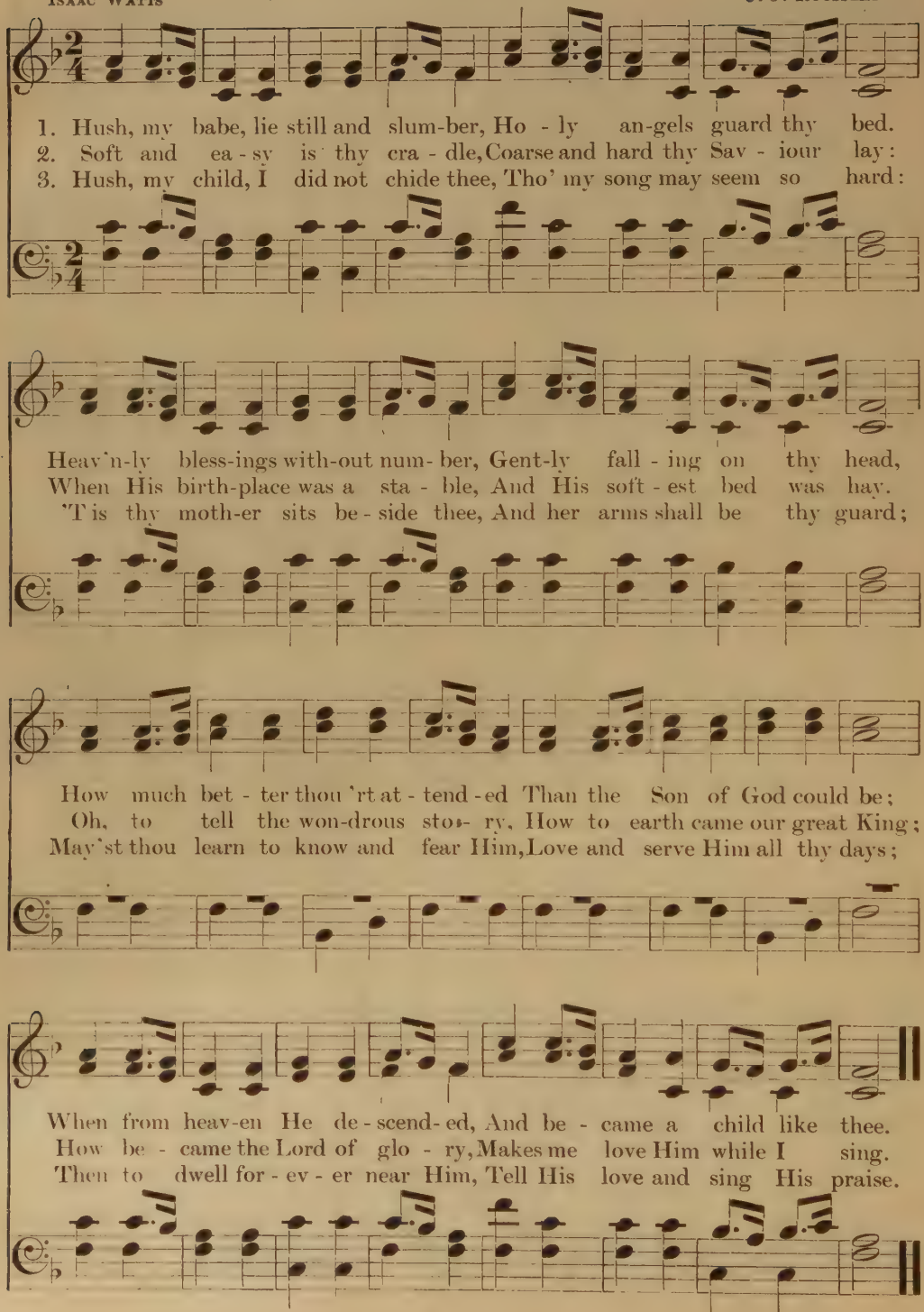
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS LOWELL MASON


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' a
2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Then with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and
cross it be, That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,
send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me,
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be,
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,
Near - er my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

CRADLE HYMN

ISAAC WATTS J. J. ROUSSEAU


1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho - ly an-gels guard thy bed.
2. Soft and ea - sy is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sav - iour lay:
3. Hush, my child, I did not chide thee, Tho' my song may seem so hard:
Heav'n-ly bless-ings with-out num-ber, Gent-ly fall - ing on thy head,
When His birth-place was a sta - ble, And His soft - est bed was hay.
'T is thy moth-er sits be - side thee, And her arms shall be thy guard;
How much bet - ter thou 'rt at - tend - ed Than the Son of God could be;
Oh, to tell the won-drous sto- ry, How to earth came our great King;
May'st thou learn to know and fear Him, Love and serve Him all thy days;
When from heav-en He de - scend - ed, And be - came a child like thee.
How be - came the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me love Him while I sing.
Then to dwell for - ev - er near Him, Tell His love and sing His praise.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

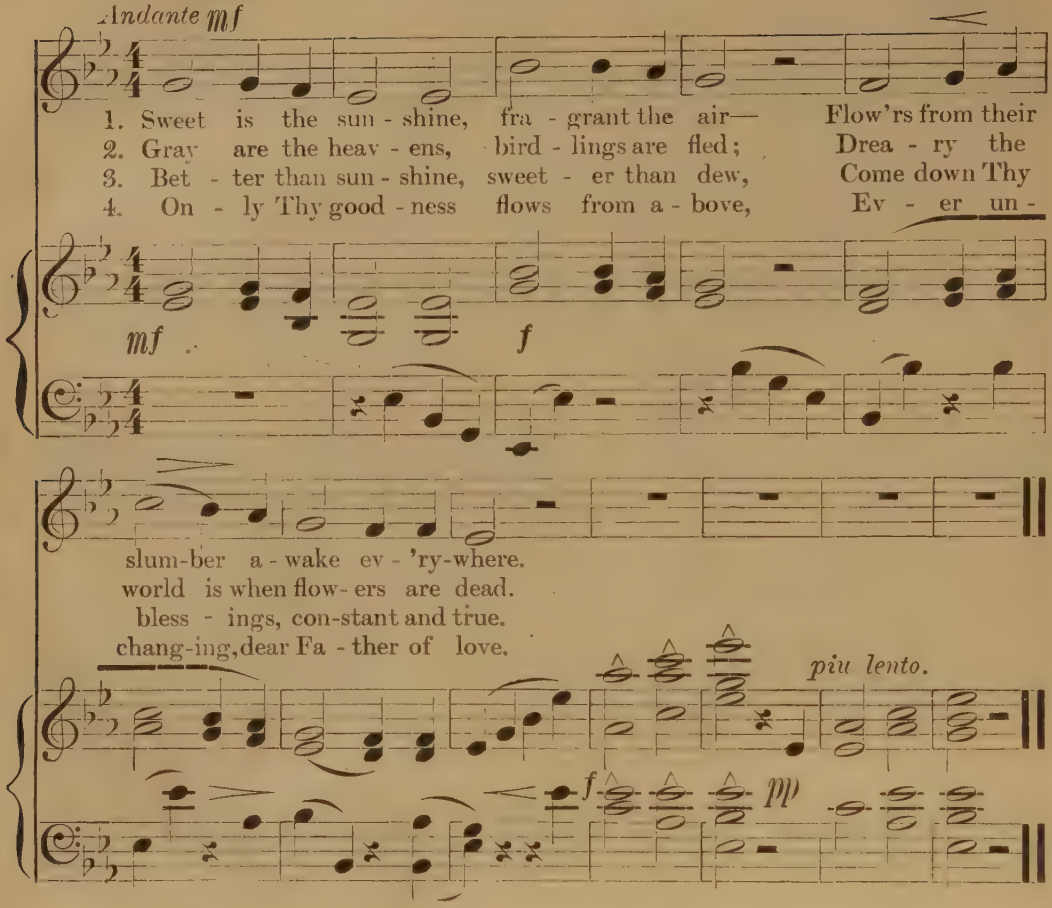
DYKES

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encirc-ling gloom, Lead Thou me on:
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on
p
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone;
cres.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, . .
And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile, . .
The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough . for me. .
Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not . past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost . a - while.

MORNING SONG

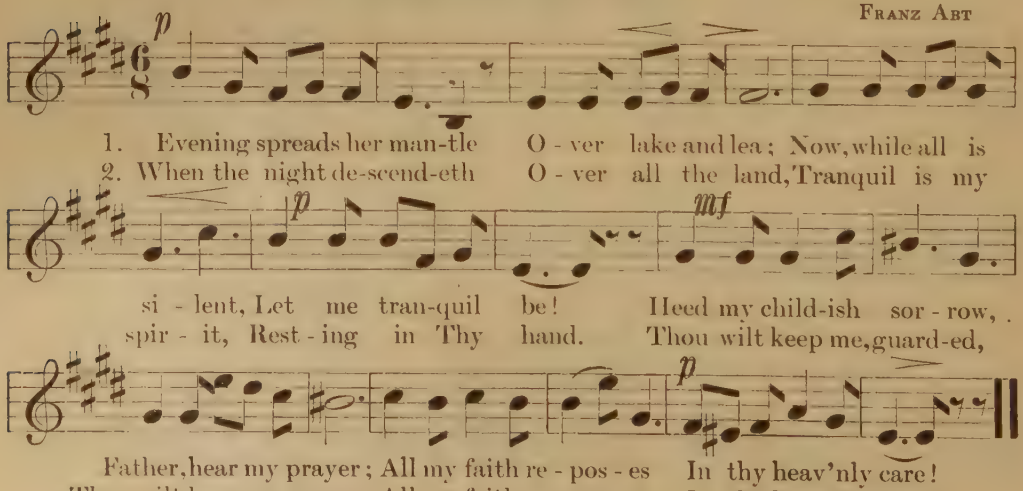
FROM THE GERMAN

WILHELM


Andante mf
1. Sweet is the sun - shine, fra - grant the air— Flow'rs from their
2. Gray are the heav - ens, bird - lings are fled; Drea - ry the
3. Bet - ter than sun - shine, sweet - er than dew, Come down Thy
4. On - ly Thy good - ness flows from a - bove, Ev - er un -
mf
f
slum-ber a - wake ev - 'ry-where.
world is when flow - ers are dead.
bless - ings, con-stant and true.
chang-ing, dear Fa - ther of love.
piu lento.
f
pp

EVENING HYMN

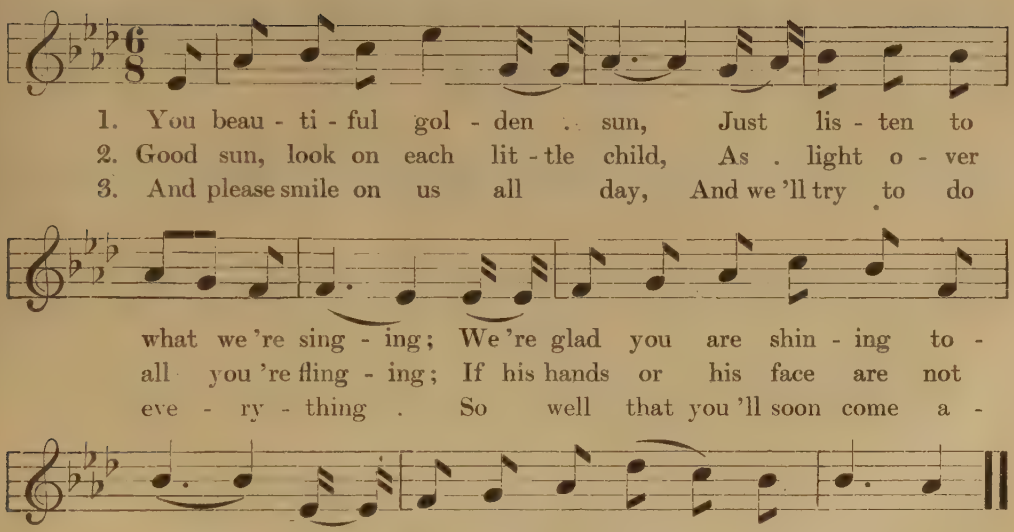
FRANZ ABT


p
1. Evening spreads her man-tle O - ver lake and lea; Now, while all is
2. When the night de-scend-eth O - ver all the land, Tranquil is my
p
mf
si - lent, Let me tran-quil be! Heed my child-ish sor - row,
spir - it, Rest - ing in Thy hand. Thou wilt keep me, guard-ed,
p
Father, hear my prayer; All my faith re - pos - es In thy heav'nly care!
Thou wilt hear my prayer; All my faith re - pos - es In thy heav'nly care!

SECTION VIII

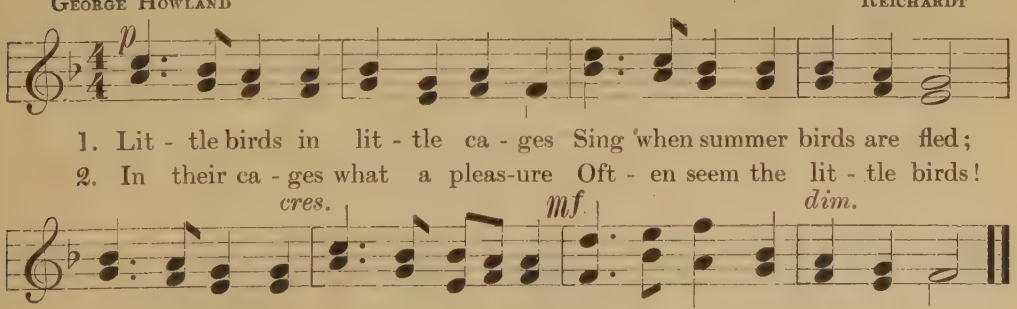
MISCELLANEOUS SONGS

GOOD-MORNING*


1. You beau - ti - ful gol - den sun, Just lis - ten to
what we're sing - ing; We're glad you are shin - ing to -
day, And bid you "Good-morn-ing," "good-morn - ing."
2. Good sun, look on each lit - tle child, As light o - ver
all you're fling - ing; If his hands or his face are not
clean, Do not lis - ten to his "good-morn - ing."
3. And please smile on us all day, And we'll try to do
eve - ry - thing So well that you'll soon come a -
gain, And bid us "good-morn-ing," "good-morn - ing."

LITTLE BIRDS IN LITTLE CAGES

GEORGE HOWLAND — REICHARDT


p
1. Lit - tle birds in lit - tle ca - ges Sing when summer birds are fled;
2. In their ca - ges what a pleas-ure Oft - en seem the lit - tle birds!
cres.
mf
dim.
Lit - tle words on lit - tle pa - ges Speak when wing-ed words are dead.
On their pa - ges, too, what pleas-ure Oft - en flows from lit - tle words!

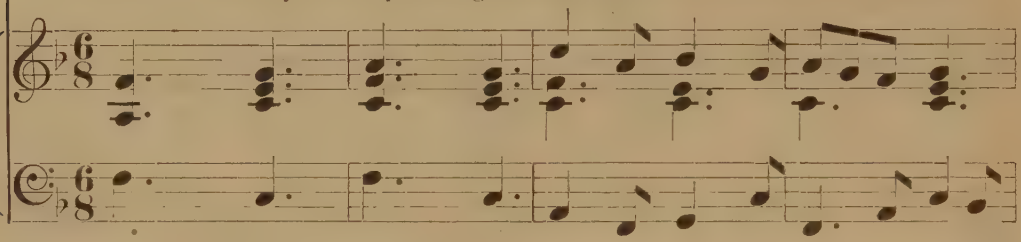
* Children bow to the sun at end of each verse.

MORNING SONG

GABRIEL SETOUN — OLD ENGLISH PLAY SONG

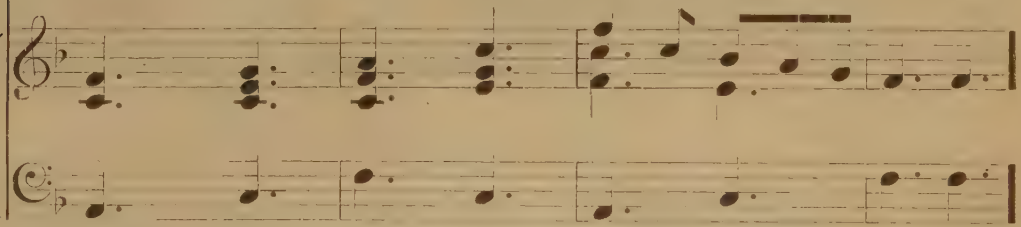
Lively

1. This is the way we brush our boots, Make them bright, both left and right,
2. This is the way we wash our face, Leave no speck on cheek or neck,
3. This is the way we comb our hair, From the crown we shade it down,
4. This is the way we brush our clothes, Chil-dren must be - ware of dust,
5. This is the way that boys and girls Who 'd be seen both neat and clean,

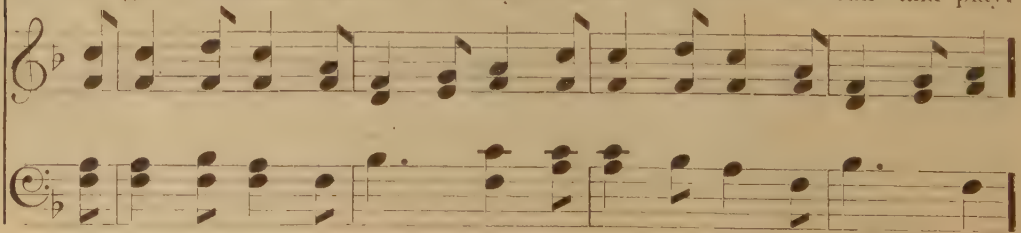


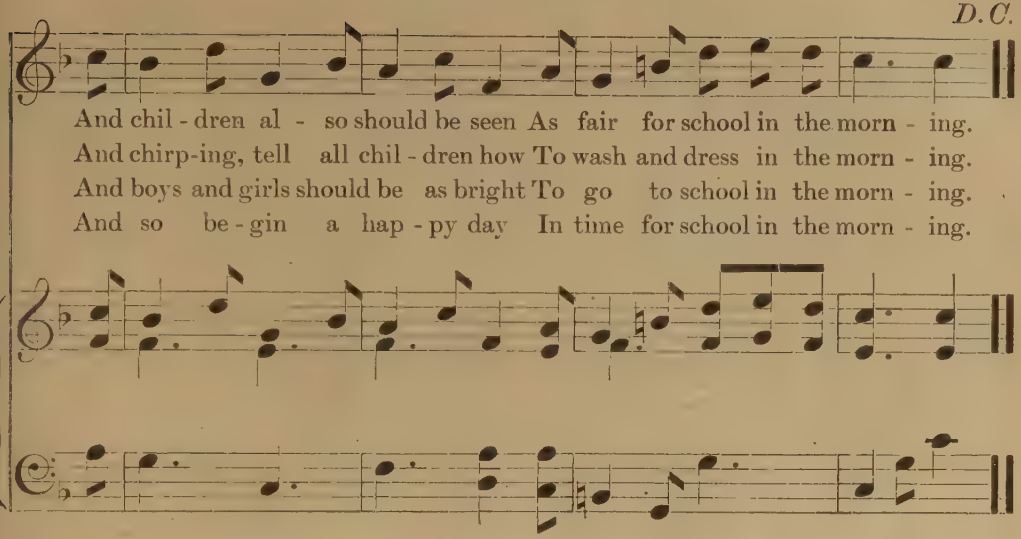
FINE

This is the way we brush our boots To go to school in the morn - ing.
This is the way we wash our face To go to school in the morn - ing.
This is the way we comb our hair To go to school in the morn - ing.
This is the way we brush our clothes To go to school in the morn - ing.
This is the way that boys and girls Pre-pare for school in the morn - ing.



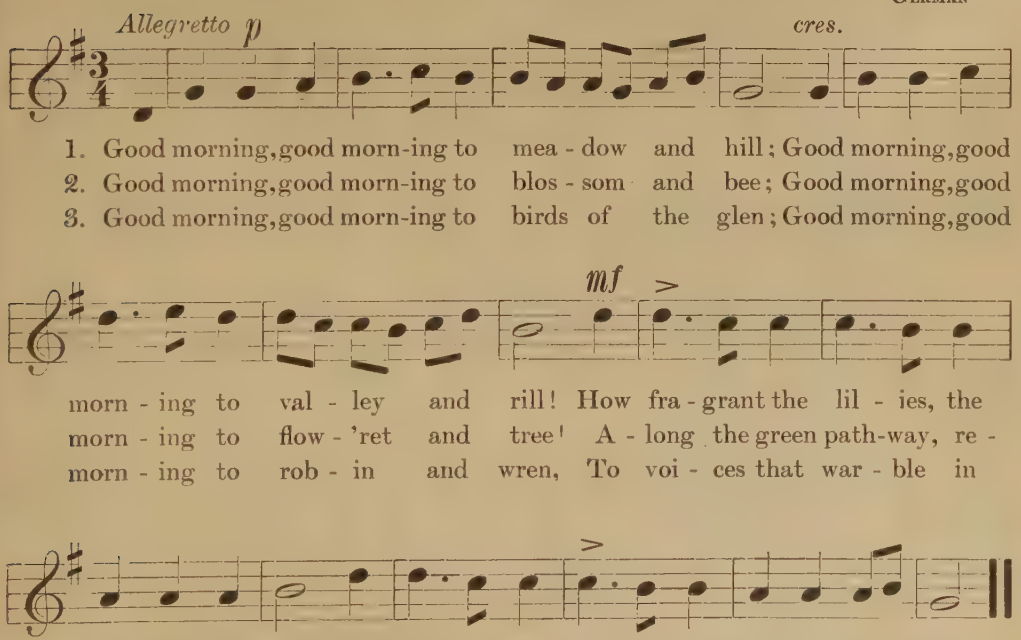
The dew - y grass is grow - ing green, The face of ev - 'ry flow'r is clean.
The birds have had their bath, and now They preen their wings on twig and bough
The clouds that looked so black last night, Are sail - ing now all snow - y white.
We 'll get our break - fast and a - way With half an hour to run and play.




D.C.
And chil - dren al - so should be seen As fair for school in the morn - ing.
And chirp-ing, tell all chil - dren how To wash and dress in the morn - ing.
And boys and girls should be as bright To go to school in the morn - ing.
And so be - gin a hap - py day In time for school in the morn - ing.

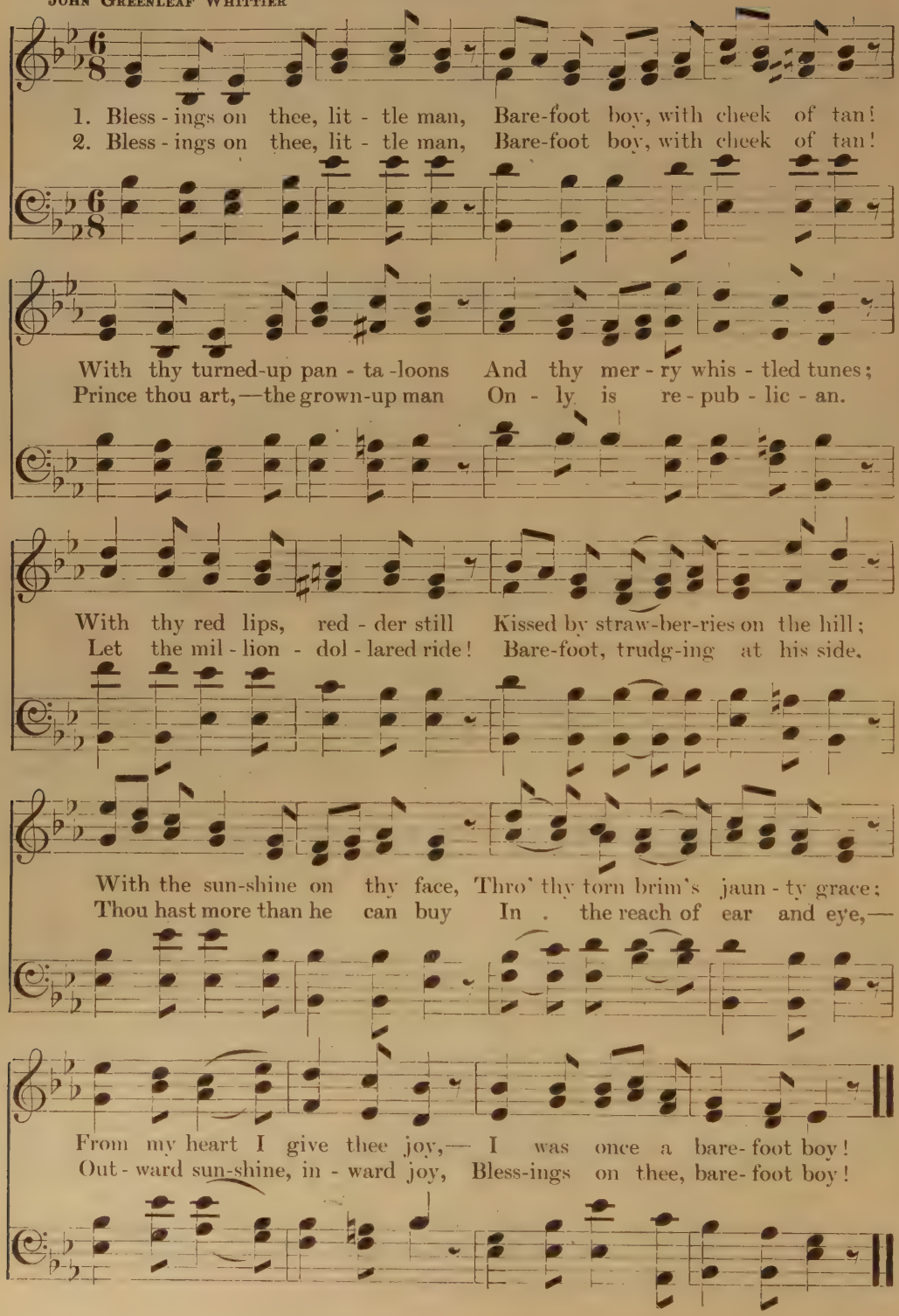
GOOD MORNING TO MEADOW AND HILL!

GERMAN


Allegretto p
cres.
1. Good morning, good morn-ing to mea - dow and hill; Good morning, good
2. Good morning, good morn-ing to blos - som and bee; Good morning, good
3. Good morning, good morn-ing to birds of the glen; Good morning, good
mf
morn - ing to val - ley and rill! How fra - grant the lil - ies, the
morn - ing to flow - 'ret and tree! A - long the green path-way, re -
morn - ing to rob - in and wren, To voi - ces that war - ble in
soft blush-ing rose, How bright o'er the mountain the fair sun-light glows!
splen-dent with dew, The shin - ing leaves whisper, "Good morning to you!"
wood-land and grove, Good morning, good morning to all that I love!

THE BAREFOOT BOY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

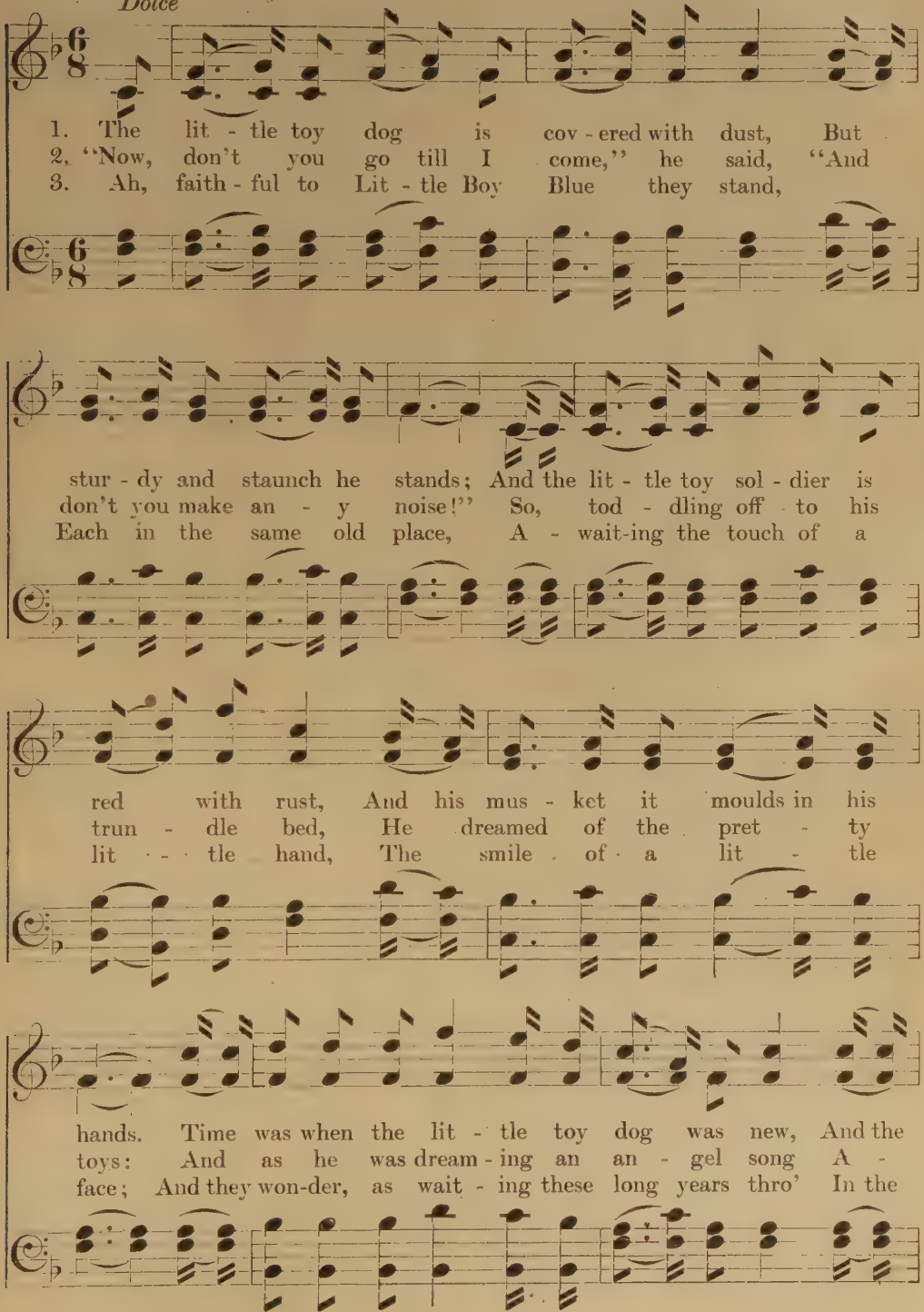

1. Bless - ings on thee, lit - tle man, Bare-foot boy, with cheek of tan!
2. Bless - ings on thee, lit - tle man, Bare-foot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pan - ta -loons And thy mer - ry whis - tled tunes;
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man On - ly is re - pub - lic - an.
With thy red lips, red - der still Kissed by straw-ber-ries on the hill;
Let the mil - lion - dol - lared ride! Bare-foot, trudg-ing at his side.
With the sun-shine on thy face, Thro' thy torn brim's jaun - ty grace;
Thou hast more than he can buy In . the reach of ear and eye,—
From my heart I give thee joy,— I was once a bare- foot boy!
Out - ward sun-shine, in - ward joy, Bless-ings on thee, bare- foot boy!

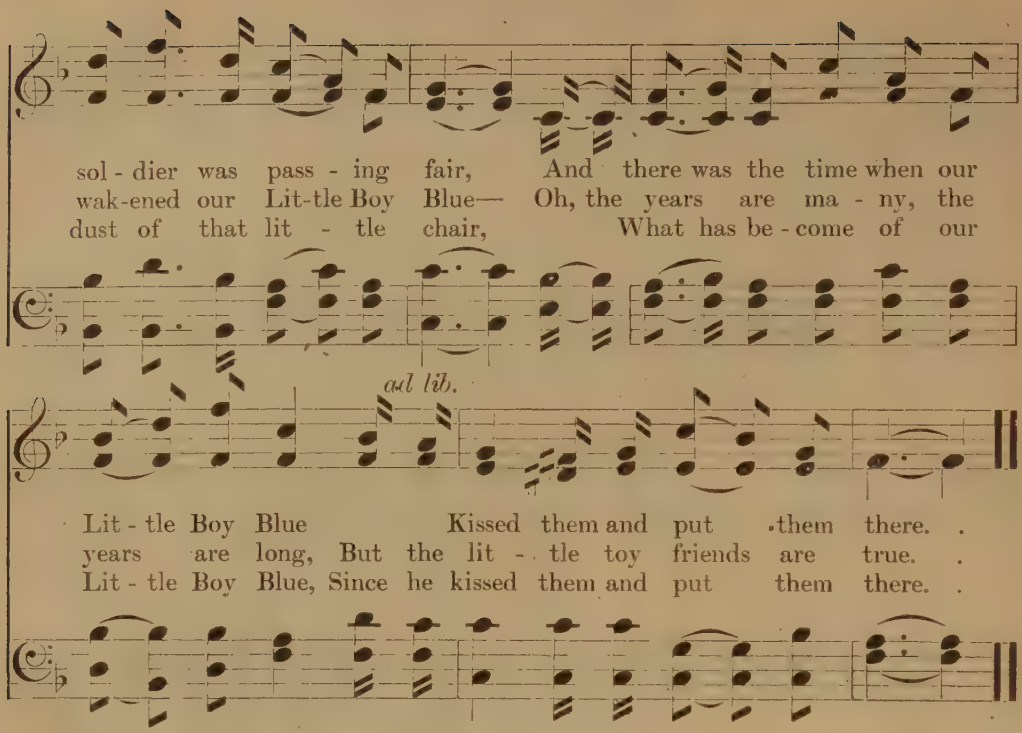
LITTLE BOY BLUE

EUGENE FIELD

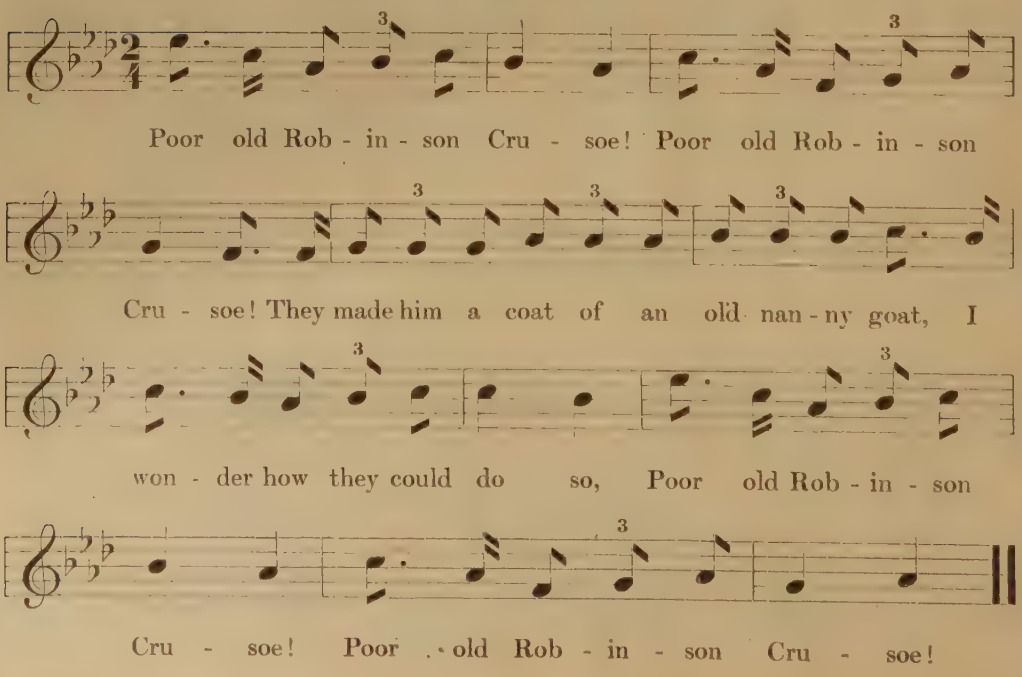
Dolce

J. E. SMITH


1. The lit - tle toy dog is cov - ered with dust, But
2. "Now, don't you go till I come," he said, "And
3. Ah, faith - ful to Lit - tle Boy Blue they stand,
stur - dy and staunch he stands; And the lit - tle toy sol - dier is
don't you make an - y noise!" So, tod - dling off to his
Each in the same old place, A - wait-ing the touch of a
red with rust, And his mus - ket it moulds in his
trun - dle bed, He dreamed of the pret - ty
lit - tle hand, The smile of a lit - tle
hands. Time was when the lit - tle toy dog was new, And the
toys: And as he was dream - ing an an - gel song A -
face; And they won-der, as wait - ing these long years thro' In the

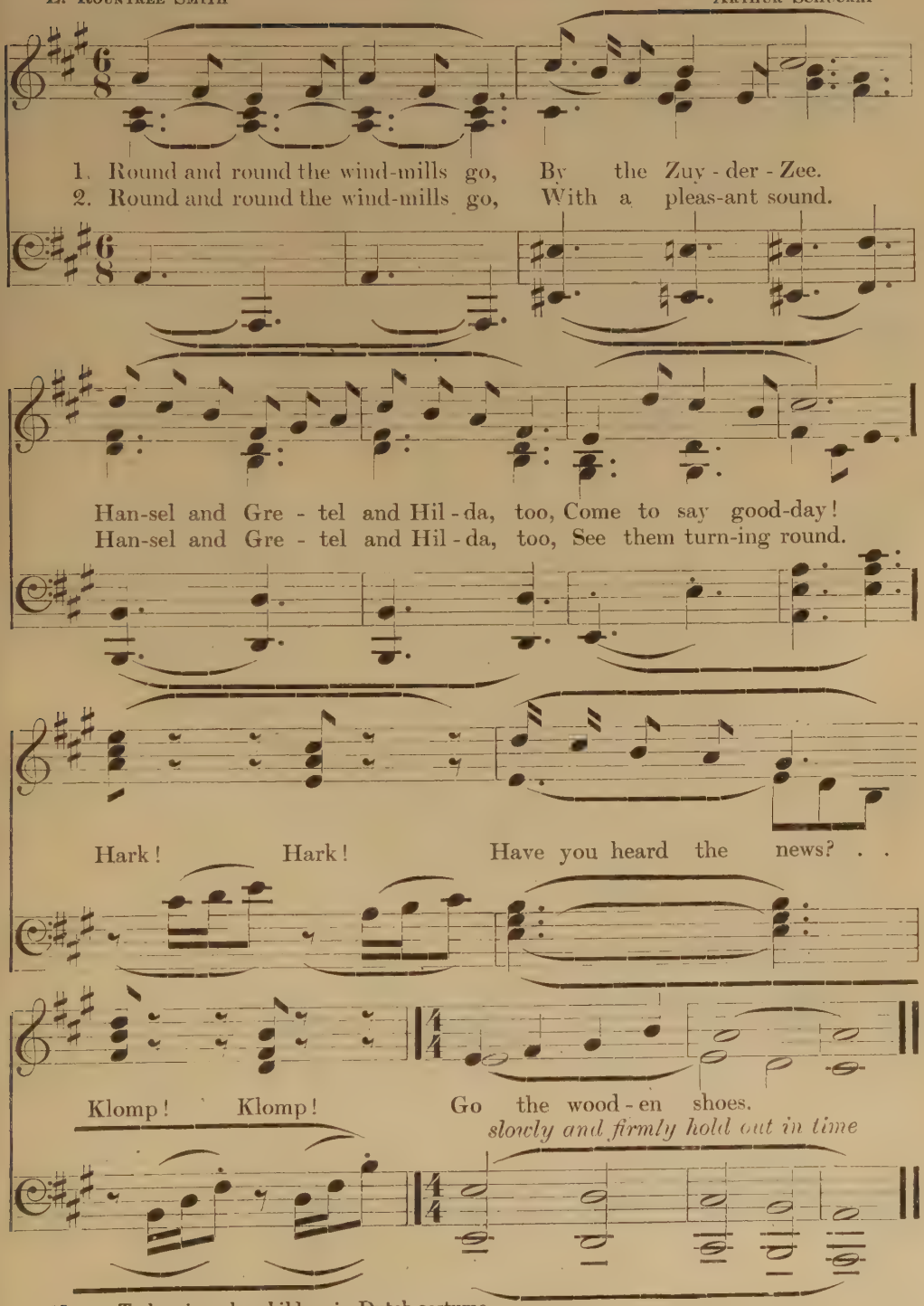

sol - dier was pass - ing fair, And there was the time when our
wak-ened our Lit-tle Boy Blue— Oh, the years are ma - ny, the
dust of that lit - tle chair, What has be - come of our
ad lib.
Lit - tle Boy Blue Kissed them and put them there.
years are long, But the lit - tle toy friends are true.
Lit - tle Boy Blue, Since he kissed them and put them there.

ROBINSON CRUSOE


Poor old Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Poor old Rob - in - son
Cru - soe! They made him a coat of an old nan - ny goat, I
won - der how they could do so, Poor old Rob - in - son
Cru - soe! Poor old Rob - in - son Cru - soe!

HOLLAND SONG*

L. Rountree Smith — Arthur Schuckai


1. Round and round the wind-mills go, By the Zuy - der - Zee.
2. Round and round the wind-mills go, With a pleas-ant sound.
Han-sel and Gre - tel and Hil - da, too, Come to say good-day!
Han-sel and Gre - tel and Hil - da, too, See them turn-ing round.
Hark! Hark! Have you heard the news? . .
Klomp! Klomp! Go the wood - en shoes.
slowly and firmly hold out in time

Note: To be given by children in Dutch costume.

JAPANESE SONG *

L. Rountree Smith — Stella Kromer

1. We have come from o'er the sea, Mer - ry Jap - an - ese,
2. With our par - a - sol and fan, Mer - ry Jap - an - ese,

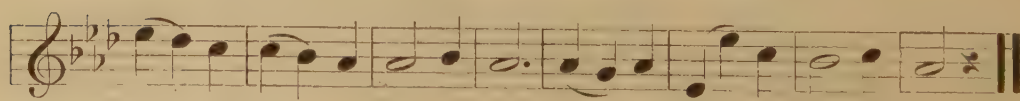
And we bow on bend - ed knee, Mer - ry Jap - an - ese.
We will please you if we can, Mer - ry Jap - an - ese.

Par - a - sols wave to and fro, Round and round and round they go.
Stroll - ing up and down the street, Ma - ny pleas-ant friends we meet.

Where the cher - ry blos - soms grow Live the Jap - an - ese.
Par - a - sols keep off the heat In our dear Ja - pan.

Chorus *Waltz time*

Bow - ing, bow - ing, ve - ry low, With our par - a - sol and fan,



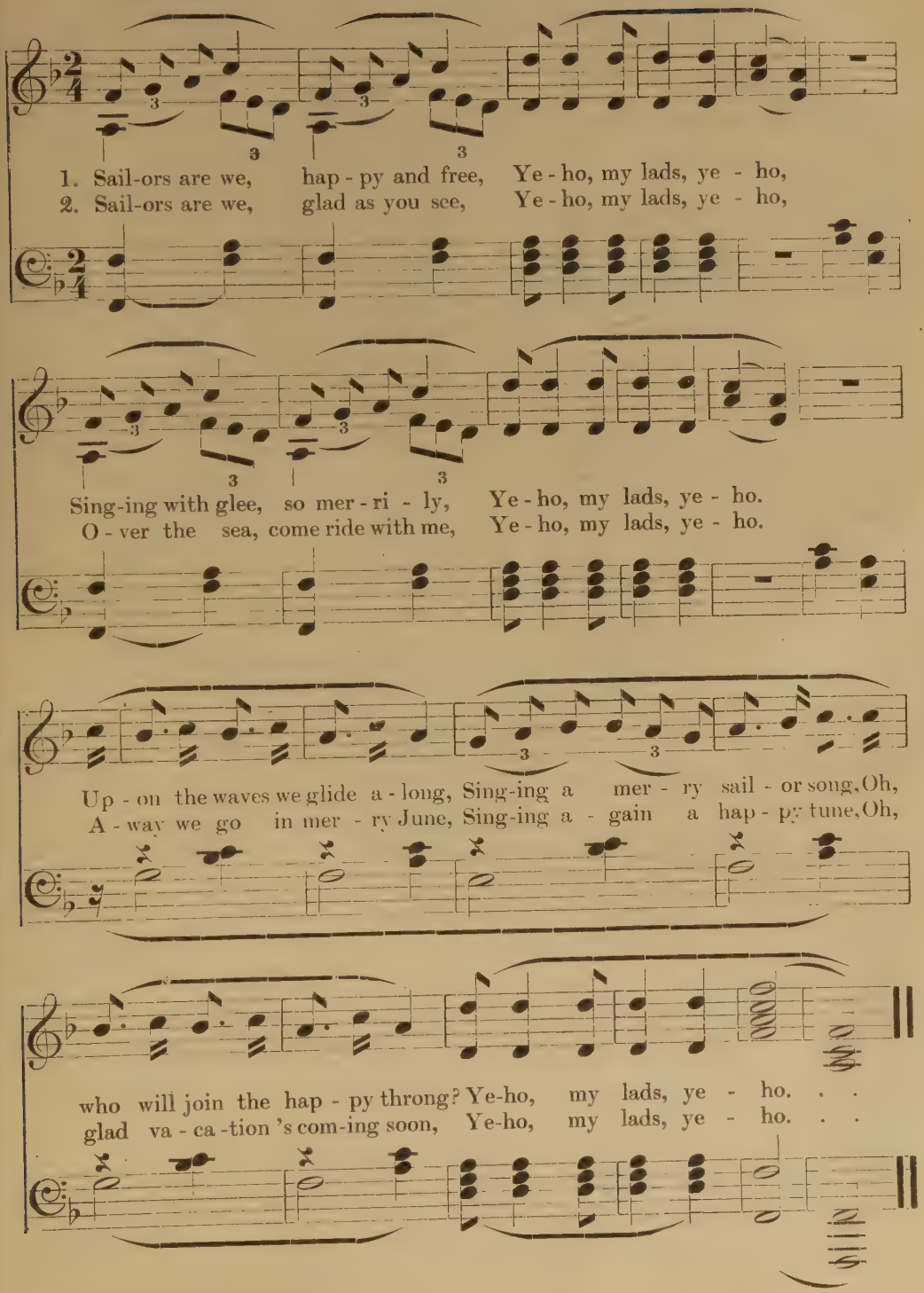
Fan - ning, fan - ning to and fro, In the Is - land of Jap - an.

* To be given by children in Japanese costume.

SAILOR SONG

L. Rountree Smith

Arthur Schuckai


1. Sail-ors are we, hap - py and free, Ye - ho, my lads, ye - ho,
2. Sail-ors are we, glad as you see, Ye - ho, my lads, ye - ho,
Sing-ing with glee, so mer - ri - ly, Ye - ho, my lads, ye - ho.
O - ver the sea, come ride with me, Ye - ho, my lads, ye - ho.
Up - on the waves we glide a - long, Sing-ing a mer - ry sail - or song, Oh,
A - way we go in mer - ry June, Sing-ing a - gain a hap - py tune, Oh,
who will join the hap - py throng? Ye-ho, my lads, ye - ho. . .
glad va - ca - tion 's com-ing soon, Ye-ho, my lads, ye - ho. . .

TERMS AND SIGNS COMMONLY USED IN MUSIC*

Accelerando (åt-chå-lå-rän′dō), with increasing speed.
Adagio (à-dä′jō), slowly, leisurely.
Alla (äl′lä), like.
Alla marcia (äl′lä mär′chiä), like a march.
Allegretto (äl-lā-grät′tō), not as quick as *allegro*.
Allegro (äl-lā′grō), quick, lively; cheerful.
Al Segno (Sän-yō), to the sign. A direction to return to the sign 𝄋. **D'al Segno,** from the sign.
Andante (än-dän′tä), slow, graceful.
Andantino (än-dän-tē′nō), indicates a quicker *tempo* than *andante*.
Animato (à-nē-mä′tō), animated.
Assai (äs-sä′ē), very.
A tempo (ä tĕm′pō), return to first rate of speed.
Ben marcato (bĕn mär-kä′tō), well marked.
Cantabile (kän-tä′bē-lā), in a singing style.
Commodo (kŏm′mō-dō), with ease.
Con anima (kōn ä′nē-mä), with animation.
Con brio (kōn brē′ō), with spirit, force.
Con espressione (kōn ās-prās-sē-ō′nā), with expression.
Con grazia (kōn grä′tsē-à), with grace.
Con moto (kōn mō′tō), with spirited movement.
Con spirito (kōn spē′rē-tō), with spirit, energy.
Con tenerezza (kōn tăn-à-rät′sà), with tenderness.
Cres., Crescendo (krā-shăn′dō), gradually increasing the tone.
Dim., Diminuendo (dē-mē-nōō-ăn′dō), gradually decreasing the tone. *Decrescendo* same as *diminuendo*.
D. C., Da Capo (dä kä′pō), from the beginning to the word **Fine** or double bar.
Dolce (dōl′chā), soft.
Doloroso (do-lo-ro′-zo), sorrowfully, sadly.
Espressivo (ās-prās-sē′vō), with expression.
Fine (fē-nā), the end.
f, forte (fôr′tā), loud, strong.
ff, fortissimo (fôr-tēs′sē-mō), very loud.
Giusto (jōōs′tō), in exact time.
Grave (grä-vā), the slowest tempo, solemn, impressive.
Grazioso (grä-tsē-ō-sō). graceful, elegant.
Larghetto (lär-gät′tō), rather slow.
Largo (lär-gō), slow, broad.
Legato (lā-gä′tō), even, continuous, flowing.
Leggiero (lād-jē-ā′rō), light.
Lento (lăn′tō), literally, slow.
Ma (mä), but.
Maestoso (mä-es-tō′sō), with dignity, majesty.
Marcato (mär-kä′tō), distinct, emphasized.
Marcia (mär′chiä), march.
Meno (mā′nō), less.
Meno mosso (mā′nō mōs′sō), with less speed.
Mezzo (mĕd′zō).
mf, mezzo forte (mĕd′zō fôr′tā), half loud.
Moderato (mŏd-ĕ-rä′tō), moderate.
Molto (mōl′tō), much, very.
mp, mezzo piano (mĕd′zō pē-ä′nō), half soft.
Non troppo (nōn trŏp′pō), not too much.
p, piano (pē-ä′nō), soft.
Pensieroso (pĕn-sē-ē-rō′sō), thoughtful, pensive.
Più (pē′u), a little more. **Piu forte,** a little louder.
Piu lento, a little slower.
pp, pianissimo (pē-à-nĭs′sĭ-mō), very soft.
Presto (prĕs′tō), in rapid *tempo;* usually one beat to the measure.
Rallentando (räl-lĕn-tän′dō), becoming slower. Abb. *rall.*
Repeat, a double bar with dots before it.
Rinf., rinforzando (rĭn-fôr-tsän′dō), suddenly emphasized and accented.
Risoluto (rē-zō-lōō′tō), energetic, decided.
Rit., Ritardando (rē′tär-dän′dō), slower.
Scherzando (skĕr-tsän′dō), playful.
Semplice (sĕm′plē-chā), simple.
Sempre (sĕm′prā), continually.
Sfz., sforzando (sfôr-tsän′dō) (>), with special emphasis.
Sostenuto (sōs-tā-nōō′tō), sustained.
Spiritoso (spē-rē-tō-′sō), spirited.
Staccato (stä-kä′tō), or (.) (ı) over a note signifies that it is to be sung or played in a short accented manner.
Tanto (tän′tō), as much, so much.
Tempo di valse (tĕm′pō dē väl′sā), in the time of a waltz.
Tranquillo (trän-kwēl′lō), tranquil, quiet.
Veloce (vä-lō′chā), swiftly.
Vivace (vē-vä′chā), gay ; lively.
Vivo (vē′vō), animated.

* Pronunciation according to Webster's dictionary.

INDEX TO SONGS

	PAGE
All Things Beautiful	157
America	121
American Hymn, The	130
April Song	55
Arbor Day	94
Arbor Day Tree, An	93
Auld Lang Syne	146
Autumn's Coming	24
Baa, Baa, Black Sheep	28
Barefoot Boy, The	166
Battle-Cry of Freedom, The	132
Battle Hymn of the Republic	134
Bed in Summer	35
Christmas Bells	69
Christmas Carol	76
Christmas Morning	71
Christmas Tree, The	73
Clover	34
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean	127
Columbus	63
Come and Blow Your Horn	26
Come Back, Sweet May	57
Cradle Hymn	160
Cradle Song	38
Cradle Song	41
Daisy, The	101
Dandelion, The	102
Dear Old Flag	113
Dixie	146
Dreamland Babies	37
Dreamland Lullaby	36
Easter	93
Evening Hymn	162
Farewell to the Farm	38
Flag Goes By, The	116
Flag Salute	115
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton	154
Glad Christmas Bells	72
Glad Thanksgiving Day	66
Good-bye, Old Year	78
Good Morning	26
Good Morning	28
Good Morning	163
Good Morning to Meadow and Hill	165
Hail, Columbia!	124
Halloween	63
Happiest Christmas Day, The	77
Happy Thought	29
Harvest Time	47
Holland Song	169
Holly and Mistletoe	74
Holy, Holy, Holy!	158
Home, Sweet Home	144
In Music Land	23
Jack and Jill	26
Jack Frost	49
Japanese Song	170
Jolly Workers, The	62
June Wind	60
Lady Autumn	44
Lady Moon	26
Lead, Kindly Light	161
Lincoln's Birthday	85
Little April	30
Little Birds in Little Cages	163
Little Boy Blue	25
Little Boy Blue	167
Little Miss Echo	31
Little Sandman, The	42
Little Sir Peregrine	64

	PAGE
Longing for Spring	53
Lord's Prayer, The	158
Lullaby Son	27
Many Flags in Many Lands	112
Marching Through Georgia	137
Maryland! My Maryland!	138
May Song	29
Maypole Dance	104
Maypole Song	105
Memorial Day	112
Miller of the Dee, The	25
Miss Muffet	25
Mistress Mary	27
Morning Song	162
Morning Song	164
Mount Vernon Bells	89
My Country, 'Tis of Thee (America)	121
My Old Kentucky Home	150
Nearer, My God, to Thee	159
New Year Song	83
November	50
Now is the Month of Maying	58
October's Bright Blue Weather	45
October's Party	46
Ode for Washington's Birthday	91
Old Black Joe	155
Old Folks at Home	143
Old Oaken Bucket, The	152
Only One Mother	107
Oriole Song	100
Over the Sea	25
Owl, The	42
Prayer for Peace, A	109
Pussy Willow	32
Red, White, and Blue, The	127
Robin Song	28
Robin's Come	54
Robin's Secret, The	98
Robinson Crusoe	168
Sailor Song	171
Saint Valentine	87
Sandman, The	35
Santa Claus is Coming	70
Santa Claus' Land	69
Santa Lucia	149
See-Saw, Margery Daw	24
September 's Here	43
Simple Simon	26
Sleighing Song	51
Song of the Clock, The	33
Song of the Road, A	39
Speed Our Republic (The American Hymn)	130
Spinning Song	32
Spirit of the Summer-Time	59
Spring is Coming	24
Spring Song	57
Spring Song	96
Star-Spangled Banner, The	122
Sweet Flag of Peace	108
Tenting on the Old Camp Ground	139
Thanksgiving Song	67
Toboggan Song	52
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!	141
Turkey Gobbler, The	65
Vacation Time	120
Valentine Song	88
Washington	89
Welcome, Mothers	106
Welcome, New Year	80
Wind, The	40
Winter	29
Winter 's Gone	54
Woodman, Spare that Tree	95
Work and Play	61
Work While You Work	61
Yankee Doodle	136
Years of Peace	111

BEST BOOKS AND HELPS FOR TEACHERS

OF ALL GRADES

MORNING EXERCISES FOR ALL THE YEAR

By JOSEPH C. SINDELAR, author of the "Nixie Bunny" books, etc. Contains over 300 exercises, arranged day by day, there being an exercise for each morning of the ten school months, beginning with the first day in September and ending with the last day in June. 252 large pages. Cloth. Price, $1.00.

BEST MEMORY GEMS

Selected and edited by JOSEPH C. SINDELAR. Contains 400 of the choicest gems culled from the best in literature, and indexed by authors, by first lines, and by sentiment. For all grades. 93 pages. Paper. Price, 30 cents.

PRIMARY LANGUAGE STORIES

By ALHAMBRA G. DEMING, Principal of Washington School, Winona, Minn. A series of graded drills whose chief aim is to inculcate correct grammatical forms in an appealing way. On 48 cards, size 5x7 inches, with a manual for teachers. Illustrated. In envelope. Price, 50 cents.

LANGUAGE GRADES FOR ALL GRADES

By ALHAMBRA G. DEMING. Designed to establish the habit of correct speech and to increase the child's vocabulary. 90 pages. Cloth. Price (with 53 cards for pupils' use), $1.20.

LANGUAGE AND COMPOSITION BY GRADES

By J. M. HAMMOND, Principal of Morse School, Pittsburgh, Pa. A handbook for teachers, covering the eight grades of elementary schools. Contains a wealth of helpful material. 307 pages. Cloth. Price, $1.00.

ONE HUNDRED STORIES FOR REPRODUCTION

By KATE WALKER GROVE. For reproduction, dictation and general exercises in the primary grades 80 pages. Paper. Price, 30 cents.

NUMBER GAMES FOR PRIMARY GRADES

By ADA VAN STONE HARRIS, Director of Practice in Elementary Schools, Pittsburgh, Pa., and LILLIAN MCLEAN WALDO. Fifty-seven number games, designed to create an active interest in number and to make the child skillful in applying it directly and naturally through the "make-believe" element and the idea of friendly contest. Illustrated. 128 pages. Cloth. Price, 85 cents.

NUMBER STORIES

By ALHAMBRA G. DEMING. These stories are to be read to pupils in the intermediate grades. Their primary aim is drill in the essentials of arithmetic as applied to child-experience. 205 pages. Cloth. Price, 85 cents.

NEW COMMON-SCHOOL SONG BOOK

By LAURA ROUNTREE SMITH and ARTHUR SCHUCKAI. A one-book course in music for schools of mixed grades, with lessons in the principles of music and study exercises. 174 large pages. Boards. Price, 70 cents.

WEAVER'S NEW SCHOOL SONGS

By THOMAS B. WEAVER. Provides 56 new and pleasing songs of great variety, for all grades. 96 large pages. Paper. Price, 30 cents.

BEST PRIMARY SONGS

By AMOS M. KELLOGG. Nearly sixty songs for primary and ungraded schools. 48 large pages. Paper. Price, 20 cents.

EASY THINGS TO DRAW

By D. R. AUGSBURG. A teacher's handbook, with 203 simple drawings for reproducing on the blackboard. 77 large pages. Paper. Price, 45 cents.

SIMPLEX CLASS RECORD

The most convenient, compact and practical teacher's class book published. Provides space for 432 names. 76 pages. Size, 4½x7¾ inches. Cloth. Price, 50 cents.

Illustrated Catalogue of Books mailed upon request

BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY Publishers CHICAGO

SUPPLEMENTARY READERS

FOR ALL GRADES

BOW-WOW AND MEW-MEW

Grades 1-2

By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. Edited by JOSEPH C. SINDELAR. The story of a young dog and cat, and one of the few books for beginners in reading that may be classed as literature. The story, the style, and the moral are all good. 32 illustrations in colors. 95 pages. Cloth. Price, 55 cents.

THE NIXIE BUNNY BOOKS

Grades 2-3

By JOSEPH C. SINDELAR

Nixie Bunny in Manners-Land—A Rabbit Story of Good Manners
Nixie Bunny in Workaday-Land—A Rabbit Story of the Occupations
Nixie Bunny in Holiday-Land—A Rabbit Story of the Holidays
Nixie Bunny in Faraway-Lands—A Rabbit Story of Strange Little Folk

THE NIXIE BUNNY BOOKS have been read by over 100,000 children. They are unsurpassed in popularity by any children's books ever published. Adopted as supplementary readers by hundreds of towns and cities all over the country, including New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Rochester, Worcester (Mass.), etc. Selected by twenty states for reading circle and school library purposes. They are interestingly written, attractively illustrated, pedagogically arranged, well graded, and teach *enough of value to pay for the time spent in their reading.* Four books: each has from 144 to 160 large pages, with from 64 to 90 illustrations in colors. Cloth. Price, each, 70 cents.

A CHILD'S ROBINSON CRUSOE

Grades 2-3

By WILLIAM LEWIS NIDA and STELLA HUMPHREY NIDA. Defoe's famous story rewritten in a charming manner for young children. With 37 illustrations. 160 pages. Cloth. Price, 65 cents.

THE TEENIE WEENIES

Grades 2-3

By WILLIAM DONAHEY and EFFIE E. BAKER. No characters since the appearance of the Brownies have made such an impression on the children as the Teenie Weenies. The adventures of these strange tiny folks will prove an unfailing source of interest and amusement to children. 70 illustrations in colors. 160 pages. Cloth. Price, 70 cents.

THE PROGRESSIVE SCHOOL CLASSICS

A new series of reading books, which offers the highest class of literature for all grades at very small cost. No other series at so low a price contains the valuable features of this series, namely: accurate and authentic texts, notes and numbered lines for reference, portraits, biographical sketches, illustrations, new type, good paper and binding, and convenient size.

Bow-Bow and Mew-Mew—Craik—Grades 1-2—95 pages (12 cents)
Peter Rabbit and Other Tales—Grades 2-3
The King of the Golden River—Ruskin—Grades 4-6
Rip Van Winkle and the Author's Account of Himself—Irving—Grades 5-8
The Legend of Sleepy Hollow—Irving—Grades 5-8
Thanatopsis, Sella and Other Poems—Bryant—Grades 5-8
The Courtship of Miles Standish—Longfellow—Grades 6-8
The Pied Piper of Hamelin and Other Poems—Browning—Grades 6-8
Evangeline—Longfellow—Grades 6-8
The Great Stone Face—Hawthorne—Grades 6-8
The Man Without a Country—Hale—Grades 6-8
Snow-Bound and Other Poems—Whittier—Grades 6-8
Enoch Arden—Tennyson—Grades 6-H. S.
The Vision of Sir Launfal and Other Poems—Lowell—Grades 6-H. S.
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner—Coleridge—Grades 7-H. S.
The Cotter's Saturday Night and Other Poems—Burns—Grades 7-H. S.
The Deserted Village (Goldsmith) and Elegy—Gray—Grades 7-H. S.

Price, per copy, 7 cents, postpaid, unless otherwise mentioned

Illustrated Catalogue of Books mailed upon request

BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY Publishers CHICAGO

C0-CZW-586